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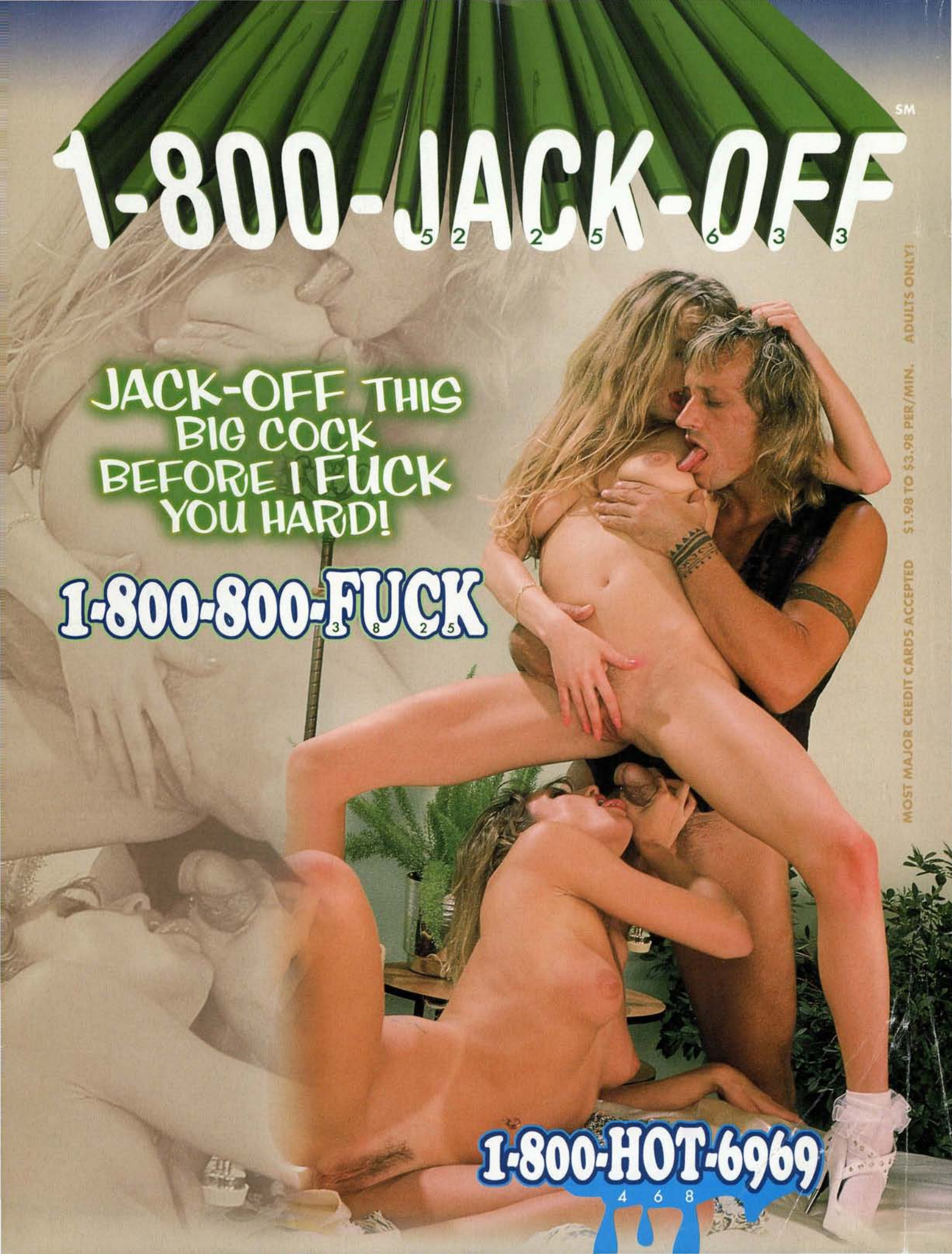
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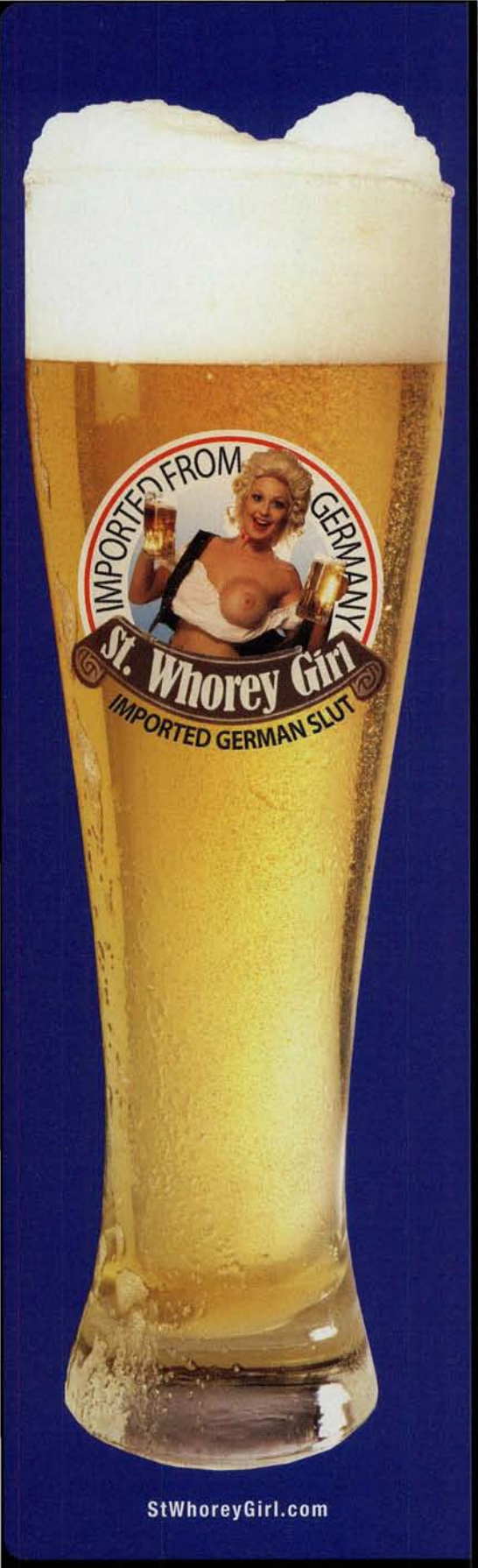

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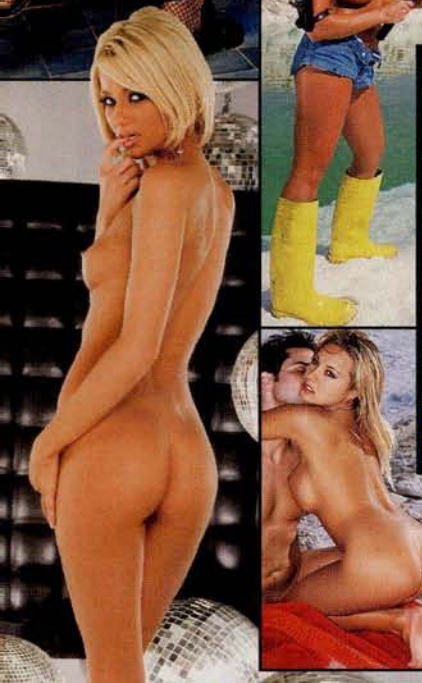

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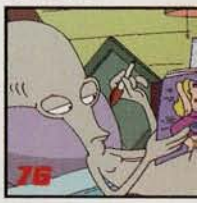

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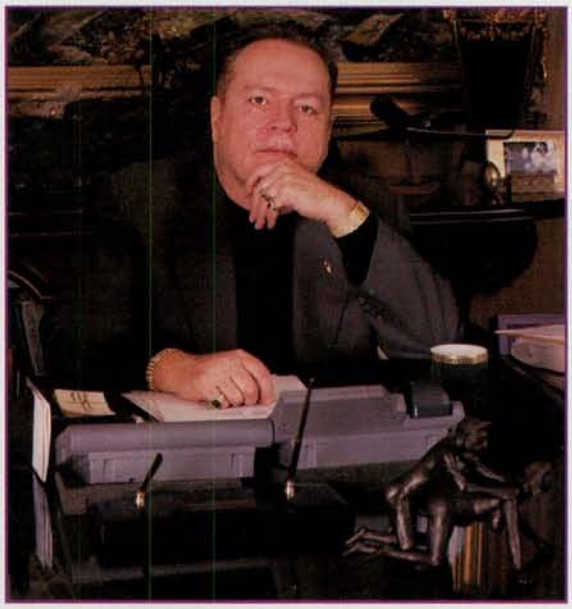
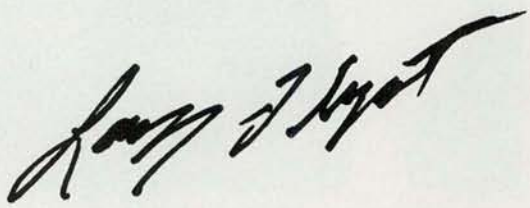


THE OBSCENITY OF WAR

The Vietnam War ended more than 30 years ago, but the extent of its horror still unfolds. Files recently released by a Pentagon task force investigating reported atrocities committed by GIs against Vietnamese civilians confirm a minimum of 320 cases. Besides the infamous My Lai massacre, the study claims, hundreds of villagers were murdered, tortured or raped by soldiers from *every* U.S. Army division deployed in Vietnam. In most cases, no charges were brought against the offenders. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, the stiffest sentence was seven months.

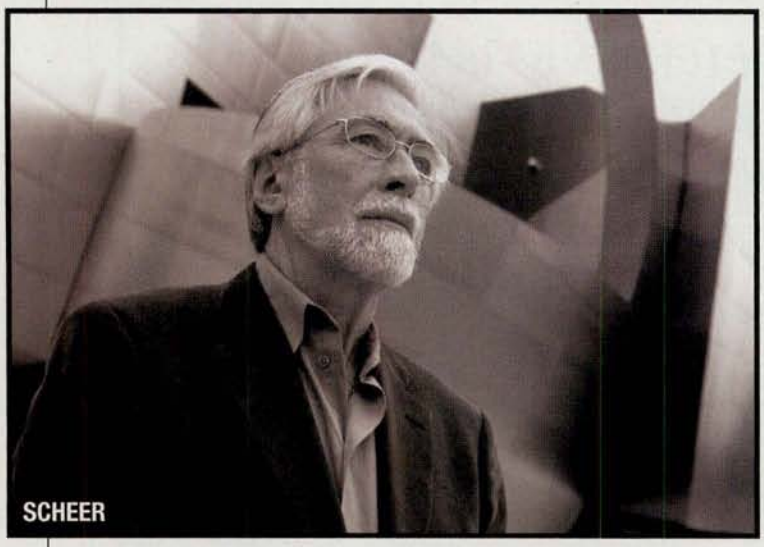
Our record in Vietnam is instructive when it comes to atrocities committed by U.S. troops at Abu Ghraib, Haditha and elsewhere in Iraq. Even the best of our American men and women, when subjected to relentless attacks from an ill-defined enemy, are capable of actions previously unthinkable. Once anger and frustration are unleashed, the lives destroyed are not just those of innocent Iraqi civilians. The perpetrator too is forever damned.

We owe our kids better than what they are getting from the Bush Administration. They shouldn't have to endure seeing their best friends die right before their eyes, or knowing that each day may be their last—unless it is absolutely necessary for the defense of our country. The war in Iraq is not such a war. Bring our troops home now!

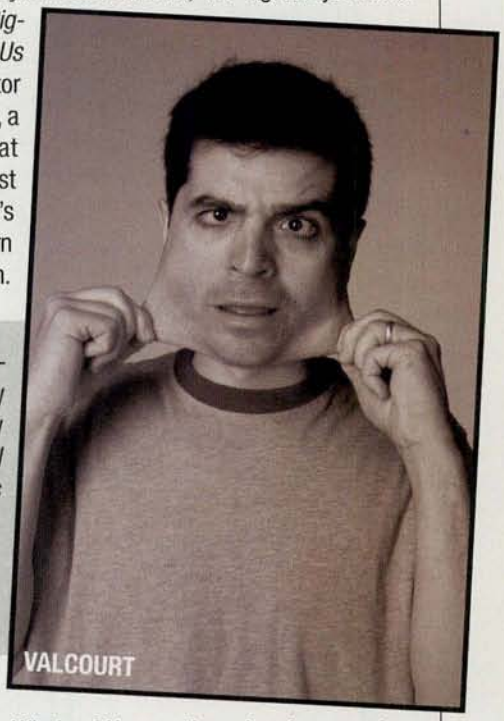


Larry Flynt
Publisher

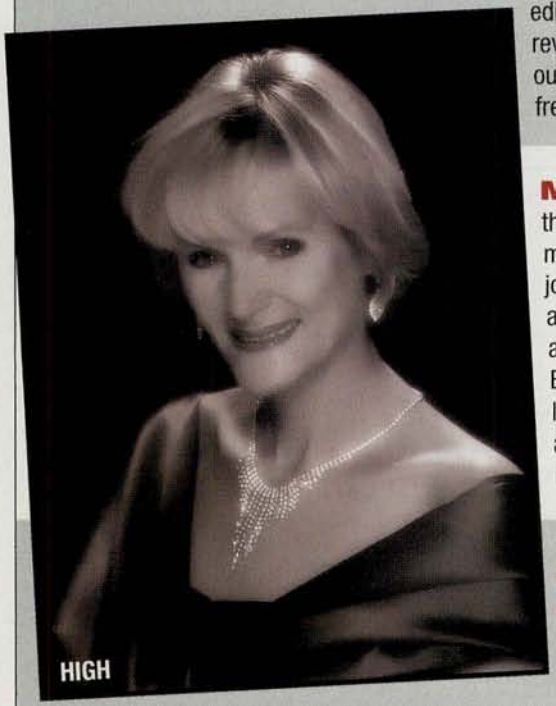
"Of course I always come home smelling of pussy. I'm a gynecologist!"


SCHEER

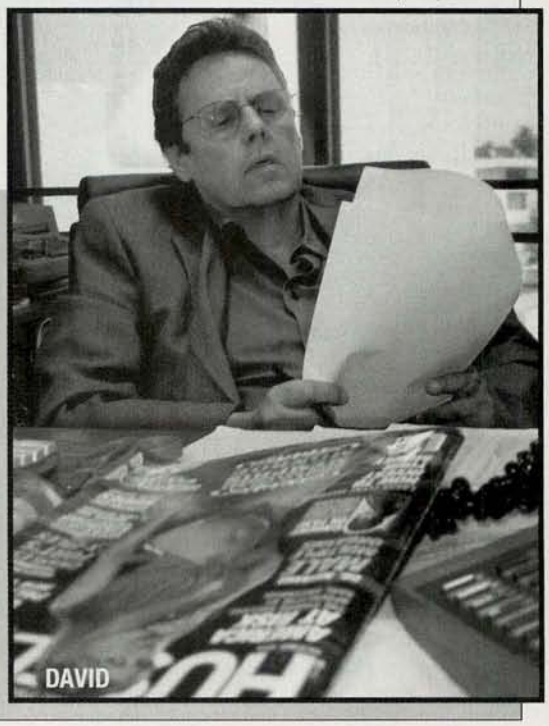
Pulitzer finalist **Robert Scheer** covered Presidential politics for 30 years at the *Los Angeles Times* and was a weekly columnist there for 12 years until he was fired in 2005. (The journalist believes he was terminated for criticizing the Bush Administration.) Scheer is the author of six books, including *With Enough Shovels: Reagan, Bush, and Nuclear War*; *America After Nixon: The Age of the Multinationals*; and, most recently, *Playing President* (which is excerpted, beginning on page 58). In addition to writing a nationally syndicated column, the vigilant journalist coauthored *The Five Biggest Lies Bush Told Us About Iraq* and is editor in chief of TruthDig.com, a contributing editor at *The Nation* and cohost of NPR affiliate KCRW's *Left, Right and Center*. Starting next issue, Scheer—who also teaches at the University of Southern California's Annenberg School for Communication—will be penning a monthly HUSTLER column.


VALCOURT

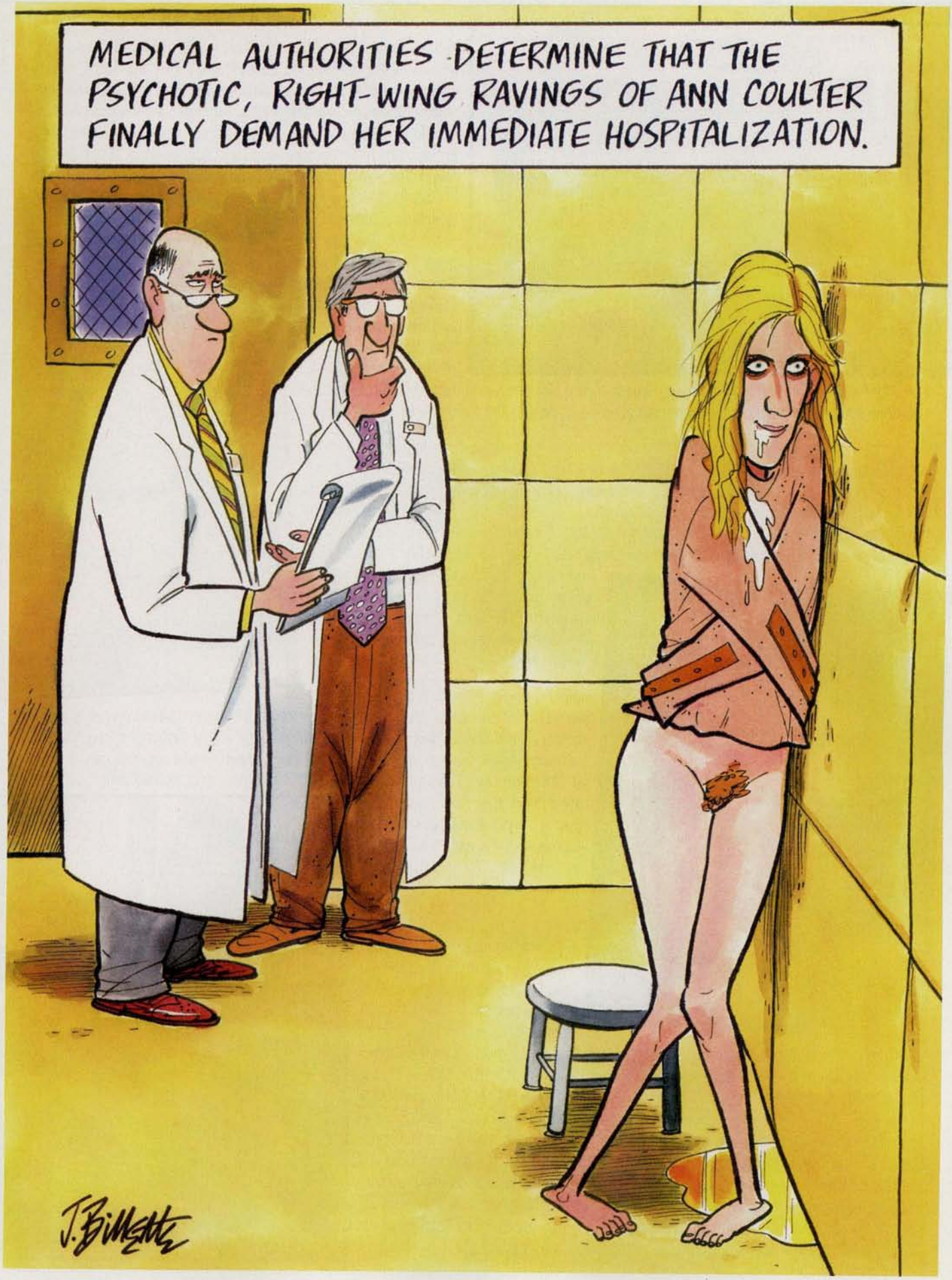
Actor/comedian/amateur dentist **Keith Valcourt** grew up in Rhode Island, the smallest state in the Land of the Free. Hoping to make his mark in showbiz, he moved to the big city of Los Angeles almost seven years ago, eventually co-starring in several TV sitcoms (notably *The Office*, *I'm With Her* and *In-Laws*) and landing a recurring role on the soap opera *General Hospital*. Also a comedy scribe, Valcourt currently holds court as HUSTLER's *Bits & Pieces* editor. Aside from writing this month's book review (pages 56-57), he conceptualized our *Holiday Gift Guide* (pages 62-63). In his free time Keith collects unmarked $5 bills.


HIGH

Monique Raphel High is the author of six novels, including *The Four Winds of Heaven* (based on her grandmother's life), *Encore* and *The Eleventh Year*. Fluent in five languages, she is also a journalist, editor, teacher and well-known writing coach whose services can be found at WriteHigh.com. The versatile HUSTLER contributor—who studied Italian, art, literature and the Renaissance at Barnard and Sarah Lawrence colleges—returns with a look back at *America's First Civil War*, starting on page 41.


DAVID

Editorial Director **Bruce David** admits that he is uncomfortable with the unbridled adoration of the HUSTLER staff, although he understands why they'd feel that way, given his stellar credentials: founding art director of *Interview* magazine (for Andy Warhol); *Playboy* cartoonist ("S.M.O.G."); comic book illustrator (*Planet Patrol*); sitcom writer (*ALF*, *Family Ties*); TV producer (*Woof*, ABC); contributor to the *L.A. Times* (Sunday magazine), *National Lampoon* and *Penthouse*; editor of *Entrepreneur* magazine. The longtime Flynt lieutenant is also a businessman (Swapsale.com), Sirius Left Satellite Radio correspondent (*The Alex Bennett Program*) and astronaut—a résumé item that raised eyebrows here. Bruce says to just trust him on the assertion. Besides, we're too busy obeying his orders to toss confetti at him. A man of boundless wit and a keen observer of corporate America, David interviews attorney Ray Bourhis (pages 36-39) about sneaky deeds perpetrated by the insurance industry.


MEDICAL AUTHORITIES DETERMINE THAT THE PSYCHOTIC, RIGHT-WING RAVINGS OF ANN COULTER FINALLY DEMAND HER IMMEDIATE HOSPITALIZATION.
J. Billmeyer

MILF Alert!

I just finished checking out the November '06 issue. Are you thinking what I'm thinking? You need to get Juliet and her daughter Charissa into a porn DVD pronto, immediately, stat! Those two ladies are smokin'! Covergirl Shay Laren is a goddess. Likewise, use whatever Jedi mind tricks you can to get this lovely creature into a hard-core video ASAP!

Thanks, HUSTLER, and keep fighting the good fight!

—J.B.
Detroit, Michigan

If so inclined, Juliet and Charissa (*Beaver Hunt*'s first mom-daughter tandem) would make excellent XXX performers. By the way, two amateur siblings who have become envelope-pushing porn stars are hot-and-horny sidekicks in a hard-core layout starting on page 130.

What's next for Illinois Beavers Juliet and Charissa? Impressed readers are clamoring to see the mom-daughter duo in a XXX video.

Not Super, Man!

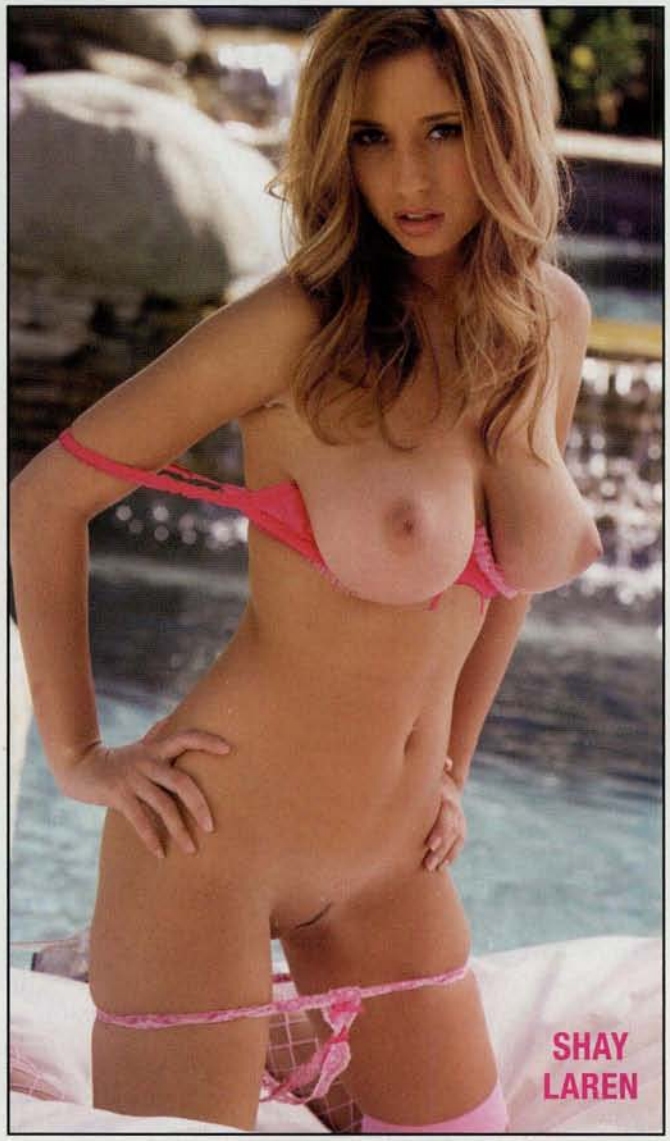
I used to buy HUSTLER perhaps six or seven times a year, depending on the cover. Ridiculing Dana Reeves with "It's a bird! It's a plane! It's a corpse!" ended that. You apparently think that I'm a degenerate who laughs at anything. I'm not, and I'll prove it by never buying your magazine again.

I like looking at naked women, and the Greg Palast article was great, but that was a nasty and mean-spirited thing to say about a nice woman whose young son will have to face life without his biological parents. Hopefully, he'll be inspired by his father's *Superman* movies.

Larry Flynt used to be this really cool guy who fought the system and the human ugliness it housed. I and many others loved his attitude. By allowing Dana Reeves to be shown such disrespect, Larry is just a parasite. Not everything in this world is fair game for humor, particularly a courageous woman battling cancer.

If you want to mock someone, why not this really ugly person named George W. Bush? Various Web sites report that a dominatrix running for governor of Arizona or Colorado sent a press release to [political pundit] Wayne Madsen saying she'd witnessed Bush, when he was a private citizen, "enthusiastically and expertly" sucking the penis of a guy named Victor Ashe. Put your jokesters and cartoonists to work on that one!

—Terry Benton
Boise, Idaho



The October '06 issue, which featured Greg Palast's *Armed Madhouse*, also included a witty in memoriam to Dana Reeves, the widow of Christopher "Superman" Reeves.

The dominatrix mentioned by Mr. Benton is Leola McConnell, a liberal Democrat from Nevada. An unsuccessful gubernatorial candidate earlier this year, McConnell claims that in 1984 she saw Bush engage in homosexual acts with Victor Ashe, now the U.S. Ambassador to Poland, and performed a "homo-erotic act" on W. herself. (In the spirit of fair play we'll point out that McConnell's allegations have yet to be substantiated.)

Mac's No Asshole!

Why did you pick former Editorial Director Allan MacDonell as your Asshole of the Month for October '06? I just read his book last week, and it's not only amusing, but it also makes HUSTLER look pretty damn good! Sure, the years that MacDonell was in charge were a little dull, but his own *Asshole of the Month* columns were hilarious!

There's no reason to trash MacDonell now. The only people who will read his book are HUSTLER fans like myself, and it certainly won't affect the opinion of any of us. Plus, you know darn well that HUSTLER's circulation went down due to a preponderance of free porn on the Internet, not because he made the magazine boring. (Although he kinda did, it must be admitted.)

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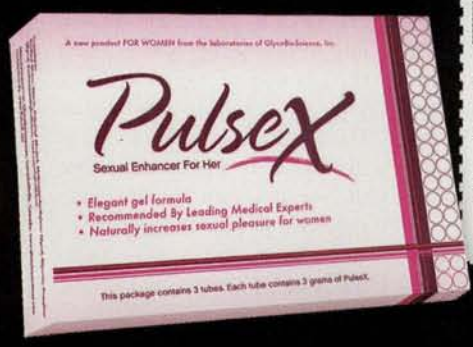
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Why do you hate him so much? Is it because he describes Dwaine Tinsley as a horrible, horrible, horrible human being? Why did you people not realize that Tinsley was abusing his daughter? That's so mean of you! She was just a little kid!

Don't call a guy an Asshole just for writing a funny book! Pick a Republican instead!

—M.P.
New York, New York

Even after cartoonist/editor Dwaine Tinsley was sent to prison in 1990, many staffers at the time doubted that he had abused his daughter. Their faith was answered when Dwaine, who passed away in 2000, returned to the fold after his conviction was overturned. Incidentally, M.P., HUSTLER's sales have increased since Allan MacDonell's departure.

9/11 411

Initially, the 9/11 Truth Movement seemed so unbelievable to me that I was in denial. Despite the overwhelming facts, it seemed absurd to me that segments of our own government had played a role in the tragedy. So, as a very ordinary—but very interested—citizen, I set out to find the truth behind the "conspiracy theory."

For the past three years I have spent five to eight hours a week fact-checking the trove of information being meticulously gathered by the 9/11 Truth Movement. The trek has been arduous, with the most profound obstacle being my own psychological blocks. Rest assured, the evidence of our government's complicity in 9/11 is substantial, compelling and real.

My transformation into an activist is chronicled in a ten-page political resource list I compiled over the course of my investigation. Basically, I have drawn up a road map for others who question the "official" accounts.

HUSTLER's timely articles have bolstered the 9/11 Truth Movement, which continues to gain momentum. Your efforts are greatly appreciated.

—Don Plummer
Grand Junction, Colorado

Mr. Plummer's documents are posted at Colorado911visibility.org. Author David Ray Griffin, who maintains that the World Trade Center towers were toppled by controlled demolitions, was interviewed in the August '05 HUSTLER. For additional info, visit 911Truth.org and ST911.org.

Karma Runs Over Mel's Dogma

All of us are racist to one degree or another, so I can't sit in judgment of Mel Gibson. The things I've thought and said about people from different ethnic backgrounds make me just as guilty, and I wasn't drunk when I said them—at least most of the time. Mel knows that he fucked up big-time and that he made a fool of himself in front of the whole world, but that shouldn't end his Hollywood career.

I never have been much of a Mel Gibson fan, and knowing that he's a Christian really turns me off. I'll probably never watch another one of his movies again. I avoided *The Passion of the Christ* and "closed my ears" to everyone who said I should watch it.

I'm a Hare Krishna, and even that I keep to myself. I'm not out to save the world, and I don't force my beliefs on anyone. Hypocrites are usually the first to tell others "how godly" *they* are. Yes, I'm no better than the next person.

This could be another reason for what happened to Mel Gibson. Being humbled and humiliated is part of the religious process. God will bring a person down to show that he or she is merely human, that no one is above anyone else. Jimmy Swaggart, Jim Bakker and others "know" all about this.

—B.B.
Long Beach, California

PUSSY GALORE!

HUSTLER BEST OF BEAVER HUNT is selling like hotcakes, so don't miss out on the latest edition—starring 2006 Finalist Celeste and dozens of uninhibited amateurs in all their glory. Juliet and daughter Charissa are on tap, as well as Kristina Star, Brittney Ray, Pixie and bush babe Buffy, to name just a few. Now on sale at newsstands nationwide.

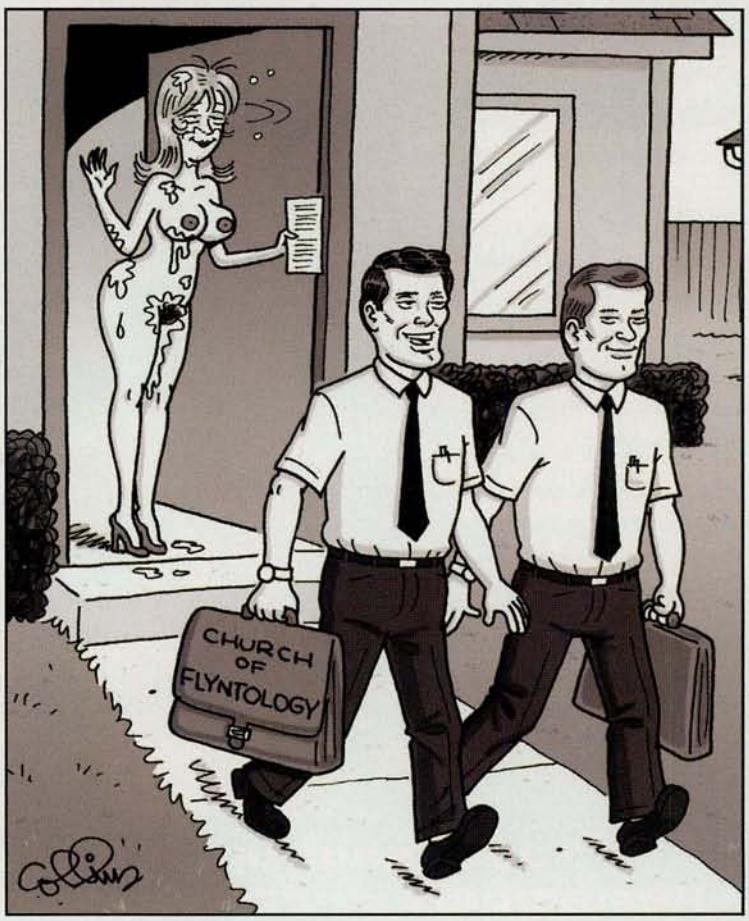
Ongoing Pubic War

Your October '06 issue is the best so far this year. Stefani Morgan is a great choice for centerfold! I'd also like to follow up on a *Feedback* letter noting a shortage of *Beaver Hunt* bushes. Hairy beavers and some shaved ones turn me on. When you're eating pussy, though, a shaved slit is much better because you don't get a mouthful of hair.

That said, Larissa and Brooklyn are gorgeous. Please notify Lynette V. that her pictures make me horny and that I want to accommodate her request to "be done up the ass for the first time." Also tell Grand Rapids Jen that this *Beaver Hunt* fan has masturbated to her pictures.

—D.C.
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"Another successful convert!"

DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID, AND NOBODY GETS HURT!

- Don't bitch about record-high gas prices.
- Don't fuck with our record profits.
- Don't mention that we haven't paid the victims of the *Exxon Valdez* disaster. (We are waiting for them to die.)
- Don't bring up that America's energy policies are dictated by Big Oil.
- Don't complain about our former leader Lee Raymond's $398-million exit package.
- Don't even try to push for environmental rules on lower emissions.

Just shut up and give us your cash!
Remember, you're addicted to oil. You NEED us.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on how the oil industry is screwing the American public on a daily basis and then bragging about how much money they are making in the process. Additional info can be found at **CorporateWatch.org**. This political parody may be reproduced, in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Senator James Inhofe

James Inhofe (R-Oklahoma) is America's stupidest senator. As a loyal soldier in the Bush army, he is completely beholden to Big Business. Since taking office in 1995, Inhofe has received more than $1 million in campaign contributions from oil and gas companies alone. No wonder he's the country's most vocal naysayer of global warming—the gravest issue facing all of humanity.

Inhofe, who apparently has a cross jammed into his frontal lobe, utters what his fellow right-wing fundamentalist nutjobs are too embarrassed to say. He recently told nationally syndicated radio and TV host Glenn Beck that "global warming is a hoax" and that environmental advocate Al Gore is "full of crap." The intellectually stagnant hypocrite—who, ironically, chairs the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee—claimed 75% of Beck's viewers have "bought into this thing, this global warming thing, in saying that it was [caused by] man-made gases."

Talk about having shit for brains.

It seems the opportunistic Inhofe was too busy counting loot from oil companies to notice when the latest report by the National Academy of Sciences was issued. Its findings? Human activities are responsible for the highest average worldwide temperatures in thousands of years.

Spreading eco-misinformation is not Inhofe's only strong suit. Take his track record for trashing the environment: The senator has worked hard to undermine Clean Air Act regulations. He proposes further cuts in the Endangered Species Act. He supports reckless plans to drill for oil in Alaska's Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. He invited right-wing science-*fiction* writer Michael Crichton to advise the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee on so-called *facts* about climate change. Really going out on a limb, Inhofe has compared environmentalists to Adolf Hitler, declaring during one interview that global warming reminds him of "the Third Reich, the big lie."

In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler wrote that if a deception is big enough, most of the people will believe it because they can't comprehend that a leader would *so* blatantly distort the truth. It looks to us like Inhofe himself is the one using Nazi propaganda tactics.

You may have heard of Inhofe's moronic musings before: He's the same Christo-fascist who said, "I believe very strongly that we ought to support Israel. … Because God said so." (We weren't aware that U.S. foreign policy was being decreed by the Bible.) He stood on the Senate floor and shared, "My wife and I have been married 47 years. … I'm really proud to say…we've never had a divorce or any kind of homosexual relationship." (Well, good for you, Jimmy Boy, as if anyone gives a shit!)

Inhofe once told a crowd at the Washington Convention Center: "Get the few liberals out! You will be doing the Lord's work, and He will richly bless you for it." (Does that mean respectable Christians must vote Republican?)

"Let's build this industry," Inhofe urged the 2005 Nuclear Energy Assembly. Apparently, he isn't worried about nuclear plants spewing radioactive fumes, or reactors having meltdowns, or terrorists using these facilities as weapons of mass destruction.

In 2004 the terminally confused senator made headlines with his comments on the Abu Ghraib prisoner abuse scandal. His fascist logic was simple: Since a few Arabs had done terrible things, American soldiers should be allowed to do terrible things to them.

"These prisoners," Inhofe said of Iraqis being detained but not yet put on trial, "they're murderers; they're terrorists; they're insurgents. Many of them probably have American blood on their hands. And here we're so concerned about the treatment of those individuals."

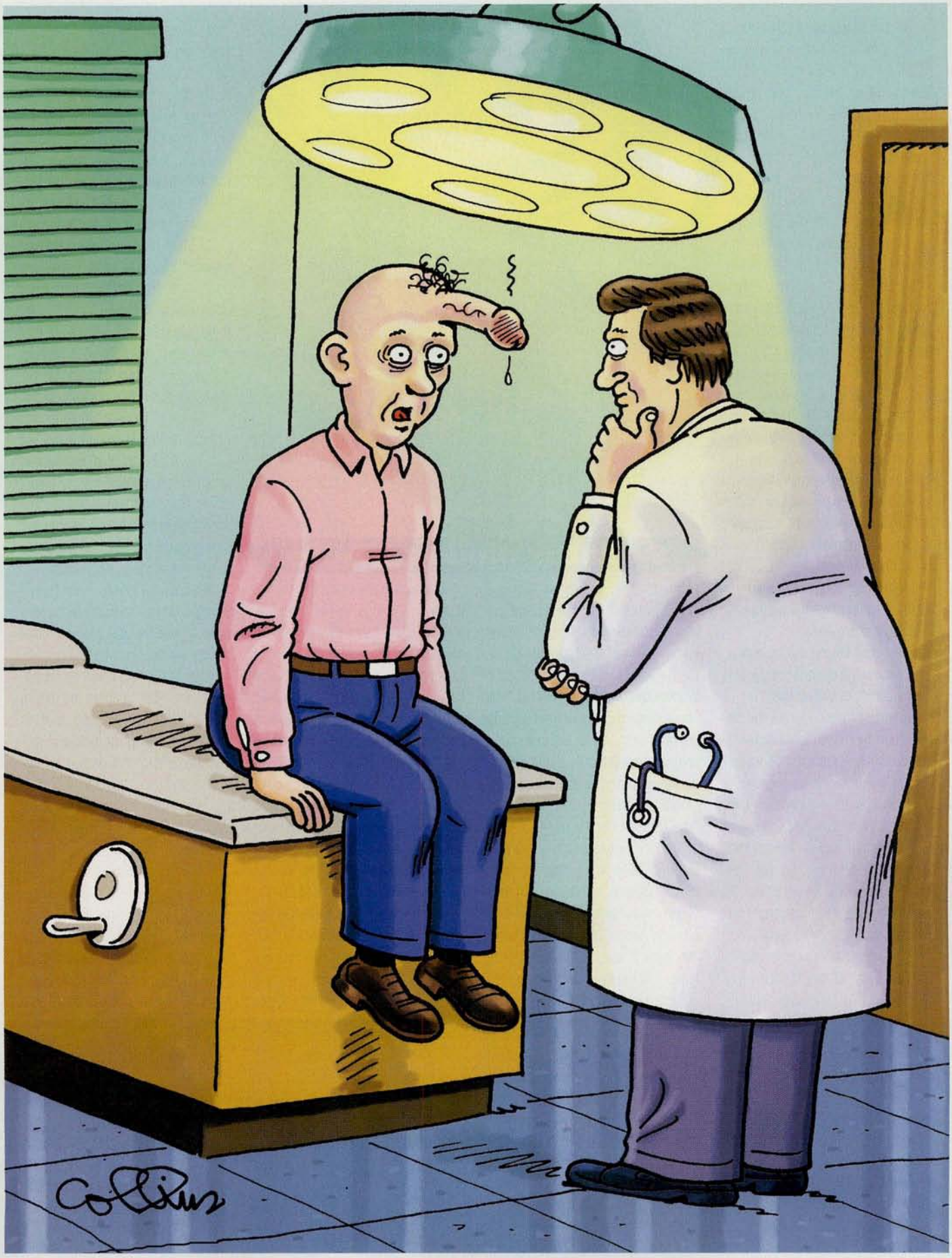
Of course, Inhofe hadn't read the Red Cross report issued weeks prior to his Senate address. (This makes sense, since he has publicly referred to the Red Cross as "bleeding hearts.") By reading the report, he would have learned that in 2003, according to soldiers' accounts, 70% to 90% of the captives in Iraq had been unjustly arrested. Do you think Inhofe cares about Iraqi families seeking their imprisoned relatives? Ha!

This guy cares about one thing, and that is himself. A Bush sock-puppet with no ethical or moral compass, James Inhofe shames all of America every time he opens his slobbering, mongoloid lips. Let's hope he gets flushed in 2008.

Farts in the Wind

Mel Gibson is officially an anti-Semite. After being arrested (*again*) for DUI, the wacko Catholic allegedly began ranting like a lunatic to Malibu police officers, claiming that "Jews started every war in history." Shortly after calling a female officer "Sugar-Tits," Gibson reportedly attempted to urinate on a floor while in custody. The aging actor/director's prejudice was first manifested back in 2004, when he defended his father's claim that the Holocaust never happened. Then the Anti-Defamation League labeled Gibson's film *The Passion of the Christ* anti-Semitic. In light of this latest incident, ABC has dumped its deal to distribute Gibson's next special on the Holocaust. Good luck shopping that around, Mel. We hear Hollywood *loves* Jew-haters.

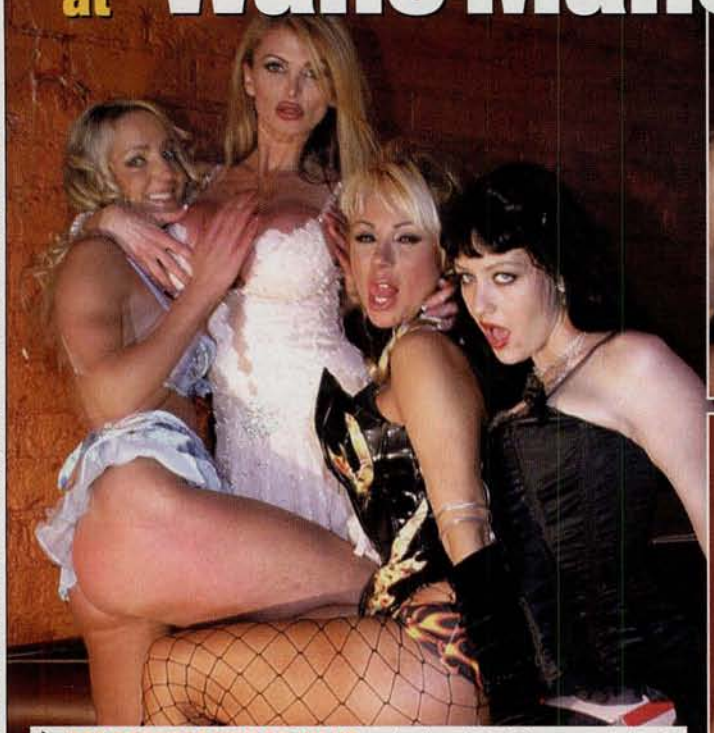
Joe Lieberman needs to be slapped back into reality. When is this egomaniacal Democrat-by-name-only senator from Connecticut going to realize his political career is kaput? After being defeated in a primary election by newcomer and huge underdog Ned Lamont, Lieberman announced that he will abandon the Democratic Party in an attempt to retain his seat by running as an independent. The Bush Administration was so heartened—Lieberman's candidacy could possibly split the Democratic vote in November—that Karl Rove himself sent a message: "The boss wants to help. Whatever we can do, we will do." All Lieberman has to do in return is relinquish his eternal soul to George W.



"It hurts when I pee."

"In the sex field, you can be totally stupid and still make money." —AL GOLDSTEIN, FORMER PUBLISHER OF SCREW

Back at Wane Manor



Lori Lust

Mary Jane

Stacy Burke

Mary Jane and Taylor Wane

PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

▶ **XXX GODDESS TAYLOR WANE** and a handful of her sexy gal pals assembled recently at a Hollywood hangout to celebrate…well, nothing in particular really. Here are some shots of the hot action that took place in the VIP Room of Forbidden City, where Taylor's fans had a chance to get up close and personal with the British bombshell and a bevy of busty beauties. Off-duty porn stars know how to party.

EAT ME!

WHEN THE HOLIDAYS come around, nothing beats tasty, homemade baked goods. Tickling our funny bone, a chef (and big HUSTLER fan) from Carpentersville, Illinois, concocted this edible gingerbread whorehouse with ten pounds of dough, ten pounds of sugar and four pounds of meringue. Our only gripe? The creator didn't send us his masterpiece to snack on. Not that any of us would eat a cookie cock, but we do wonder what gingerbread pussy tastes like.

▶ Because nothing is funnier than a disgruntled little person with dreams of stardom who's forced to work as an elf at a local mall, we present some timely wisdom from Tiny—our resident frustrated holiday helper.

"When the President does it, that means it is not illegal." —RICHARD NIXON, DEAD PRESIDENT

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Jennifer Love Hewitt LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

SINCE HER DAYS ON THE TV SHOW *PARTY OF FIVE* (our girlfriends made us watch it), we have wanted to bang **Jennifer Love Hewitt**. Sadly, the mousy girl-next-door has never done a nude scene—unless you count that alleged nip-slip in *The Tuxedo*. We don't.

With *Garfield: A Tail of Two Kitties* the latest family flick in the actress's "impressive" résumé, it looks like our wish won't happen any time soon. So we've taken the initiative and stuck a stiff cock in Jennifer Love's lovely lips. You have to admit, it looks good.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Jennifer Love Hewitt actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Do not masturbate to this picture.

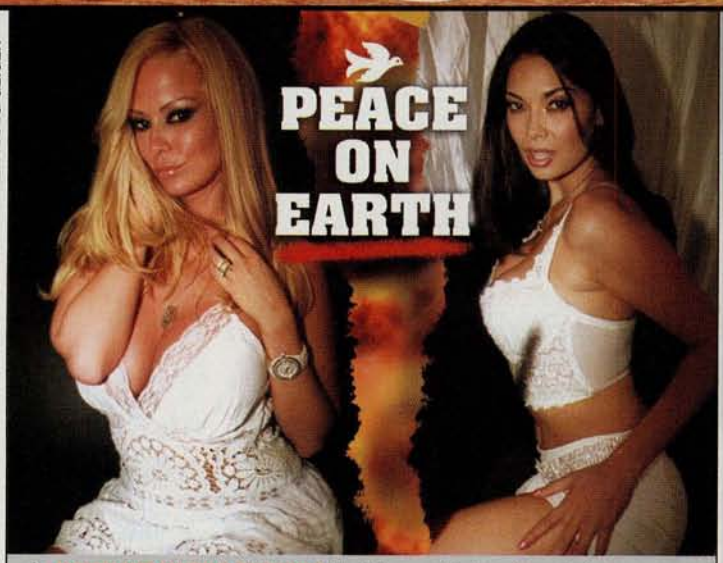
HUSTLER WILL NOT INTERVIEW THE FOLLOWING CELEBRITIES BECAUSE THEY ARE DEAD.

AARON SPELLING
There goes Tori's career.

BUCK OWENS
Hosting *Hee Haw* in hell.

LLOYD BENTSEN
I know a live person, and you, Mr. Bentsen, are no live person.

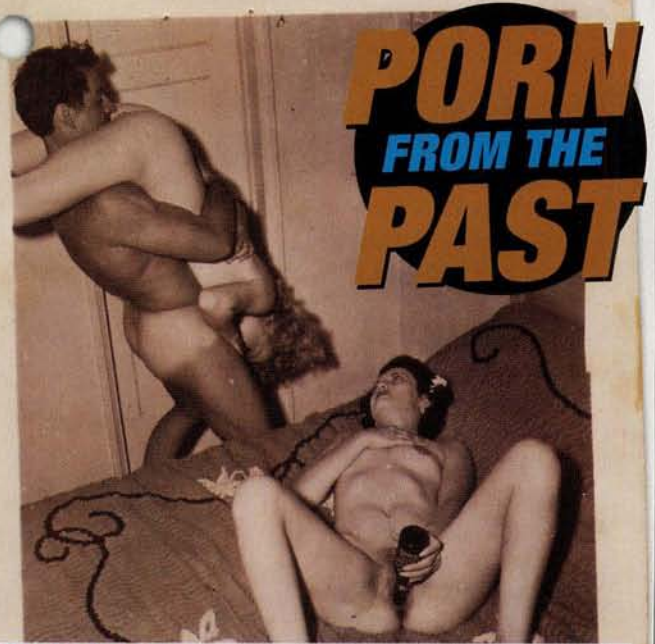
PHOTOS BY CONTOGRAPHER KRAIG GEIGER



▶ **WHEN WE HEARD RUMORS** that the world's top two adult stars were at war, we were concerned. It is alleged that Jenna Jameson (left) and Tera Patrick refused to pose together for a photo-op at the Miami Beach Exxxotica Convention due to a possible rift between the supervixens.

Since it's the holiday season, we thought it was up to us to try to heal the wounds and get Jenna and Tera to reconcile. Please, ladies, it's Christmas, so why don't you kiss and make up? Or maybe do more than that and shoot a sizzling girl-on-girl video? Please?

PORN FROM THE PAST



THANKS AND $150 go to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage snapshot, which looks a lot like last year's HUSTLER holiday bash. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

NEWSBITES

Sleep Fucking

A 31-year-old Australian man is on trial for mistaken intercourse. Seems the dude erroneously stumbled into the bed of his girlfriend's female roommate and proceeded to have sex with her. Assuming she was boning her boyfriend, the roomie eventually discovered that he was elsewhere in the dwelling at the time. The errant fucker's defense is that he was slightly intoxicated. At press time a verdict had not been reached. Sorry, mate, we tried this same tactic with our college girlfriend, and it didn't work.

Invincible Rubber

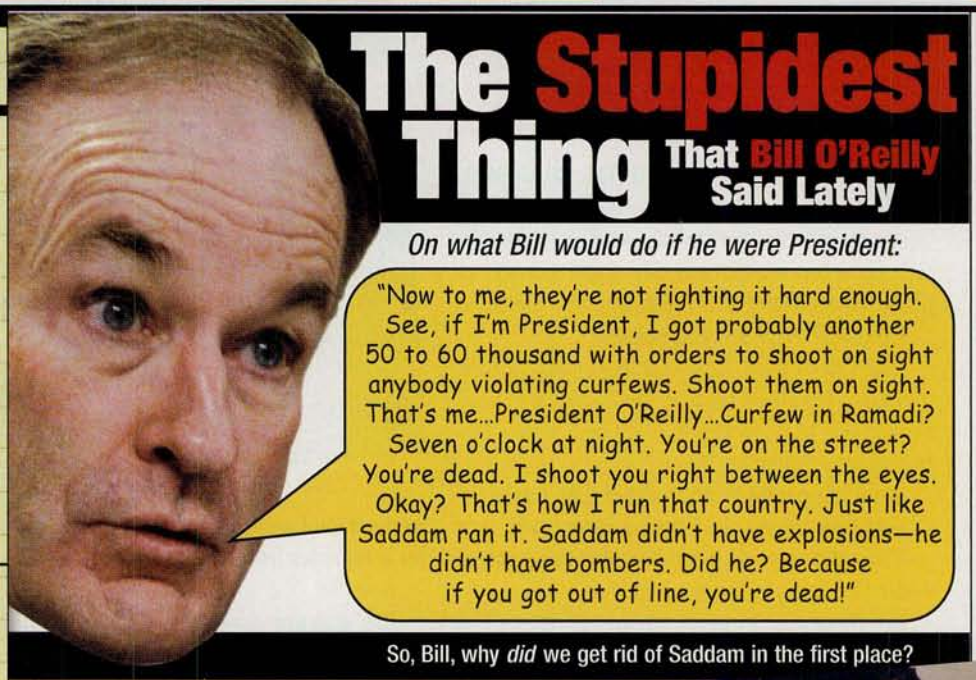
The world's longest-surviving condom was found recently in Lund, Sweden. The reusable prophylactic, made of pig's intestine, dates back to 1640 and is now on display in an Austrian museum along with the original user's manual (written in Latin). Wow, a 366-year-old condom! That's only slightly older than the sheath one of our editors keeps in his wallet.

Clean Pussy

A San Diego company has announced it will soon be marketing hypoallergenic cats. It appears the firm crossbred feline species lacking the noxious secretions that have long agonized humans. What is the asking price for these allergy-free critters? $4,000. Hey, we love pets as much as the next guy, but four grand for a cat?! Damn, that's sure some expensive pussy.

Cult Classic

Police attempted to bust up a cult in Darlington, England, after responding to reports that a woman was being held against her will. We know what you're gonna say. So? Did we mention that causing the fuss was a *sex* cult founded by followers of a 1960s science-fiction writer? The group's 350 or so members abide by John Norman's *Chronicles of Gor* series, which depicts a society in which slavery is a way of life. No charges were filed when authorities were convinced that all the ladies were willing participants in consensual role-playing. Huh? Guess not all cults are bad.

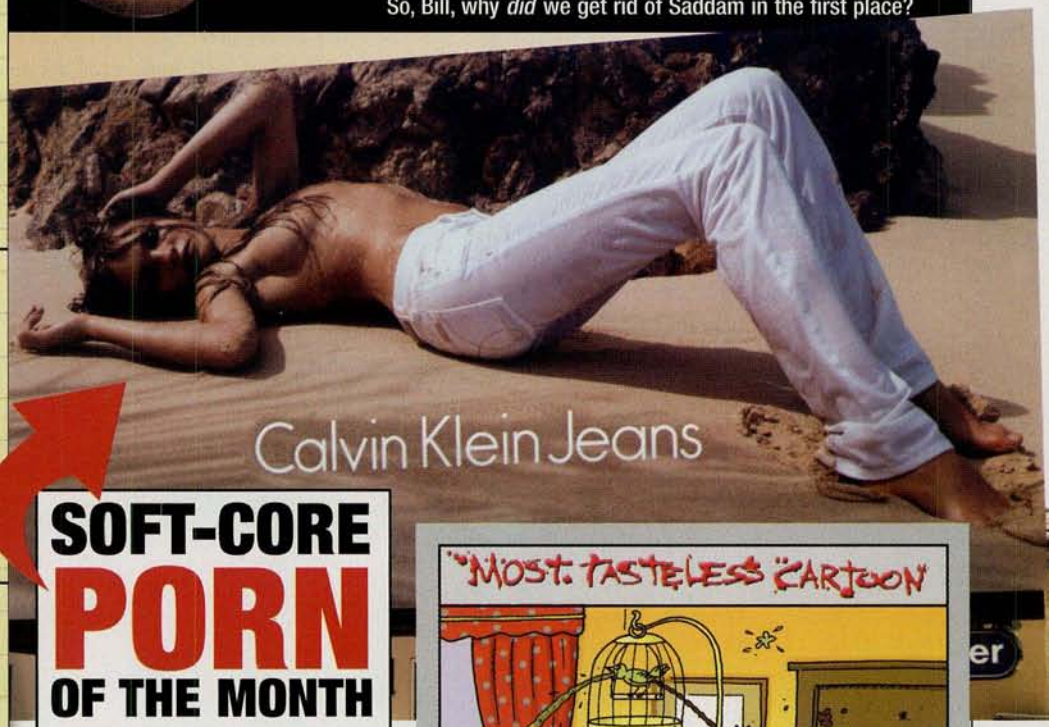


The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately

On what Bill would do if he were President:

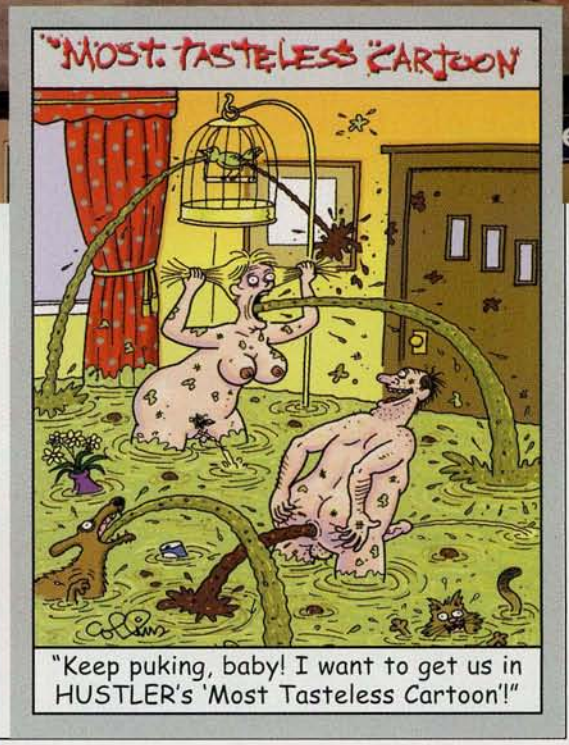
"Now to me, they're not fighting it hard enough. See, if I'm President, I got probably another 50 to 60 thousand with orders to shoot on sight anybody violating curfews. Shoot them on sight. That's me...President O'Reilly...Curfew in Ramadi? Seven o'clock at night. You're on the street? You're dead. I shoot you right between the eyes. Okay? That's how I run that country. Just like Saddam ran it. Saddam didn't have explosions—he didn't have bombers. Did he? Because if you got out of line, you're dead!"

So, Bill, why *did* we get rid of Saddam in the first place?



SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

▶**WE ARE CALLING FOR THE IMMEDIATE REMOVAL** of the above L.A. billboard. It is pornographic, offensive and has caused several of our editors to be late for work. Damn, she's hot. Thanks to the folks at Calvin Klein for this month's free found porn.



"Keep puking, baby! I want to get us in HUSTLER's 'Most Tasteless Cartoon'!"

Everybody Loves Hustler

ESPECIALLY COMEDIAN DUSTIN DIAMOND, a/k/a Screech from television's *Saved by the Bell*. Dustin recently dropped by the HUSTLER offices to pick up a few copies and talk about saving his house, his long stint as Screech and his giant cock.

HUSTLER: How are you doing?

DIAMOND: I need $250,000 in 45 days to save my house. I made up these funny T-shirts that people can buy at my Web site. They say, "I paid $15 to help save Screech's house."

What happened to all that Screech cash?

I still have money, and I make a decent living as a stand-up, but I got into a bad deal with this personal lender. He's trying to shake me down.

Are there any Screech groupies?

Well, you know the D-man has been with quite a substantial bit of the ladies. More than 300. I'm honest, so I have to say they weren't all hot. I've been with some trolls. There was this one time I was with a carnival girl. She had a shirt with the pot leaves all over it. Classic. I remember buying three condoms and thinking, *I have to wear these*. But I didn't. At the end of it she said, "Can you get me a cab ride home before my husband gets off work?" She had most of her teeth though. A couple were in her pocket.

Are the rumors true that you are the Milton Berle of your generation? [Miltie was renowned for a monster cock.]

Yeah, it's kind of big.

Did you ever have a girl say no when she saw it?

No, but I've had girls cry.

Since this Q&A will appear in our Holiday Issue, what's the best gift you've ever received?

When I was dating Johnny Cash's granddaughter, the Man in Black gave me a bottle of the imported cologne he used to wear named One Man Show.

What do you want for the holidays?

I want to save my house!

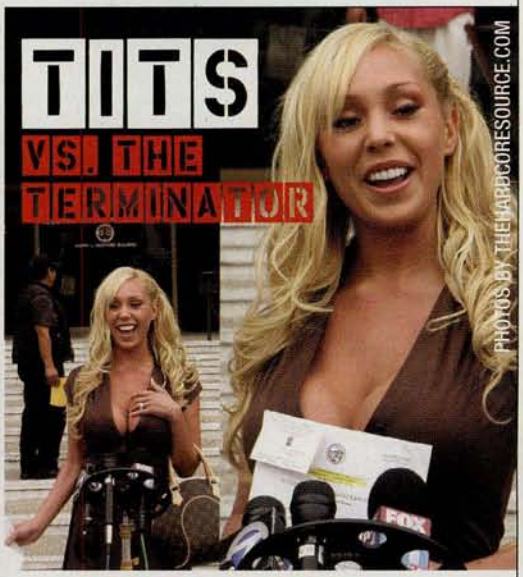
Check out GetDshirts.com.

"My idea of a wild party is where you throw the girl's panties at the wall, and they stick." —*JOHNNY BOB, AUTHOR*

NEWS BABES

THIS EDITION'S SUNNY OFFERING IS MARTHA SUGALSKI, a prime-time coanchor at South Florida's WB 39. Thanks to J.W. for finding this prime talking head. To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture if possible) to: HUSTLER, "News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is printed here, you'll garner a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

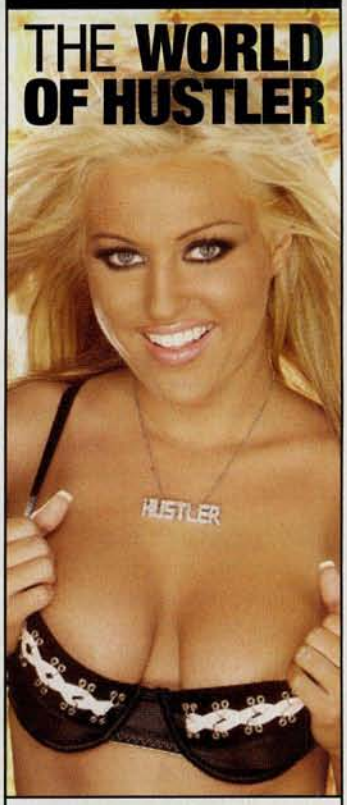
TITS VS. THE TERMINATOR



PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

▶YOU HAVE TO LOVE ADULT ACTRESSES. During the day they work hard, fucking and sucking for the camera. At night they party their brains out. And occasionally they run for political office. What?!

Yes, Mary Carey has announced that she is making her second bid for governor of California. After registering, the chesty candidate told reporters, "I'm psyched to once again be running against Arnold Schwarzenegger." Good luck, Mary, but do us a favor—please don't quit your day job!



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HustlerClothingUS.com

"I smell fruitcake!"

STUFF THIS IN YOUR STOCKING!

Here are some gift items you may want to give someone you love... or hate. That's completely up to you. We don't care either way.

Give a Shit

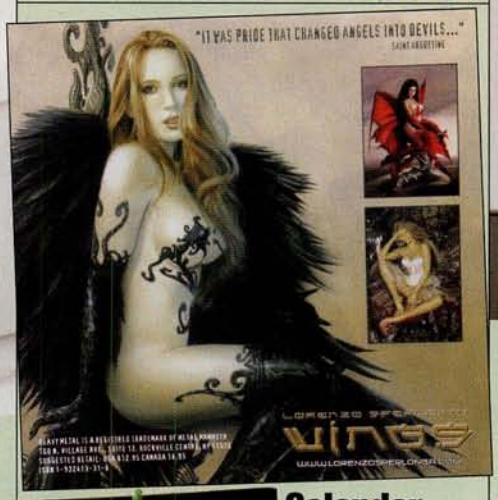
We all know that Bush is doing a shitty job, so why not wipe him out? This environmentally and democratically friendly roll of toilet paper features W's face and some of his stupidest quotes. Available at Piehole.net.

Not Man Dolls

Okay, let's get one thing straight. They are action figures—not dolls! Action figures! Jakks Pacific has released a cool line of collectibles based on the characters from the *Rocky* film series. They include Mickey, Apollo Creed, Clubber Lang, Thunderlips and our favorite: Rocky punching meat. Available at toy stores everywhere.

Forbidden Fruit

We love a good surprise. With the press of a button this seemingly normal plastic novelty fruit is transformed into a party. Complete with a luscious hula girl shaking her booty to Hawaiian music. Available at novelty stores everywhere.



Calendar Girls

HUSTLER and *Heavy Metal* artist Lorenzo Sperlonga's latest creation is this supersexy calendar. *Wings* features a bevy of fantasy women as erotic angels, birds, butterflies and even pixies. Available by flying to Lorenzo Sperlonga.com.

Pole Position

Ever wish you could have a titty bar in your own home? Now you can with this HUSTLER-branded stripper pole, available at our retail stores and **HustlerHollywood.com**. The fully portable pole comes complete with a carrying case. Sexy chick not included.

Reading Can Be Fun

Christopher Behrens has penned *Penis Pokey*, a book that may be the perfect tool to get a brainy, prudish woman interested in your cock. Available at QuirkBooks.com.

Take a Stab at It

Here's the perfect gift for anyone who has ever been dumped. The Ex human knife block comes complete with a set of five high-quality stainless steel knives. It let's you get out a little aggression without doing jail time. Just make sure you keep this item away from pissed-off girlfriends or wives. It may give them the wrong idea. Available at GetTheEx.com.

"Apparently, the way to a girl's heart is to saw her in half." —*VICTOR MATURE, ACTOR*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

BELICIA BLU

E FOR YOU

BELICIA

After several failed attempts to reach this Czech cutie, it turned out she had moved, leaving no number. So we threw our hands in the air and decided to turn it over to the readers. It's up to you to fill in the blanks. Send your completed tale to HUSTLER Magazine, *Belicia's Bio*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. The most creative authors will receive a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

"In my hometown," Belicia remarks, "there aren't many _____, so I have to work as a _____ in order to afford my _____."

In the bedroom this smoking chick loves it a little rough. "I need a guy who is willing to _____ my ass as much as possible. Also, I'm into toys. The way a _____ feels in my _____ is so nice!"

Belicia loves the great outdoors. "I really enjoy _____ when I'm not working. Besides nasty sex, my favorite hobby is collecting lawn gnomes. There's something about having a bunch of little men around me all the time that's hot."

Belying her exceptional beauty, Belicia isn't your typical prissy, self-centered model. "I volunteer at a _____, where I _____ guys with broken _____. It is rewarding to know that I'm able to give something back."

A damsel with a very fine backside, Belicia hopes to make it big someday. "I've invented a machine that makes people want to _____ me or _____. I think it's the greatest thing ever!"

Even though we know very little, Belicia is great to look at!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BITCHING OFFICE SURPRISE

My skirt was rolled up to my waist, my panties rolled down my thighs. And there I was, bent over my own desk, slapping my own ass, jamming two highlighters in and out of my snatch.

You know how it is. You're a businesswoman. You work and eat and sleep, and that's it. Day after day. Week after week. By the time Friday night rolls around, all you have the energy for is booze and bed. Somehow your sex life just slips through the cracks. Unfortunately, your sex drive doesn't. So you find yourself alone late on a Thursday evening, masturbating in your office.

I was imagining a kinky threesome with two handsome strangers. One was balls deep in my mouth, and I was passionately sucking on his shaft. The other man was slapping my tush, his pecker stretching my asshole. All of a sudden, he started pissing, and piping-hot urine gushed over my rosebud. Oh, my God, I was close. I changed the angle of the highlighters so they rubbed across my clitoris. I was almost there.

Fuck, damn! What the hell was that?! I heard a sound—giggling maybe—coming from down the hall. It ruined it for me. I had thought I was alone in the top-floor suite, safe, and now? I pulled my panties up and my skirt down and went to investigate.

The noises seemed to be emanating from my boss's corner office. Shayla's a bitch if there ever was one. (You know the type. "My daddy owns the company, so you'd better do as I say. And by the way, did you see my new Lotus?" A Bitch with a capital *B*.) Shayla's door was cracked just enough for me to glimpse her and—was that the new janitor with his coveralls puddled around his ankles? Damn! I was about to laugh when I saw the guy's cock—his incredibly long, hard cock. My pussy fluttered.

Stark naked, Shayla was lying back on her mahogany desk, and I had to admit she had an amazing body—all curves, a narrow waist, legs that went on for miles. Bitch! The best tits that money could buy stood high and proud, the nips being teased erect by a feather duster. That's right. The janitor fanned the wand of plumes slowly over Shayla's body. I could imagine hundreds of soft feathers kissing *my* bare flesh. *Mmmm*.

When the janitor reached the inside of her thighs, Shayla's giggling turned to heavy breathing. When her clit was dusted, the bitch gasped, then lifted her fine butt cheeks off the mahogany. "Jack, please," she begged. "I want your cock!"

What a sexy role reversal! A rich, powerful businesswoman was begging a menial wage earner for dick. Luckily for me, I had brought along my two highlighters. I licked the caps and shoved those handy office supplies up my cunt, which throbbed in gratitude, squeezing and releasing, while I watched in awe.

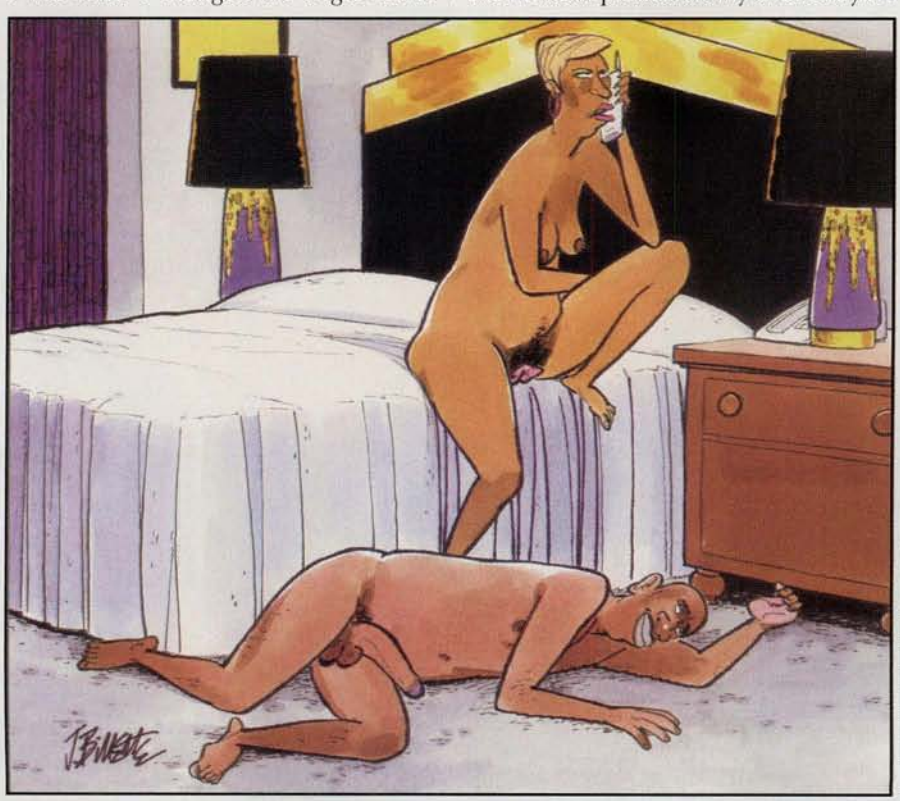
Jack turned out to be surprisingly creative. Flipping the duster around, he spit on the handle and slowly crammed the wood up Shayla's poop chute. Then the dude picked up a scrub brush, took some packing tape and secured the makeshift diddler to my boss's love button. Shayla whimpered deliriously.

Meanwhile, Jack had even more tricks up his sleeve. Wrapping a thumb and forefinger around the base of his magnificent cock, he dick-spanked the glistening pussy at his disposal. When my boss started moaning loudly, the janitor stuffed a rag between her lips. Finally, when Jack was good and ready, he slammed his thick prick up Shayla's twat in one mighty lunge.

God, I bet that felt good! The bitch had a wooden shaft up her ass, bristles scraped her clit every time she moved, and the most beautiful, fat dick I have ever seen was fucking her cooch. A few minutes later I could hear Shayla's muffled screams as she came. The janitor lasted through two more of Shayla's thrashing climaxes before pulling out and spray-painting her big ta-tas. That did it for me, and I too got off.

I pulled the highlighters out of my pussy and crept back to my office. I guess I could have confronted Shayla the bitch the next day. Probably could have blackmailed my way into a nice raise. Instead, I didn't say a word to anyone. Fact is, I wanted a piece of that janitor myself. You can guess which one. —K.C.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



"I shit you not, girlfriend. Whenever I ask Tyrone to eat my pussy, the motherfucker faints!"

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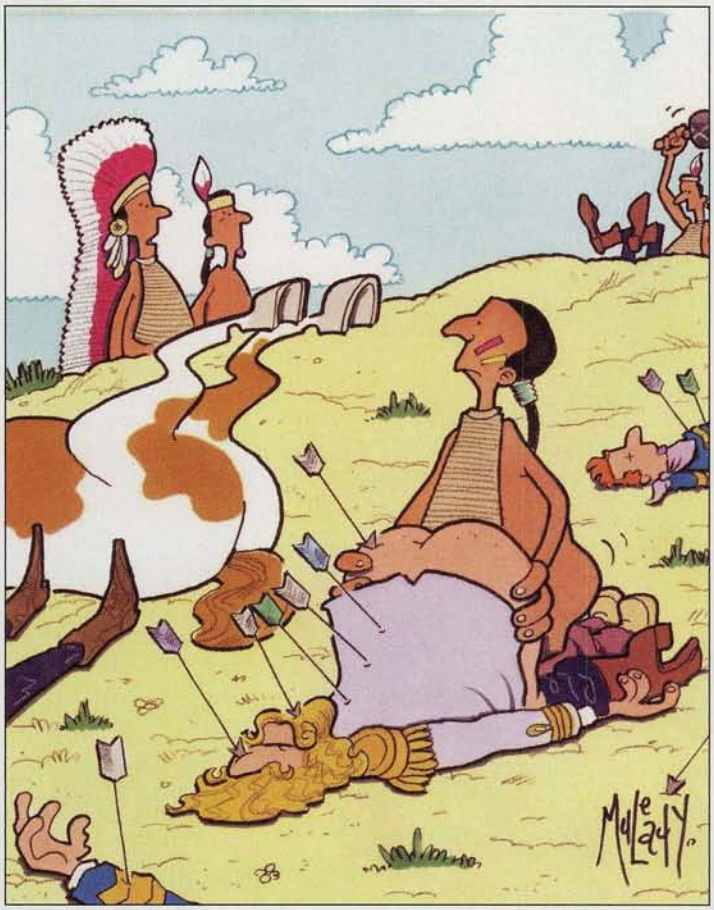
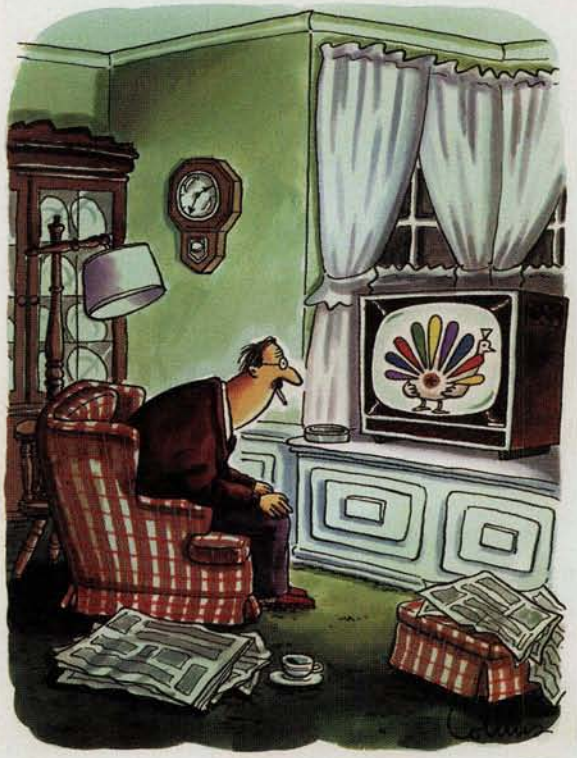


"Hey, Little Bear, 'Fuck Custer and the horse he rode in on' is just an expression!"



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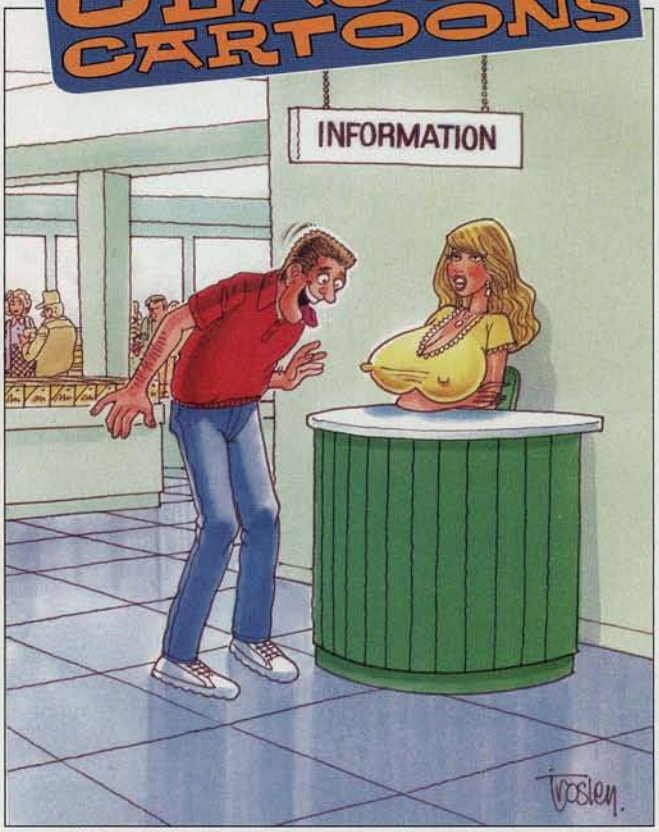

"The surrounding area is sort of a medium tan, but the actual nipples themselves are a bit pinker...."

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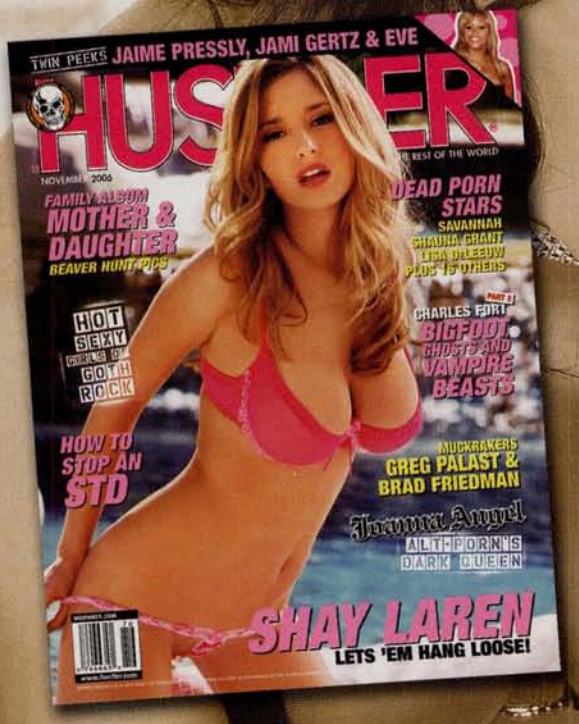
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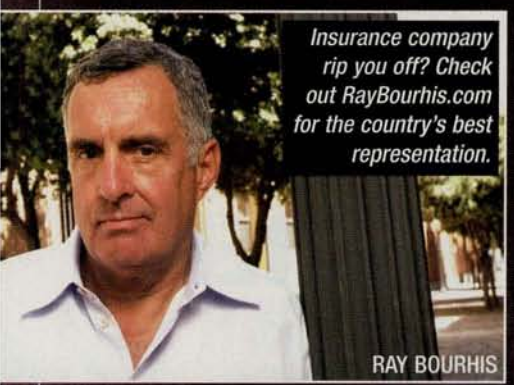
OFFER EXPIRES APRIL 10, 2007 **CGZAA-J**

RAY BOURHIS

Insult to

What you don't know about the insurance industry can hurt you, says an expert litigator who has exposed countless instances of fraud and other nefarious activities.



Insurance company rip you off? Check out RayBourhis.com for the country's best representation.

RAY BOURHIS

IF YOUR INSURANCE CARRIER denies your claim for no reason, the best person to have in your corner is San Francisco attorney Ray Bourhis. As the country's leading lawyer specializing in insurance bad-faith litigation, Bourhis won a landmark $7.7-million jury verdict against the slimy insurance giant UnumProvident. The story is detailed in Bourhis's book *Insult to Injury: Insurance, Fraud, and the Big Business of Bad Faith*, which offers a scathing case study that exposes criminal activities within the industry. Bourhis, who has been profiled on national television and in print, is an outspoken champion of consumer rights, and his cases are closely watched by the media. In this no-holds-barred interview the relentless advocate reveals how shady insurance companies can screw your family out of its livelihood.

HUSTLER: According to your book, insurance companies will lie, cheat and steal; they'll do everything possible not to pay off on insurance policies that are valid and legal.

RAY BOURHIS: In the last ten years we've seen a tremendous increase in corporate crime across the board. Take a look at the things that Eliot Spitzer's been doing in New York with AIG, Merrill Lynch and the big banks. Look at what's going on with the oil companies right now. Anyone who doesn't believe they're price-fixing isn't paying attention. CEOs steal money from employees' pensions. Senior executives in major corporations knowingly sell products that kill people. Literally, toxic products. Tobacco. Even asbestos, now being made overseas, is still being sold here for many schools and houses in the United States.

At some point you scratch your head and say, "What the hell is going on?" They're doing these crazy things on the one hand, and on the other hand they're doing everything they can to limit their exposure for doing it. They would love it if they couldn't be held accountable—if they could just screw people and get away with it. That includes insurance companies.

Can you tell us why this is happening? What's the driving force?

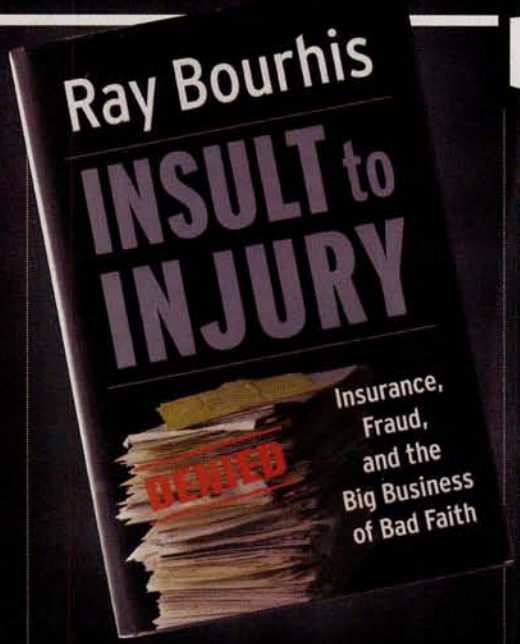
Let's say you are hired as the CEO of a major corporation. One of the elements of your compensation is stock options. Let's say the stock is selling today for $20 a share. You might, as part of your package, be given several million options to purchase that stock at $25 a share. If the stock goes up above $25 during the period that your options can be exercised, you get a windfall. If it does not, your options are worthless. Some companies and some CEOs will do absolutely anything to get the stock price up above their option-buying level. So what we started to see several years ago was this notion that you had to surprise the street, surprise the stock analyst. You couldn't simply make profits the way you had been making profits because that was already factored into the price of the stock.

So companies cut costs?

Yes. Take the example of J. Harold Chandler, a banker who was hired to run UnumProvident, an insurance company. He knew nothing about insurance, absolutely nothing. I took the guy's deposition, and I doubt he understood his own automobile liability policy. Anyway, the company is hurting because inter-

INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID

Injury



est rates have been cut, and they're stuck with all these policies the company sold. They can't raise their premiums pursuant to the terms of the insurance contracts, and they can't do anything to raise interest rates because that's up to the federal government. So what could Chandler do as the new president to increase the value of his stock options and boost profits? He cut claims.

What we learned in our lawsuit against UnumProvident was that there was talk about shredding documents. There were internal memos about setting up formulas for terminating benefits; round tables were set up. Many of these documents are attached as an appendix to my book. Companies, when they write memos like this, never believe they're going to see the light of day. But in this case the federal judge ordered them turned over.

Can you site specific instances of insurance companies defrauding clients?

One guy had AIDS, and organic brain damage showed up on an MRI. He was denied. Another guy had Parkinson's disease. This guy was an ophthalmologist. How would you like to go to an eye surgeon who can't control the shaking in his hands? His carrier told him he was not disabled. Insurance companies have cut off individuals with severe, advanced diabetes whose eyesight and other bodily functions were completely destroyed.

Susan McGregor is another example. She was the court reporter for the presiding judge of the San Francisco Superior Court, Alfred Chiantelli, a wonderful man and a great judge. She had such serious hand and wrist injuries as a court reporter that the judge testified he would sometimes see her sitting by herself during breaks with tears coming down her cheeks, rubbing her wrists. She had to wear braces on her wrists. There is no way that she could continue transcribing 200 words a minute as is required of a court reporter. But UnumProvident told her she was not disabled as a court reporter because she could still read, she could still proofread.

Another insurance company—Berkshire Life of Pittsfield, Massachusetts—told a professional classical harpist she was not totally disabled because she could still book events for other musicians. They said, "Well, even though you can't play the harp anymore, you used to book your own events. Now you can just go ahead and book somebody else's." Examples are endless.

Can we assume this kind of insurance fraud also applies to victims of Hurricane Katrina?

Absolutely. In fact, the Attorney General of Mississippi has sued State Farm, Allstate, Nationwide and two others. All the major insurance companies that provide property and casualty coverage. He sued them for telling people they were buying hurricane coverage and then, when the hurricane turned out to cause flooding, the companies said, "Oh, no, no, no, the flooding's not covered by your hurricane policy," which, of course, is complete nonsense. The Attorney General of Mississippi is suing all of them.

In California, when we had the Northridge earthquake, the insurance commissioner at the time was Chuck Quackenbush. Chuckie took a lot of money [in the form of "campaign contributions"] from the insurance companies to get himself elected in the first place. [According to allegations], when the Northridge earthquake occurred, he knew the companies were defrauding people left and

right, so he called the insurance executives into his office and pointed to a bunch of what turned out to be empty file boxes. He told them the boxes contained documents regarding an investigation of their companies by the Department of Insurance. He allegedly used that to get them to pay millions of dollars to him and some of his favorite causes. Rather than face impeachment, Quackenbush wound up resigning in the middle of his term. Whether it's a California earthquake, hurricanes on the Gulf Coast, your individual disability insurance policy or your health insurance policies, it's the same story.

Can we assume the rich and powerful are safe from insurance fraud?

I was interviewed by Ed Bradley of *60 Minutes*, and halfway through the interview he realized that I was telling him his own insurance policy was ERISA preempted, and consequently wasn't worth anything. So when we turned off the lights and the cameras, he said, "Wait a second. I get my insurance from CBS. And from *60 Minutes*. Are you telling me that I'm ERISA preempted? I had never even heard of this before." I said, "Yeah, that's exactly what I'm saying."

What is an ERISA preemption?

The insurance companies went to the Supreme Court of the United States with the argument that they could reduce insurance premiums on health insurance policies purchased in the workplace and therefore make insurance more affordable to people if the Supreme Court agreed that all the rights of employees under state laws were eliminated, preempted by the Employment Retirement Income Security Act (ERISA).

The Supreme Court said, "Okay, fine. We'll eliminate all of those legal responsibilities. You are no longer going to be accountable for antifraud and anti-bad-faith statutes in your states. We'll preempt it all with federal law."

Well, so what? They replaced state law with federal law, right? Wrong. Why? Because there are no federal protections at all. Why are there no federal protections? Because the insurance lobbies that brought us ERISA preemption previously convinced Congress to bar the federal government from regulating insurance. So the same federal government that regulates everything from banking and securities and drug products and pharmaceutical products and everything else—even mud flaps on trucks—does not have a single statute on the books that makes it illegal for an insurance company to defraud somebody.

Why don't we hear more about this kind of thing?

If you, as an employee, have health insurance, you have no problem because you just pay them their money and make a small claim now and then. But if you have a major medical problem that's going to cost the insurance company hundreds of thousands or millions of dollars, then you'd better hold on to your hat because they target the big claims, and they find ways to lowball payments to people, to underpay them or even to refuse to pay entirely.

And even if it were clear what the policy meant—everybody knows that insurance policies are written in gobbledygook, so nobody can understand what the hell they say, including lawyers and judges—the insurance companies could still look you straight in the eye and say, "Sorry, we're just not going to pay you." And you can't sue them for fraud because your rights under state law are preempted by ERISA. They can bankrupt you, and you can't collect a dime. You can be evicted from your home. You can lose your life savings.

Isn't anything being done about this? Why won't the government act?

I was in Congress talking to Representative Jim McDermott [D-Washington] and Representative Lynn Woolsey [D-California]. I met with Senator Barack Obama [D-Illinois] and other senators. They were appalled to find out that this situation existed. They didn't even know that ERISA preemptions were doing this to their constituents. The only one who knew about it was Ted Kennedy [D-Massachusetts].

I asked McDermott about the likelihood of an ERISA reform bill, and he just laughed. He said, "Look, the insurance companies are the strongest lobby in Washington, D.C. We can put this bill in, and maybe we will, but I don't think it's got a snowball's chance in hell."

The insurance lobbies control Congress?

That's correct. I used to work for Bobby Kennedy. A guy I worked with back then by the name of Dick Tuck said a few years ago, "You know what, Ray, bribery used to be illegal, so they legalized it." I think it's time people started calling it what it is. There is no such thing as a $100,000 chicken dinner. Gary Hart—a United States senator who ran for President, hardly a bomb thrower—in a full-page interview in the *New York Times* Sunday magazine said our political system is corrupt. That's the bottom line. Keep in mind, the recently passed ethics-reform legislation was drafted by the very people it is intended to reform. It's totally ridiculous.

The Ethics Reform Bill has been characterized as lipstick on a pig.

That's a perfect characterization of it.

Are some insurance companies worse than others?

I don't see a lot of problems with Chubb Insurance Company. I do see problems with Prudential, with Berkshire Life, Unum, Kaiser, Blue Cross/Blue Shield, State Farm, Allstate, Farmers. I can tell you about property and casualty insurance carriers and some of the things

Eliot Spitzer THE PEOPLE'S ENFORCER

More than any of his predecessors, New York State Attorney General Eliot Spitzer has used the power of his office to make corporate greed-mongers pay for defrauding honest Americans. As part of the Empire State's top prosecution team, Spitzer cut his teeth going after the fearsome New York mob. His early-'90s probe was instrumental in smashing the Gambino family's stranglehold on Manhattan's trucking and garment industries.

Now 47, the Bronx-born Harvard man has since gone on to redefine the role of Attorney General, pounding billions in fines and settlements out of white-collar criminals. Here are just some of his most high-profile achievements:

★Sued Wall Street's high-powered investment bankers and mutual-fund firms (Merrill Lynch, Morgan Stanley, JP Morgan Chase, etc.) for conflicts of interest and illegal trading, recovering billions for small investors.

★Investigated bid-rigging and conflicts of interest in the insurance industry (AIG and Marsh & McLennan), forcing industry-wide reforms.

★Exposed how drugmakers (GlaxoSmithKline, Merck, etc.) conceal information on clinical trials, leading to improved disclosure policies.

★Sued Midwest power plants, forcing reductions in emissions that cause acid rain and smog.

★Uncovered widespread price-fixing among the world's top computer-chip makers (Samsung, Infineon, etc.).

★Forced the music industry to pay millions in back royalties to shafted musicians and nailed big record companies (Sony, EMI, Warner, etc.) for bribing radio stations.

★Investigated anti-abortion centers for deceptive advertising and practicing medicine without a license.

How does Spitzer do all this in a realm of monstrous egos and backroom deals? He goes for the corporate Achilles' heel, taking his cases to the headlines rather than the courts. When stocks tank and business threatens to bottom out, companies clean up their act in a hurry.

At press time, Spitzer was revving up his run at the Democratic nomination for governor of New York.

—Mark Johnson

they do to lowball people. They're all following the lead of the lowest common denominator. No CEO ever received a bonus for achieving lower profits than the competition. For example, they can offer to pay $125,000 to rebuild a house when it will really cost three times that amount. They say they have computer programs and consultants that they deal with.

That's a favorite thing for insurance companies; have an in-house consultant or an outside contractor who they pay a bunch of money to give an opinion about whether somebody's disabled or not, what your medical condition is or—in the case of a homeowner's policy—what it should cost them to rebuild a house that's been devastated by a hurricane or an earthquake.

Are there serious consequences for corporate executives who do these kinds of things?

No. There may be serious consequences for a small handful of people, but everybody else is going to get away with it. If you go down the list of all the people who have been abused by their insurance companies with respect to health-care or disability insurance policies and take a look at how many people are doing jail time for that, the answer would be zero. The same thing would be true if you talked about any other kind of gross abuse of power by people in these big corporations.

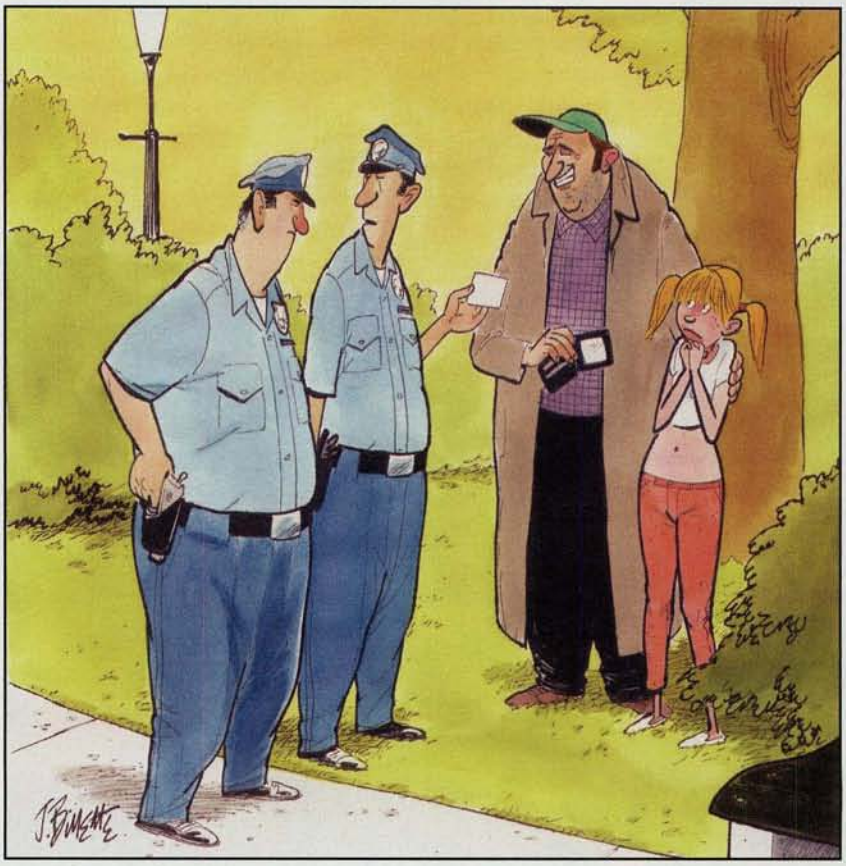
Take a look at this current gas situation. The CEO of Exxon "earned" $400 million last year. And the oil industry is going to receive a $40-billion cash credit in the same year they're receiving record profits. Now this has been discovered. How many of these things have not been discovered? How many of these things do not wind up on the front pages of magazines and newspapers? So many you couldn't count them all. Are those people going to jail? Hell, no. They're going back to the country club, having a martini and laughing with their friends.

Are all group policies ERISA preempted? Is it better to have an individual policy?

It's not just a group versus individual policy because some group policies are not ERISA preempted. All ERISA deals were not all group policies, but all employment-based policies. If you buy an individual policy, then you have a whole different set of problems. But if you buy an individual policy, you are exempt from ERISA. Also, there are two employer exemptions. One of them is if you work for the government, and the other is if you work for a religious organization. Why the religious organizations? It must be a miracle. (*Laughs.*) I can't figure out how else the Jerry Falwells of the world manage to get themselves and all of their employees exempted from ERISA. So the way that you get out from ERISA is you either go to work for a government or a religious organization or you get an individual policy.

As far as individual policies are concerned, there the question you have to ask is, "What are the laws of my state, and are they going to protect me or not?" Well, if you live in California, you're protected because you've got an Unfair Practices Act, a strong Insurance Commissioner, John Garamendi, *(continued on page 82)*

"All these people come here every Sunday. You tell them to be good, and they give you cash. It's a great scam, dude!"



"It's okay, Mike. He's a sex offender, but he's *registered*."

LAWS FOR SALE!

These days, bills passed by the U.S. Congress are bought for a very steep price.

BY TYLER DOWNEY

IN TODAY'S CORRUPT POLITICAL LANDSCAPE, do you really know how a bill is passed into law? Let us clue you in: Bills are often bought and paid for by Big Business.

There was a time when legislative measures improved the lives of Americans. It was simple: A particular bill would be introduced, debated and voted on by both chambers of Congress before the President signed it into law. All done for the good of the people.

Unfortunately, what's best for the American people does not matter. In the sleazy, lobbyist-run world of politics, what matters is how much money corporations will make. That, and how much those same corporations will give back to political candidates.

A classic example of the shady dealings orchestrated in Beltway backrooms is Senate Bill 256, euphemistically titled "Bankruptcy Abuse Prevention and Consumer Protection Act of 2005." Now a law, this legislation all but eviscerates an individual's ability to seek relief from debts by declaring bankruptcy, a basic protection offered to citizens since the early 1800s.

Among the Bankruptcy Bill's most vocal supporters during Congressional debate was Representative Jim Sensenbrenner (R-Wisconsin), Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee. He clamored that it would "improve bankruptcy law and practice by restoring personal responsibility and integrity" to the system. His implication was that America's level of personal responsibility and integrity was low, and he argued that consumers not paying their credit card obligations led to the need for bankruptcy legislation.

But did it? According to the American Bankruptcy Institute, at most 3% of all bankruptcies are sought by individuals spending beyond their means. On the other hand, 90% are precipitated by job loss, divorce or medical emergency. Many working-class families can't afford health insurance, explaining why staggering medical expenses account for half of all bankruptcies.

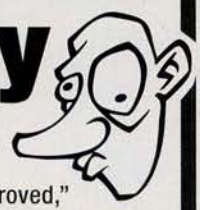
But the new law makes no distinction between legitimate cases and a minuscule fraction of irresponsible high rollers. By imposing complicated means tests, increasing filing charges and requiring exacting paperwork procedures, the edict will keep many people from getting the desperately needed protection that America's bankruptcy laws have traditionally offered. Instead, the government has become the muscleman for banking institutions that so willingly issue credit.

If a CEO's lying and incompetence destroys your job and your pension; if your spouse dies, leaving your household with one bread-

(continued on page 44)

What You Don't Know About

Identity Theft



YOU KNOW THOSE "pre-approved," zero-interest credit card solicitations you get in the mail—the ones with postage-paid envelopes inside? Don't throw them out. You might need them to keep from getting shafted.

After running an annual credit report, my wife and I found several unexplained credit card accounts that we had never agreed to authorize. A bit of digging uncovered an unsettling notion: Failure to respond to those pre-paid credit card solicitations can result in an "open" account that is easily available to any resourceful identity thief. In other words, if some scumbag gets your Social Security number or other personal information, they can activate these "open" accounts, access them and take the cash—while you remain oblivious.

It turns out the value of my family's "open" credit card accounts equaled the value of our holdings, i.e. the house and everything in it, our pensions and 401(k) accounts, and the cars. The value of all of this stuff *just happened* to add up to the amount floating in our unauthorized credit card accounts. We immediately warned friends. As it turned out, they too had credit exposure equaling the value of everything they owned.

Under the new Bankruptcy "Reform" Bill passed by Congress in 2005, the process of assessing an individual's value is called "means testing." If somebody had run off with all of our "open credit," the bank's means test would show that we could just cover the debt with our assets, and then it's goodbye house.

It didn't have to be this way. When the Bankruptcy Bill was still in the House, Senator Bill Nelson (D-Florida) proposed an amendment that would "exempt debtors from means testing if their problems were caused by identity theft." Congress rejected it.

The Federal Trade Commission estimates the number of identity theft victims at 10 million per year and growing, costing companies (prior to the Bankruptcy Bill) billions of dollars annually. With the current legislation, the Chases, CitiCorps and First Unions can just sit back and wait for us to fall victim.

This is assuredly not an accident. These megabanks are plotting against us, willingly creating a situation in which they will become beneficiaries of our property should an identity thief rob us. We must take a stand and stop these evil financial institutions from fleecing hardworking Americans. Go to AnnualCreditReport.com to see if you're at risk. And if you want to eliminate these predatory offers altogether, dial 1-888-5-OPT-OUT. —*James Pittaway*

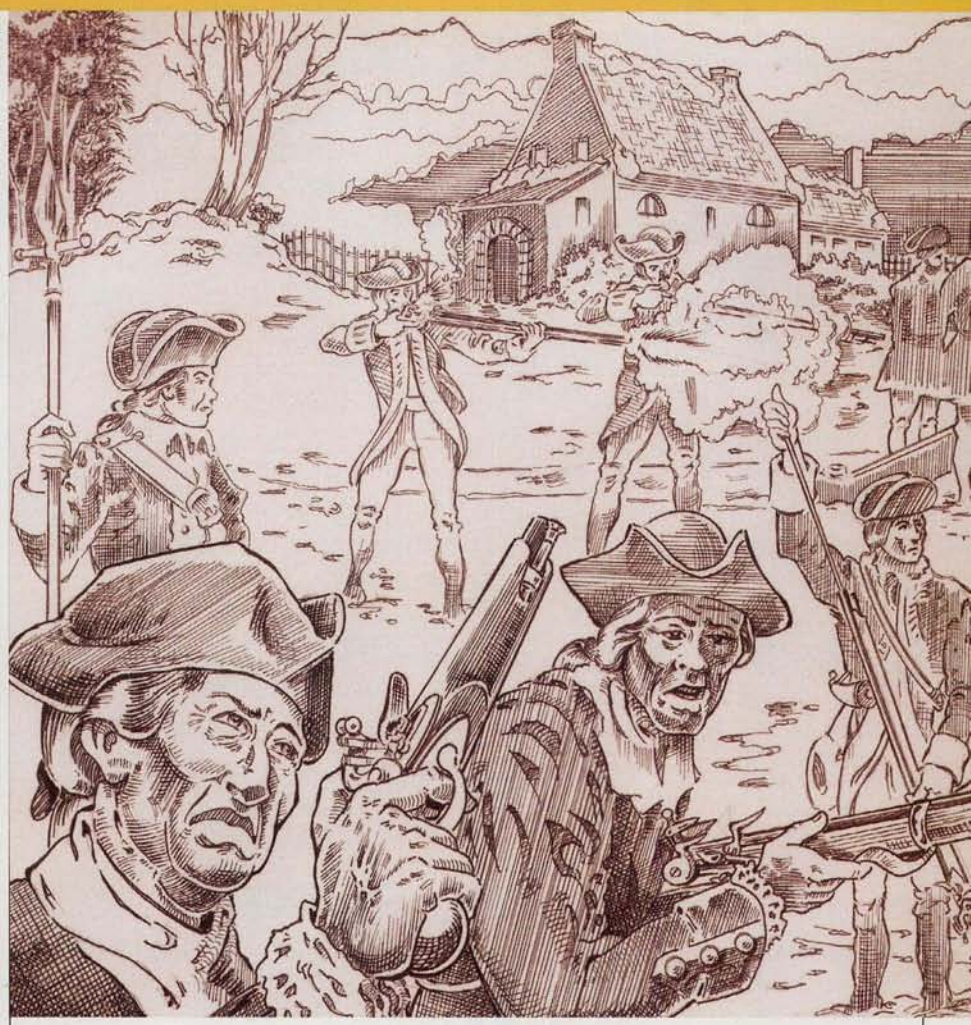


ILLUSTRATION BY RUSS MILLER

America's First Civil War

BY MONIQUE RAPHEL HIGH

After being pushed to the brink, a Revolutionary War veteran named Daniel Shays led an angry group of financially strapped farmers to rebellion.

AMERICA'S WAR OF INDEPENDENCE ended in 1783. By 1786 the new country had gone to hell in a handbasket. In fact, there was no "country" at all, just 13 states bound together in a very loose and ineffective confederation. The little guy was being squeezed. Prices were high, credit was hard to obtain, and common labor was in oversupply. Taxes were increasing, and people were wondering what they were getting for their money. Much of the nation had fallen into a depression.

Times were hardest in the cradle of the American Revolution—Massachusetts. Other states' legislatures had issued paper money and passed measures to help small farmers and tradesmen, but Massachusetts kept making things worse. The state constitution of 1780 had made it a burden for farmers to vote, and only the rich could hold office.

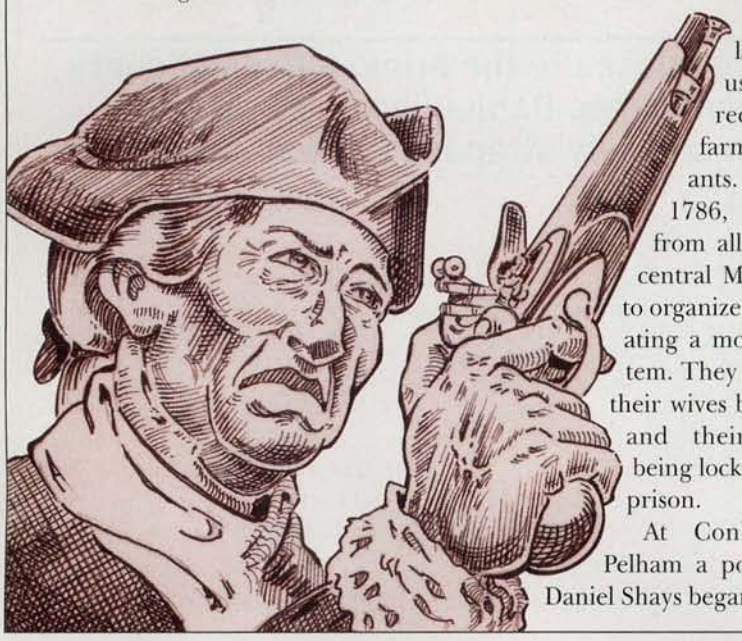
There were two competing economic blocs in the Bay State. The faction with the advantage was composed

of merchants, shipping interests and bankers from Boston and the coastal towns. The second group was made up of poor farmers from central and western Massachusetts.

While the greedy bankers and merchants were busy taking care of their own interests (collecting money), the struggling farmers were left by the wayside. Since the bankers and merchants controlled the legislature, the small, inland farms couldn't expect much help. When a farmer faced a court judgment for a debt (even for a tax assessment), he could lose his cattle, his land, even his household goods. In just one Massachusetts county alone in 1785, 92 people *went to prison* for debt.

THE IMPENDING STORM

The farmers believed that the rich merchants of Boston and Salem were out to grab all the farmland for themselves, using foreclosure to reduce independent farmers to feudal peasants. In the spring of 1786, desperate farmers from all over western and central Massachusetts began to organize and talk about creating a more democratic system. They were sick of seeing their wives begging for change and their fellow farmers being locked away in debtor's prison.



At Conkey's Tavern in Pelham a poor farmer named Daniel Shays began gathering groups of outraged citizens, demanding they rebel against the government. Calling themselves "Regulators," the Revolutionary War veteran and his ardent sympathizers soon escalated the conflict into a sweeping movement, and their message of change echoed across Massachusetts by way of a vast network of the disenfranchised.

Later, when Shays and his fellow discontents were put on trial, a defender echoed the thoughts behind their actions: "Our government is a new, untried shop with many joints that need oiling...with no chart of experience to guide us, nor map of the past by which to lay course."

In those days rabble-rousing speech like Shays' was considered treasonous, but it did the trick. Congregations of irate farmers out to stop debt foreclosures soon became commonplace in the state. Shays fanned the flames by organizing larger and larger groups at Conkey's Tavern. At one rally a farmer bellowed: "I have been greatly abused ...my cattle sold for less than they were worth. I think it is time for us to rise and put a stop to it!"

Shays wholeheartedly agreed.

THE UPRISING

On August 31, 1786, Daniel Shays led an armed mob into Northampton to prevent a session of the court. Soon, similar interventions occurred in Worcester, Concord and Great Barrington. As long as county courts couldn't sit, there would be no more evictions, no more judgments for debt and no more citizens sent to debtor's prison.

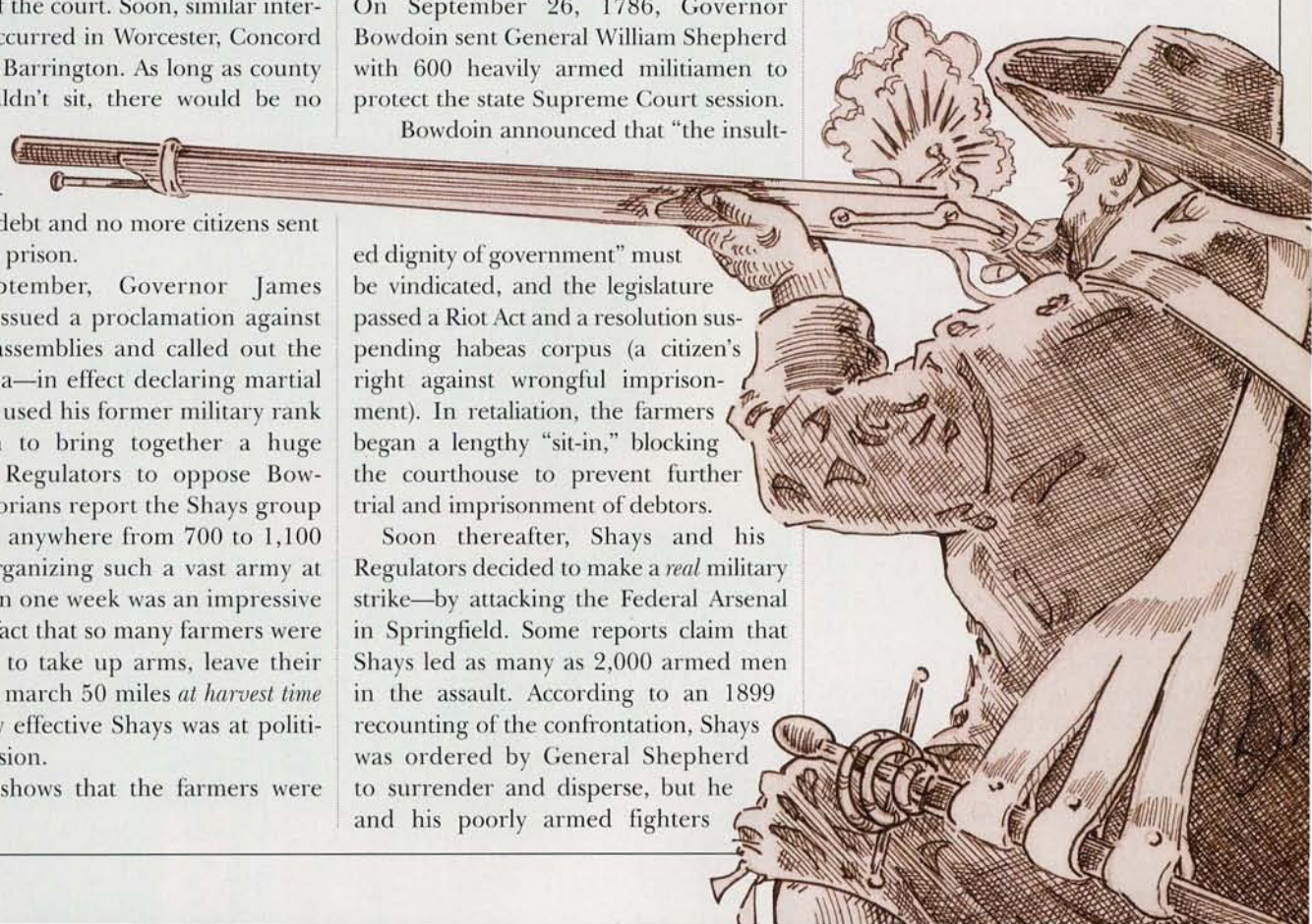
In September, Governor James Bowdoin issued a proclamation against unlawful assemblies and called out the state militia—in effect declaring martial law. Shays used his former military rank as captain to bring together a huge group of Regulators to oppose Bowdoin. Historians report the Shays group numbered anywhere from 700 to 1,100 strong. Organizing such a vast army at that time in one week was an impressive feat. The fact that so many farmers were convinced to take up arms, leave their farms and march 50 miles *at harvest time* shows how effective Shays was at political persuasion.

It also shows that the farmers were *very* mad.

So Shays used the anger to his advantage, convincing the insurrectionists to march on the Springfield Courthouse. On September 26, 1786, Governor Bowdoin sent General William Shepherd with 600 heavily armed militiamen to protect the state Supreme Court session.

Bowdoin announced that "the insulted dignity of government" must be vindicated, and the legislature passed a Riot Act and a resolution suspending habeas corpus (a citizen's right against wrongful imprisonment). In retaliation, the farmers began a lengthy "sit-in," blocking the courthouse to prevent further trial and imprisonment of debtors.

Soon thereafter, Shays and his Regulators decided to make a *real* military strike—by attacking the Federal Arsenal in Springfield. Some reports claim that Shays led as many as 2,000 armed men in the assault. According to an 1899 recounting of the confrontation, Shays was ordered by General Shepherd to surrender and disperse, but he and his poorly armed fighters marched ahead anyway. "Step one foot beyond that line that I have marked," Shepherd told the rebel leader, "and you



do so at your peril. For, as sure as you do, I fire."

"Fire, if you dare!" Shays retorted. "We are here for that arsenal, and we'll have it!" Then he yelled to his army, "Forward, march!"

General Shepherd ordered his men to fire, and a battle ensued. The militia used powerful cannon fire to disperse the ragtag bunch of Regulators. In the end, four of Shays' men died, and 20 were wounded. When more government reinforcements arrived—led by General Benjamin Lincoln and financed by Boston merchants—Shays retreated to Pelham and Petersham.

The grossly outnumbered Regulators were pursued into the driving snow by a fresh militia army that had additional artillery. Lincoln soon routed Shays' main contingent at Petersham. The Regulators pulled out and tried to march into Boston, but were forced to turn back because of a blizzard.

On the morning of February 4, 1787, Shays declared his defeat. "It was against my intuition that I undertook this business," he admitted. "Importunity was used which I could not well withstand. For God's sake, have *(continued on page 90)*

LAWS FOR SALE!

(continued from page 40) winner; or if your kid gets leukemia, and you can't make the mortgage payments, don't be surprised if you are plunged into economic servitude.

How could a bill that hurts so many citizens get passed by Congress? These days, most bills are actually written by corporate lobbyists, S.256 being no different. A Capitol Hill banking lobbyist originally drafted the bill with a single mission—to allow bank and credit card companies to suck every cent possible out of desperate Americans.

The truth is, banks and credit card companies paid our lawmakers through campaign contributions to approve the Bankruptcy Act. According to the nonpartisan Center for Responsive Politics, between 1999 and 2004, Senator Olympia Snowe (R-Maine) received $176,000 from finance and banking companies; Senator Richard Shelby (R-Alabama): $156,000; Senator George Allen (R-Virginia): $80,000; Senator Rick Santorum (R-Pennsylvania): $72,000; and Senator Mike DeWine (R-Ohio): $69,000. All of them voted for S.256.

For some time now, politics has been about candidates generating funds to defray the costs of television commercials and campaign trips. Since 1989, the *New York Times* reports, banking and credit card companies have doled out nearly $40 million to campaign funds and lobbying efforts, the majority to Republicans. In 2004 alone, the same year that 1.5 million Americans declared bankruptcy, finance companies donated over $8 million to political coffers. While their constituents suffered, money went to connected candidates instead.

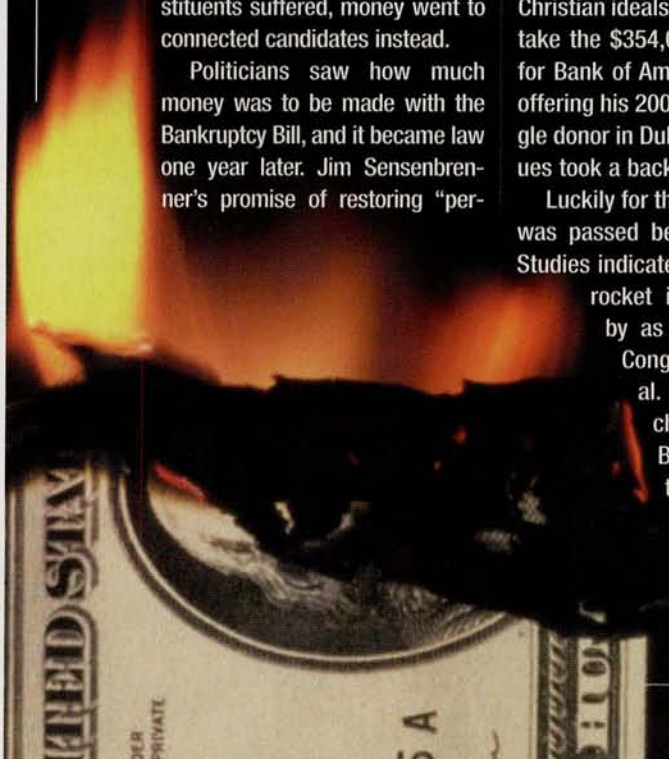
Politicians saw how much money was to be made with the Bankruptcy Bill, and it became law one year later. Jim Sensenbrenner's promise of restoring "personal responsibility and integrity" to the system, however, is an outright farce. Sensenbrenner himself has received $450,000 from finance corporations. As if that weren't enough, he also owns nearly $250,000 in bank and credit card stocks. According to the watchdog group Public Campaign, the representative from Wisconsin also leads Congress in free airplane tickets from lobbyists—nearly $200,000 worth. The going rate to buy the Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee is, apparently, quite high.

Republicans aren't the only lawmakers getting their palms greased. Democrats, supposedly the champion of the working man, can be bought just as well. Delaware Senator and Presidential hopeful Joe Biden voted to pass the Bankruptcy Bill. Since 1999 he has received $174,000 from the finance industry.

Of course, it's not surprising that Biden is on the payroll. Delaware is not only a banking center, but is also one of the few states that allows "asset protection trusts," loopholes that make it easy for people who can afford lawyer fees to protect their property from seizure in case of a bankruptcy. Essentially, a millionaire can shield his house while you cannot. Biden voted against the people of Delaware, siding instead with his fellow wealthy fat cats who own mansions there.

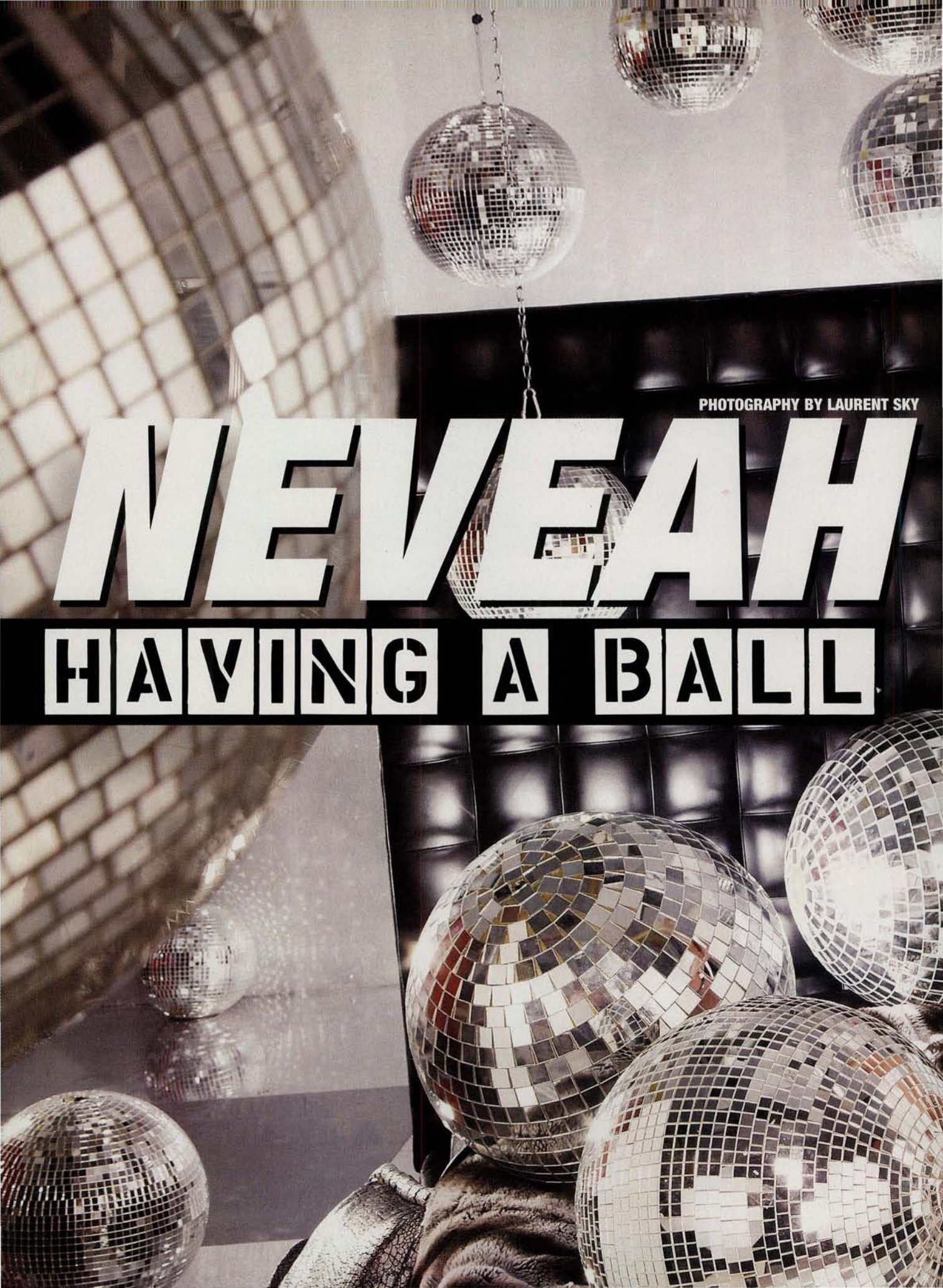
Don't the American people have any final protection against a bad bill? What about the Presidential veto? In the case of S.256, George W. Bush had two conflicting values. On one hand, he could follow the Bible, leaning toward compassion and a desire to help the poor—the basis for his born-again Christian ideals. On the other hand, he could take the $354,000 that the lobbying group for Bank of America's credit card unit was offering his 2004 campaign (the largest single donor in Dubya's reelection). Bush's values took a backseat to cash.

Luckily for the banks, the Bankruptcy Act was passed before Hurricane Katrina hit. Studies indicate that bankruptcy rates skyrocket in hurricane-disaster areas by as much as 50%. Of course, Congressman Sensenbrenner et al. refused to offer relief or changes to the Bankruptcy Bill for the people affected by the devastating storm. After Katrina's victims are done getting screwed by the insurance companies, the bankruptcy courts will take over.



LORENZO SPERLONGA

LorenzoSperlonga.com



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

NEVEAH

HAVING A BALL

NEVEAH

Ever wonder how this fetching blonde from the Windy City ventured into the XXX biz? "Man, I don't even fucking remember!" naughty Neveah howls. "I moved to Los Angeles a couple of years back and was working as a stripper. This one housegirl I knew suggested that we could live together if I didn't mind doing a movie or two. I figured, *Why not?* Once I started doing girl/girl porn, I found out it came naturally and was a lot of fun."

Does that instinct mean Neveah brushes off men and is strictly lesbo? "Hell no!" she roars. "I like 'em both. Girls are nice to lick and play with, but guys have the proper equipment. I love the way girls kiss and cuddle, but men? Damn, I love a good-looking guy with a buff body and a nice cock. He also has to know what he's doing in bed. It's no good if you have the tool, but don't have the training."

While sliding up and down on a dude's stiff pole, what is the babe's favorite position? "That would be reverse cowgirl," Neveah chirps. "I really like being on top and riding the guy until I come." Can another girl join in? "Of course," the insatiable cutie replies. "I love threesomes. That way I get the best of both worlds at the same time!"

What about fantasies? "All of my fantasies have been fulfilled again and again," Neveah reveals. "I don't have any left."

Naturally, the former Chicagoan has found lots of ways to have fun in Southern California. "I love to go out and party," Neveah tells us. "Drink a little, blow some smoke and dance my ass off. There is nothing better than sweating and grinding with friends all night."

NEVEAH

What's in store when Neveah has had her fill of adult entertainment? "I'd like to keep doing the porn and modeling thing for a few more years," she remarks, "and then become an anesthesiologist." Hey, even now she's knocking people out for a living. "I plan on moving back to the Midwest and studying that or something else in the medical field. I've always wanted to help people, and I think that would be a good way."

We had to ask. Do people ever come up and tell Neveah that she looks like Paris Hilton? "I get that all the time," she admits. "In Chicago this Arab guy actually thought I was the heiress, and he wouldn't leave me alone until I signed my autograph on his hand. I use the similarity to my advantage sometimes to get into clubs and get free drinks. I don't wish I were Paris Hilton, but I wouldn't mind having her fame."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NEVEAH'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN
Chicago

AGE
20

BIRTH SIGN
Pisces

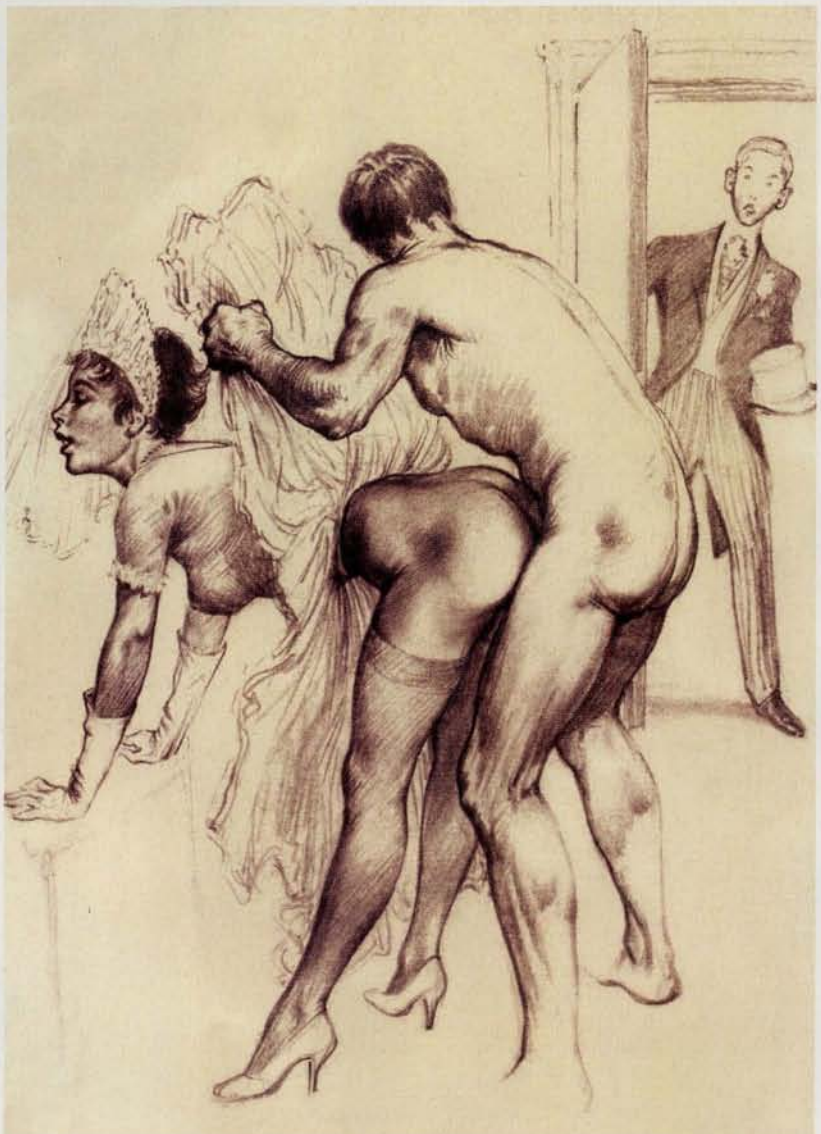
EYES
blue ("Actually, they're smoky blue!")

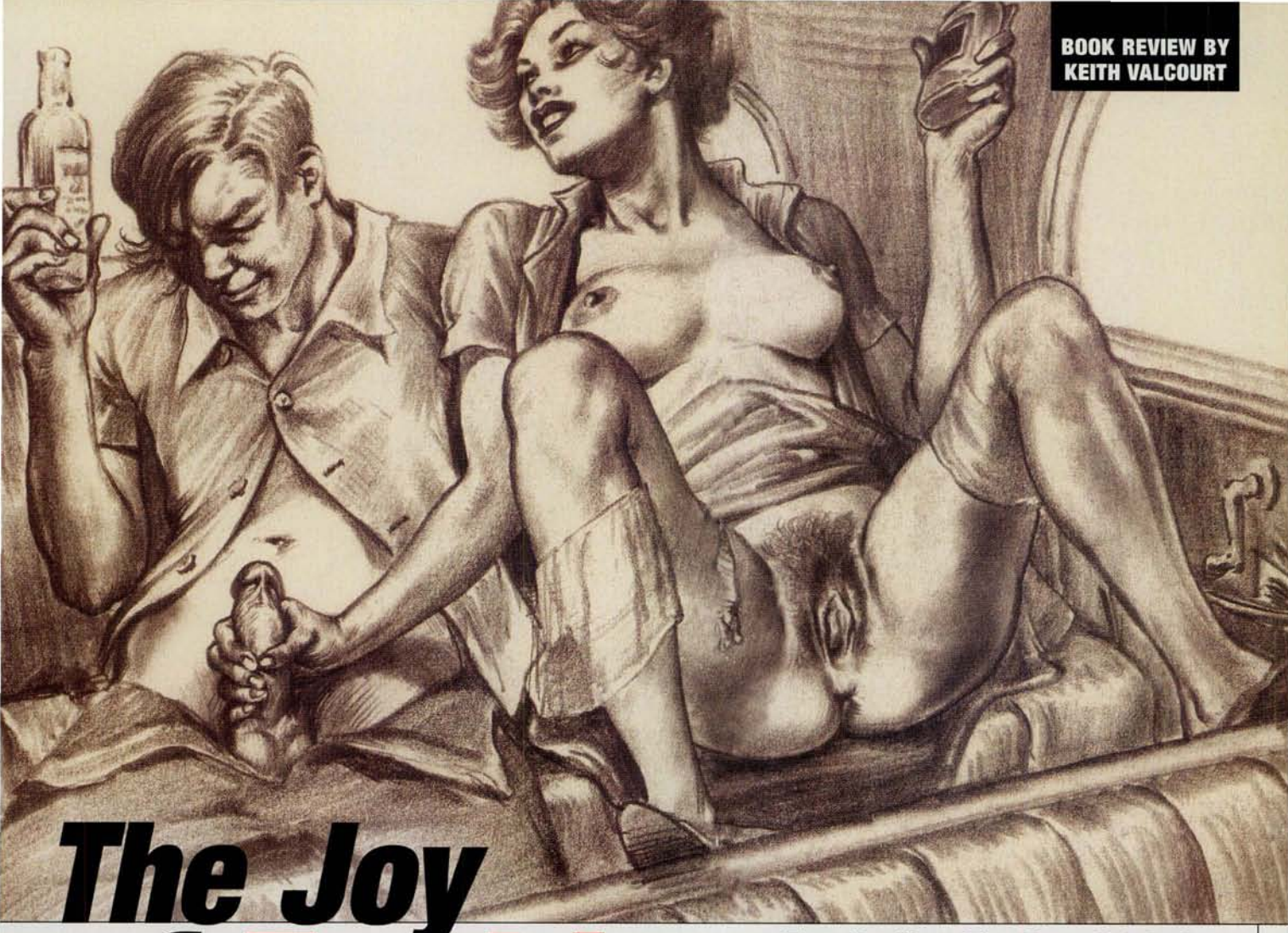
HAIR
blond

HEIGHT
5-7

WEIGHT
103

MEASUREMENTS
32B-24-34





BOOK REVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

The Joy of Fucking

***Tom Poulton: The Secret Art of an English Gentleman* reveals a seemingly conservative chap's surprising jaunt into visual erotica.**

BORN IN AMERICA IN 1897, Thomas Leycester Poulton lived most of his life in England. From 1921 to 1926 he created commissioned illustrations and covers for publications like *The British Journal of Surgery*, *The Nonesuch Press*, *The Radio Times* and *Reader's Digest* condensed books. As a draftsman, Poulton was widely regarded for his technical drawing capabilities and for his keen eye in the observation of human nature and sexuality.

Not much is known about the exact origins (or usage) of the hard-core, fully detailed drawings featured in *Tom Poulton: The Secret Art of an English Gentleman*. We *do* know that the sketches were created in the artist's spare time between 1948 and his death 15 years later. But questions still abound: Were these the private doodlings of a pervert? Did the once-successful illustrator struggle to sell these "dirty" pictures? Who were the models he captured engaging in joyous sexual romps?

We'll never know if the uninhibited ladies were real or simply figments of Poulton's vast imagination. He took the truth to his grave in 1963 after collapsing in a Bloomsbury, England, pub. Once a member of the prestigious Double Crown Club (a private hangout for illustrators), Poulton was reportedly so broke at the time of his death that friends had to chip in to pay for his services. No relatives attended.

Years later, in the early '90s, an erotic art collector bought a cache of Poulton's sketches. They are finally available in a stylish hardcover chronicle written by Jamie Maclean and edited by Dian Hanson. With sections like "Exhibitionists," "Age Play," "Lesbians," "On Campus" and "The Orgy," this rare collection is obviously worth the $39.99 price tag. *Tom Poulton: The Secret Art of an English Gentleman* is available at finer bookstores and at Taschen.com.

PHOTOS COURTESY TASCHEN BOOKS (TASCHEN.COM)

BY ROBERT SCHEER

George W. Bush's

PERPETUAL ADOLESCENCE

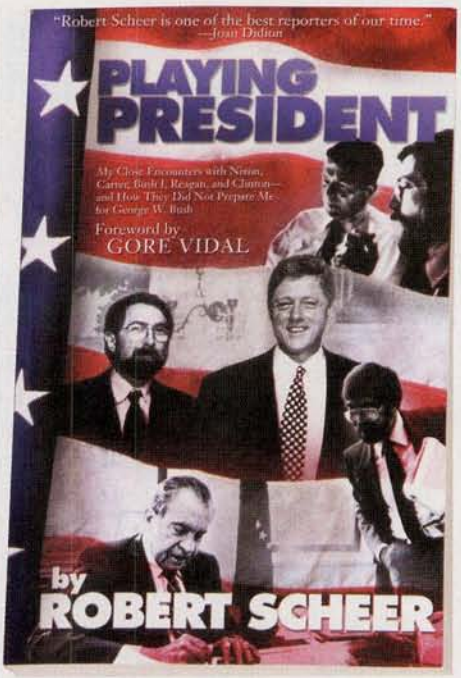
During his 30 years covering the White House and Washington politics for the *Los Angeles Times*, 20-time Pulitzer nominee Robert Scheer picked the brains of Carter, Reagan, Clinton and Bush I. In this excerpt from his latest book, *Playing President*, Scheer examines the ineptitude of our current commander in chief.

EXCERPT PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH AKASHIC BOOKS

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM SIMONTON

LET ME CONFESS to less confidence in appraising the Presidency of George W. Bush than the others discussed. This is not primarily because he is the only one that I did not spend one-on-one time with, although that would have been helpful. But the basic problem for anyone attempting to understand Bush's motivations is that they may not be driven by a recognizable engine.

His charm, which I take to be his most formidable asset, lies largely in his assertion of the prerogatives of perpetual adolescence, in his insistence that we judge him as a well-intentioned screw-up rather than a responsible adult. While this was not a difficult mode for Bush—a coddled offspring of the super-rich—as he made his way, heavily escorted, through the failures of his pre-political career, what is astounding is that the "What, me worry?" stance has continued to serve him so well as President of the United States.



As opposed to those who preceded him to the highest office in the land, Bush affected a deliberate air of diffidence from an early age, suggesting that he took on assignments only reluctantly, whether as student, businessman or politician, interpreting each challenge in turn as more of a bother than an obligation. Winging it, but always propped up by a considerable retinue of those more disciplined than he, has proved an enormously effective ploy. There is an often-winning "aw, shucks" mannerism to the man, pursued so determinedly as to hint at a genetic mutation from the model exhibited by his father (and many others driven to succeed).

In contrast with the previous Presidents chronicled in this volume, Bush the younger became an overachiever only after attaining the Presidency. The others, and certainly the first President Bush, who more than anyone resolutely built a qualifying résumé for the office, presumed that a high level of achievement was required for the world's most important job. These predecessors sweated the details required for the part, beginning with the ability to effectively deliver impromptu remarks in public. On the way up, they learned much from the elders who could take them further.

This was demonstrated most vividly by Ronald Reagan's fawning respect for the rough-hewn Warner Brothers movie moguls who launched and managed his acting career, and by his almost obsequious dependence on the "kitchen cabinet" of California millionaires who engineered his rise through the world of campaign politics. Although he was unfairly derided by critics as merely an actor, Reagan's extensive political experience

both in Hollywood and in the real world forged a hard drive filled with the minutiae of past struggles and indelibly informed his outlook once in the Presidency.

Reagan had walked the talk. Like the others (excluding George W.), Reagan was always anxious to advance on the learning curve.

For decades, Richard Nixon served as the ever-eager apprentice to those in a position to advance his career, from Senator Joseph McCarthy to President Dwight Eisenhower, and he meticulously cataloged in his mind the details of every job he worked.

Jimmy Carter portrayed himself as an ordinary peanut farmer, yet he was a well-educated and urbane figure, whose true mentor was the politically skillful Admiral Hyman Rickover; Carter boasted often of the career dues he paid, most notably his experiences as a Navy "nuclear engineer."

Rhodes Scholar Bill Clinton was the perpetual student who made "wonk" his middle name, and George Herbert Walker Bush gave many speeches that drew heavily from his lengthy on-the-job experience. Although Bush I's perspective on his own career may be marked by an arrogant sense of entitlement, he nonetheless had built his résumé on impressive performance—an excellent college student, athlete and soldier who survived dangerous combat experience—as opposed to grade-C yell-leading at Yale and part-time National Guard duty spent assiduously avoiding service in an ongoing war.

Yes, the others all practiced to play the part of President and were willing to mold substance to convenience to win the ultimate electoral prize, but once that desperately sought role was attained, they could rely upon their real experiences of a lifetime of hard work to guide their conduct in office. They most decidedly did not arrive at the White House, as did George W., woefully uninformed and unprepared.

Our current White House occupant seemed determined to present his pre-Presidency life as a blank slate, conveniently insisting that his years before the age of 40 were off-limits since he had been "reborn." But even after that moment of divine intervention, his activities—for the most part miserably unsuccessful business ventures—were portrayed as a string of sharp moves in some college MBA game, while his governorship of Texas was offered to and bought by the media as a series of vintage photo-ops, with few critical references to actual achievements.

A testing of accomplishment that one would have considered a prerequisite for any mid-level management position became a consideration with Bush only after he had been elected President. Further, his felt moment of empowerment did not even accompany his inauguration to the world's highest political office. Indeed, the first nine months of his rule were marked by a sense of befuddled wonderment that he was indeed playing this role, and, not able to convince himself of his suitability, early polling data suggests he was eminently ineffective as the nation's leader.

But then 9/11 happened, and after a day of continued bewilderment, another George W. Bush surfaced. His fans and detractors alike must admit that Bush turned the tragedy of 9/11 into a grand opportunity for his Presidency, and in the process recast his image from that of the untested scion of a former President to a bold, if not always wise, leader. The tragic irony in this transformation is that the attacks on the United States in September 2001 likely could have been prevented if Bush had not failed so miserably in recognizing the obvious terrorist danger documented extensively in those daily intelligence briefings during his first nine months in office.

Without any intelligence agencies reporting to me, I, like others, was able to recognize and call attention to the threat of Osama bin Laden—ignored in the Bush Administration's preoccupation with Star Wars and its Faustian antidrug coddling of the Taliban—well before September 11, in my [*Los Angeles Times*] columns of February 14, 2001 and May 23, 2001.

Until bin Laden's minions struck, the Bush Presidency had all the earmarks of a failure. Bush was indecisive, lacking in vision and a craven captive to the special interests that had very early taken full control of his Presidential agenda. He was floundering as one born to the manor yet surprisingly unprepared when the family estate fell under his control.

But then the clouds parted, planes became bombs, and there can be no question that Bush quickly seized the moment of national tragedy as a conduit for a quick transformation.

My own view is that Bush perverted the 9/11 attacks in ways that left the country less secure, most prominently by shifting focus from bin Laden to the totally unrelated target of Saddam Hussein. Yet as a quick-fix political tactic to save what seemed an already doomed Presidency, Bush's maneuvering worked wonders.

Suddenly, his Presidency was reborn, not through the services of an intervention divine in its authority, but in the powerful ability to manipulate the secular political world. The new religion Bush embraced was in fact the same old reliable one of those seeking greater power in any political system: thundering against the evil of an enemy threatening our security, in the process providing the leader with an unquestionable mandate to do whatever he wants.

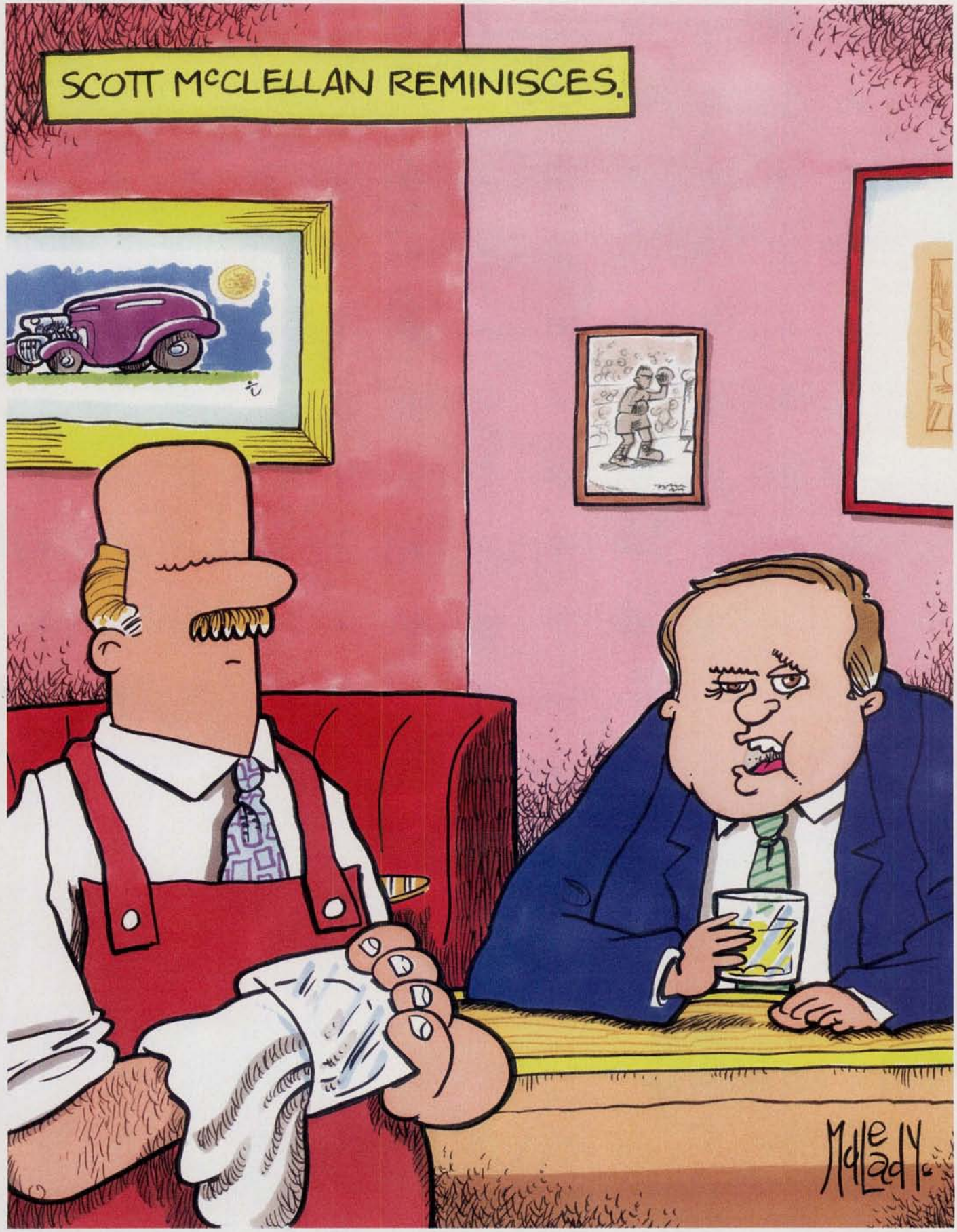
The war against evil provides the saving rationale for the Bush Presidency, overriding any troubling matters of fact and logic.

The war against evil provides the saving rationale for the Bush Presidency, overriding any troubling matters of fact and logic. With the all-powerful enemy of the kingdom at the gates, is the populace ever to deny the whims or judge clearly the failings of the willful ruler they suddenly discover they so desperately want?

Only later, perhaps decades afterward, will there be a time of reckoning.

Additional information can be found at AkashicBooks.com or TruthDig.com.

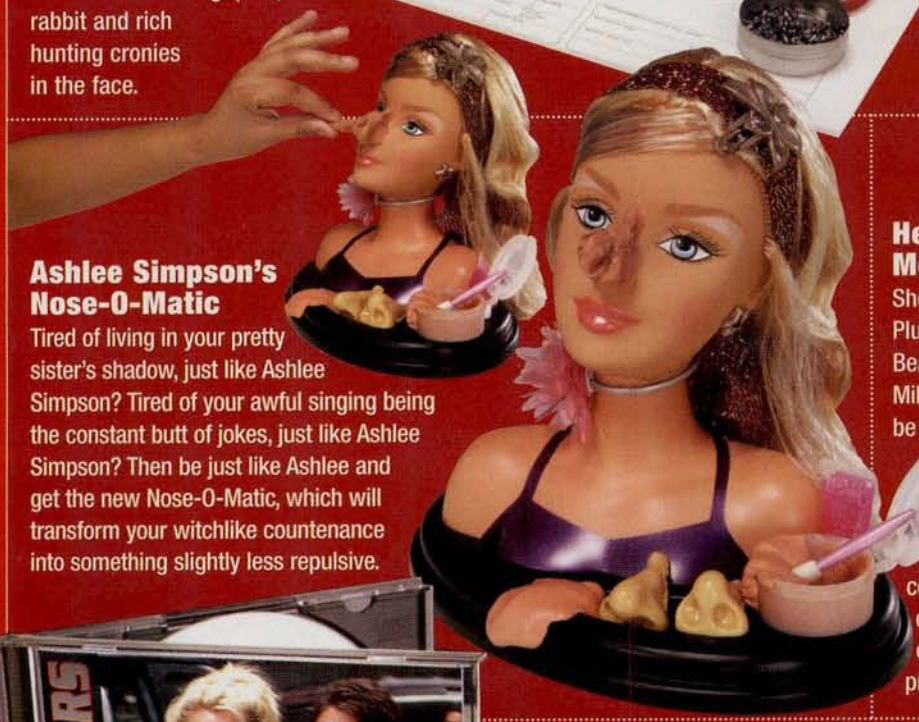
NEW COLUMN! Journalist Robert Scheer returns as a regular HUSTLER columnist starting in our next issue.



"I coulda been a great press secretary, but I was only as good as the information I was fed by those backstabbing, lying, two-faced sacks of shit I worked for."

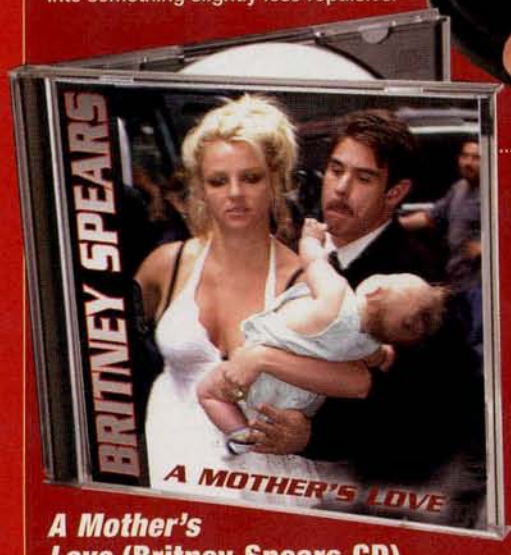
Dick Cheney BB Gun

You may never get to be Vice President, but now you can be just like him with your very own Dick Cheney BB Gun. Perfect for shooting quail, rabbit and rich hunting cronies in the face.



Ashlee Simpson's Nose-O-Matic

Tired of living in your pretty sister's shadow, just like Ashlee Simpson? Tired of your awful singing being the constant butt of jokes, just like Ashlee Simpson? Then be just like Ashlee and get the new Nose-O-Matic, which will transform your witchlike countenance into something slightly less repulsive.



A Mother's Love (Britney Spears CD)

Listen to all the massive matron's latest hits, including "Oops, I Dropped Him Again"; "My Son, the Air Bag"; "I'm Not a Girl, Not Yet a Hausfrau"; "Crazy (That Bitch Is)"; "I'm a Slave 4 Goo"; and "Knocked-Up, Baby, One More Time."

Heather Mills McCartney Doll

She's sexy and beautiful! Plus, she's filthy-rich with Beatles money! Heather Mills McCartney may well be the perfect woman. Now you too can enjoy her, with this life-like, anatomically correct doll that comes complete with a wad of cash and a detachable prosthetic leg.

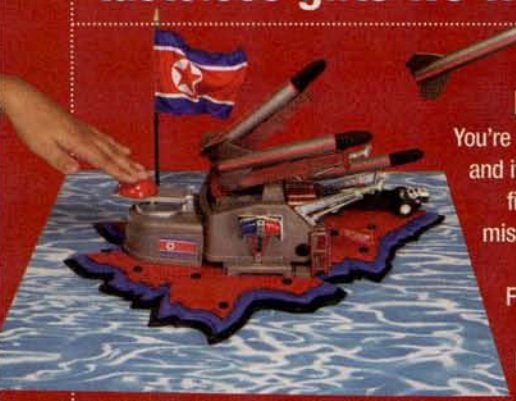
Get Back, Wetback Catapult Game

Attack the anti-immigration issue head-on, just like the Minutemen! To keep America strong, just launch these dirty Mexicans back to where they belong while the border patrol, police and Bush Administration look the other way.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real gift guide, and these are not real items

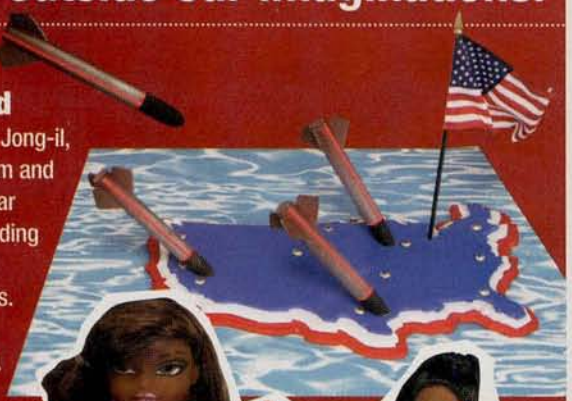
HUSTLER HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE

TO CELEBRATE the annual arrival of consumer gluttony triggered by "the holidays," we came up with a catalog of tasteless gifts we wish existed outside our imaginations.



North Korean Missile Command

You're North Korean leader Kim Jong-il, and it's time to take action! Aim and fire your long-range nuclear missiles at U.S. targets, including Fairbanks, Alaska; San Francisco; and Los Angeles. That'll teach President Bush to call you a pygmy.



Patrick Kennedy Remote-Control DUI Car

It weaves! It swerves! It crashes into other vehicles and walls! With the Patrick Kennedy Remote-Control DUI Car, you too can drive under the influence without fear of doing jail time. Why? Because it's a Kennedy car!

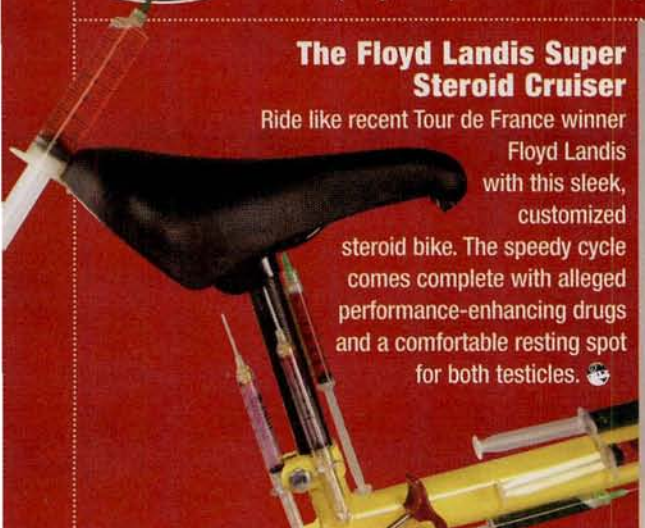
*Also available in the Ted Kennedy version (Mary Jo Kopechne doll sold separately).

Star Jones Reynolds Talking Doll

Just pull the string and listen to everyone's favorite unemployed TV host as she rambles on about herself, her career, her faggoty husband, herself, her miracle medical weight loss, herself and herself. Star utters over 25 self-centered phrases, notably "Mmm-hmmm, I could just eat my husband Al for lunch" and "Larry King, I had to take medically necessary steps to get this thin." Includes both superfat and skinny versions!

The Floyd Landis Super Steroid Cruiser

Ride like recent Tour de France winner Floyd Landis with this sleek, customized steroid bike. The speedy cycle comes complete with alleged performance-enhancing drugs and a comfortable resting spot for both testicles.



BY KEITH VALCOURT

But you know that because you're not really dumb enough to think otherwise.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BRANT

KELLY TAYLOR & PUMA SWEDE

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?!

SPECIAL THANKS TO THE BUFF MONSTER (BUFFMONSTER.COM)

Once again, a HUSTLER shutterbug has made this editor's life a living hell. Maybe I can look at this pictorial as a movie parody. Yeah, the horny carpet-munchers are on the set of a *Willie Wonka* porn spin-off. We could call it *Lily Wanker and the Wet Clit Factory* or *Millie Spanker and the Fuck-It Factory*. Nah, that idea is just plain stupid.

What about a sci-fi flick called *The Future of Sex*? Yeah, that's much better. Let's say these two knockouts aren't really women. Instead, they're lifelike robots—designed solely for sexual pleasure. Just like in that crappy *A.I.* film or those new robots from Japan. Dude, have you seen them? These beautiful machines are so real, they even mimic a human's heartbeat. Not that we would fuck a robot—unless we had to.

Hey, maybe this layout depicts the latest in theme park entertainment. We would definitely pay up the yin-yang to ride attractions looking like pink-bedecked Puma Swede and platinum blonde Kelly Taylor. Truthfully, we really don't get what all this involves. Then again, we never went to photography school.

Oh, look! Now the bodacious lovebirds are cavorting in geysers of milk, but a guy's cum might be what they're really craving. Anyway, let's hope neither babe is lactose intolerant.

Meanwhile, if you can get beyond the bright sets and bewildering artwork, you'll realize why we published the lensman's tapestry: These muff-diving missies are red-hot from *head* to toe.

See Puma Swede give in *Busty Beauties #20* and Kelly Taylor receive in *All You Need Is Luv: Best of Bunny Luv* and *Busty Beauties #4 and #18* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or click on HustlerHollywood.com to order.

AMERICAN DAD

Trigger-happy Stan Smith and his flamboyant alien-in-residence Roger tell us

IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN Seth "*Family Guy*" McFarlane's second animated series, *American Dad*, you're probably living under a rock. The Fox show offers a satirical take on an average American household ruled by the iron fist of überpatriotic, gun-toting CIA agent Stan Smith. Reminiscent of the McCarthyist deadpanning that Colonel Flagg brought to *M*A*S*H,* zealous, ham-fisted Smith aptly reflects the cluelessness of today's ultraconservative, flag-thumping Republicans.

Offsetting Smith's lantern-jawed stoicism is *American Dad's* comic relief—a wise-cracking, effeminate gray alien named Roger. This E.T., who saved Stan's butt in an Area 51 accident, shatters the otherworldly character mold of a menacing, omnipotent spacefarer. Instead, Roger is not only a junk food addict with the physique of a couch potato, but also a slacker who speaks with the tonal, snobby delivery of Paul Lynde.

We fired off some questions for these animated antagonists, who were kind enough to respond with witty, lively replies:

HUSTLER: Stan, how thick is the CIA's file on Larry Flynt?

STAN SMITH: Well, we had a case file on Mr. Flynt, and it was packed with a field day of irrefutable evidence. Unfortunately, the file found its way into the men's room at CIA headquarters, and now the case on Larry Flynt is officially closed. And it won't reopen—literally. We can't. The pages are stuck together. We keep trying—an iron, a steam cleaner, a razor blade. We didn't act fast enough, and now it's just too late.

What bothers you CIA guys about Mr. Flynt the most—the politics or the porn?

STAN: Oh, the politics. My political leanings contrast sharply with Flynt's views on the First Amendment. For instance, Flynt believes everyone has the right to say whatever's on their mind. I believe people won't say what they really think until they've undergone 30 hours of Chinese water torture, are stuffed into the trunk of my wife's station wagon and held naked at gunpoint in the middle of the woods.

We must say you have a good build, Stan. Have you ever thought about doing porn?

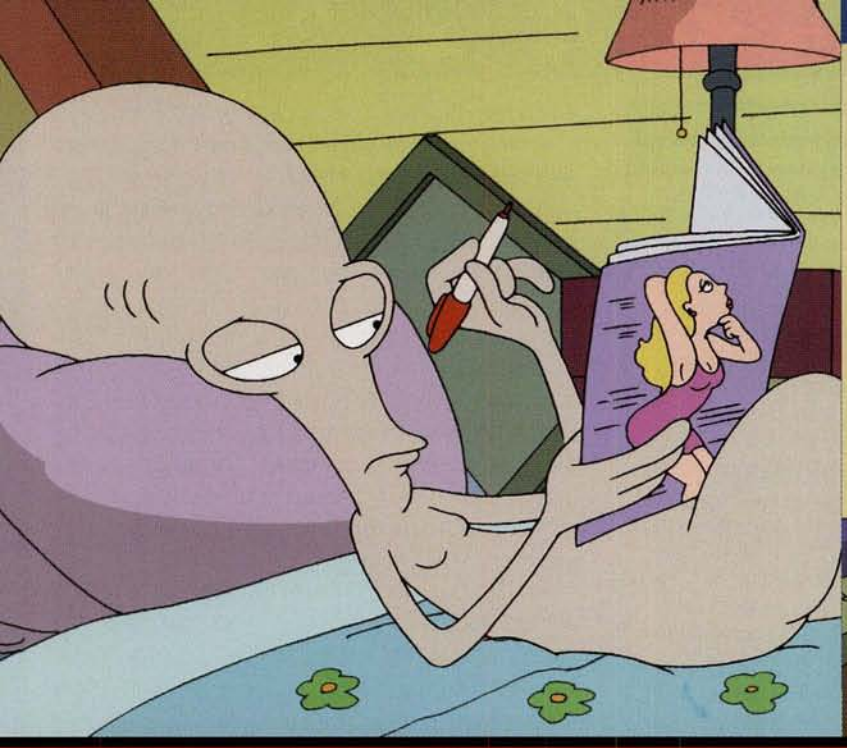
STAN: I'm not gonna lie. I've made a couple of naughty videos in my time, but thank God they're all on laser disk. You know, we conservatives get a bad rap when it comes to our ability to pleasure women sexually. I'm actually very liberal in the sack. I picked up a few tricks in my overseas training that have come in quite handy on sex night.

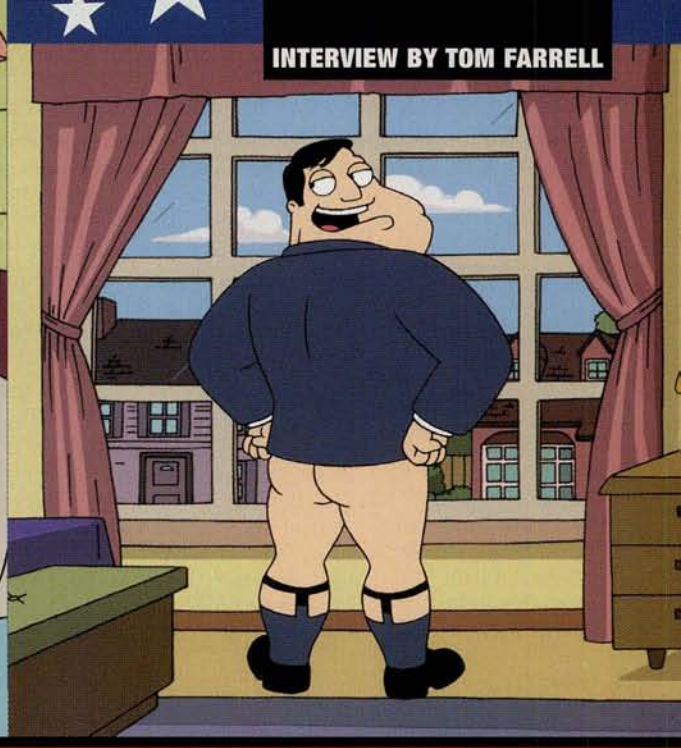
A favorite position of mine is what the indigenous people call "missionary." Heard of it? Yeah, missionary. It's where the guy's on top, see? And the girl—this is the best part—the girl just lies there on her back. Like she's dead, and maybe I killed her!

You're pretty trigger happy. What's with you and the ever-present handgun?

STAN: There's no feeling in the world like clenching a cold piece of destiny-determining metal, the hard alabaster handle pressed

ART COURTESY OF FOX 2006





INTERVIEW BY TOM FARRELL

how they *really* feel. (And what they say would make Mel Gibson blush!)

against your sweaty hand, ready to carry out whatever order you deem appropriate, prudent and just. Every man has the God-given, Constitutionally protected right to self-defense. In fact, I'm packing heat right now, friend. And it's the one gun no security guard can pat down. My top-secret explosive device. The Glock beneath my BVDs. I'm talking about my penis. I also have a couple of live grenades dangling downstairs, if you know what I mean. Now I'm talking about my testicles! Man, I love HUSTLER—for the interviews.

What was more embarrassing, Stan: finding out that your daughter Hayley is a liberal or discovering that she was sleeping with your boss?

STAN: Yeah, that's kind of a double-whammy, huh? Look, everyone knows the key to influencing young people is to get inside them and find out what makes them tick. I'm sure Bullock [*Smith's CIA superior*] was just using the opportunity to penetrate Hayley's closed mind and inject some conservative ideals. I can only hope some of them stuck.

While we're on the subject, Bullock looks and sounds a lot like that guy from *Star Trek*. What gives?

STAN: Deputy Director Bullock is a CIA agent playing the actor Patrick Stewart playing "That Guy From *Star Trek*." Bullock first rose to prominence by infiltrating the drug culture of 1980s Miami. His sexploits would later inspire the critically acclaimed drama *Miami Vice*. And his subsequent work on *Star Trek* would inspire Michael Mann's summer blockbuster, *Miami Vice*.

Roger, here's one for you: Our Editorial Director, Bruce David, used to write for *ALF*. He maintains that UFOs are real and that the government knows about them. Is he right?

ROGER THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL: Bruce who?! Wait. That's the guy who wrote the article about fisting and coffee enemas in February's issue, right? What was the question again? Oh, yeah, *ALF*. Everybody knows ALF was only in showbiz for the pussy. Next question.

Roger doesn't sound like an otherworldly name. How do you say it in your native tongue?

ROGER: Sure, sure. Rah-ger. It sounds about the same, but there's a silent *3* and about seven more vowels you humans unfortunately don't have the aural sophistication to register. I'll hold while the entire HUSTLER staff squeals with delight over the word *aural*. And I'll hold once more while everyone gets giddy and moist over the word *staff*. Animals.

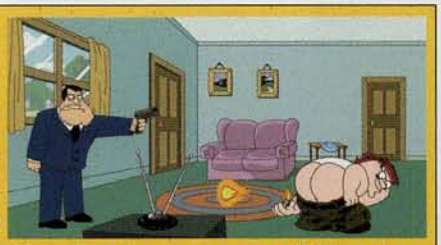
What's your home planet like, and why did you leave?

ROGER: Look, I don't remember much. Let's just say in the '80s my parents did a lot of drugs, then got mixed up in some doomsday cult that thought the world was going to blow up. So they shoved me in the back of their 1969 Chevy spaceship and sent me to Earth, hoping that the sun-drenched atmosphere would bring out my unimaginable physical power, which I could use to better civilization.

Next thing I remember, this humble, salt-of-the-earth couple took me from my pod to their farm in Kansas. When they tried to give me a slave name, I ran the fuck out of there and just kept running—all the way to Hollywood, California, where I got a waitressing job and was discovered in the Coco's bathroom by a big-time producer. He offered me a temp job as his personal foot masseuse. After a few months of non-sexual toe-licking, I got discovered again in the

FREE ONLINE GAME

AMERICAN DAD VS. FAMILY GUY KUNG-FU



American Dad and *Family Guy* play nice together in every episode, but in a new online game—*American Dad vs. Family Guy Kung-Fu*—the gloves come off. The setup is simple. It's a *Street Fighter*-style game featuring several *FG* and *AD* characters. Fox and Capcom say there will be new characters, secret unlocks and Easter eggs to come. To check it out, visit AmericanDadvsFamilyGuy.com. (*Exclusive button combinations on the next page!*) ▶

FREE ONLINE GAME

We've got the exclusive button combinations for *American Dad vs. Family Guy Kung-Fu*!

The letter in square brackets represents the letter on the keyboard in Arcade Mode. Finishing are activated by pressing any attack key once your opponent loses the second battle.

CHARACTER MOVES

FAMILY GUY

Peter:
- Axe-Handle: Toward + Toward + Fierce Punch [D]
- Double Kick: Back + Back + Light Kick [A]
- Blue Angel: Toward + Back + Light Punch [S]
- Bottle Throw: Back + Toward + Back + Light Punch [S]
- Headbutt: Back + Toward + Fierce Punch [D]
- Secret Finishing Move: Ipecac Vomit

Lois:
- Roundhouse Kick: Toward + Toward + Fierce Punch [D]
- Double Kick: Back + Back + Light Kick [A]
- Three Sword Strike: Toward + Back + Light Punch [S]
- Secret Finishing Move: Katana Scalp

Stewie:
- Missile Launch: Toward + Toward + Fierce Punch [D]
- Plasma Laser: Back + Back + Light Kick [A]
- Secret Finishing Move: Diaper Bomb

Chris:
- Fierce Tears: Toward + Toward + Fierce Punch [D]
- Karatou: Back + Back + Light Kick [A]
- Panic Attack: Toward + Back + Light Punch [S]
- Secret Finishing Move: Wrestling an Imaginary Bear

AMERICAN DAD

Stan:
- Grenade: Toward + Toward + Fierce Punch [D]
- Handgun: Back + Back + Light Kick [A]
- Secret Finishing Move: Heart of Justice

Hayley:
- Burning Bra: Toward + Toward + Fierce Punch [D]
- Pepper Spray: Back + Back + Light Kick [A]
- Finishing Move: Molotov Cocktail

Roger:
- Cigarette Flick: Toward + Toward + Fierce Punch [D]
- Tiara Toss: Back + Back + Light Kick [A]
- Secret Finishing Move: Ooze Explosion

Klaus the Goldfish:
- Third-Degree Burn: Toward + Toward + Fierce Punch [D]
- Electric Shock: Back + Back + Light Kick [A]
- Secret Finishing Move: Machine Gun Execution

(Unlock Street Fighter's Ryu by pressing Down, R, Up, L, Y, B. *Note: R and L are the letter keys, not directions.)

Ryu
- Dragon Punch: Toward + Toward + Fierce Punch [D]
- Hurricane Kick: Back + Back + Light Kick [A]
- Fireball: Toward + Back + Light Punch [S]
- Secret Finishing Move: Tiger Uppercut

"I had my tongue way up a bimbo's ass tonight, Judy. Don't forget to tell that to Jesus!"

production office bathroom, this time by Seth MacFarlane.

Does your home planet have porn? If so, is there an equivalent of Larry Flynt?

ROGER: If you consider pleasuring yourself to old episodes of the Danny Thomas classic *Make Room for Daddy*, then, yes, we have porn. We're very sensual creatures. A lot of what turns us on has to do with our minds. A beautiful sunset—hot. Love—very hot. Ethan Hawke in a speedo—yes, please. I'm in Room 216. Oh, and, honey, everybody knows there's only one Larry Flynt in the entire galaxy! Am I supposed to, like, wait for the studio audience to go "awww" now or something? I hate this schmaltzy crap. Sentimental porn rag.

What the hell is that green stuff that oozes out of you every seven hours?

ROGER: God, what is it with you earthlings and your endless fascination with bodily fluids? Look, to set the record straight, my splooge is just everyday waste. There's nothing the least bit sexual or interesting about it. Unless you're Chuck Berry.

What do the females of your species look like? What's sex like on your home planet?

ROGER: Females? I see you really did your research here, dude. Look, we aliens are a complex system of holes and extrusions, and they're charting new ones every day. Consequently, many of us haven't really, um, figured out how to do it yet...per se. That's what all the humanoid abductions are about. The experiments, the probing. Real shot-in-the-dark kinda thing, you know. We're so sorry for the bruising, Kentucky! Oh, and a little tip for your readers: If you're ever abducted, try not to clench up or fight it—it'll make it easier for both of us.

How about that Stan guy? What a tool, huh?

ROGER: My uncle used to have a saying: "Roger, drop what you're doing so I can sodomize you with a tube of suntan lotion down by the lake." My point is, compared to him, Stan's a walk in the park. A park whose edge does *not* border the lake where I was sodomized.

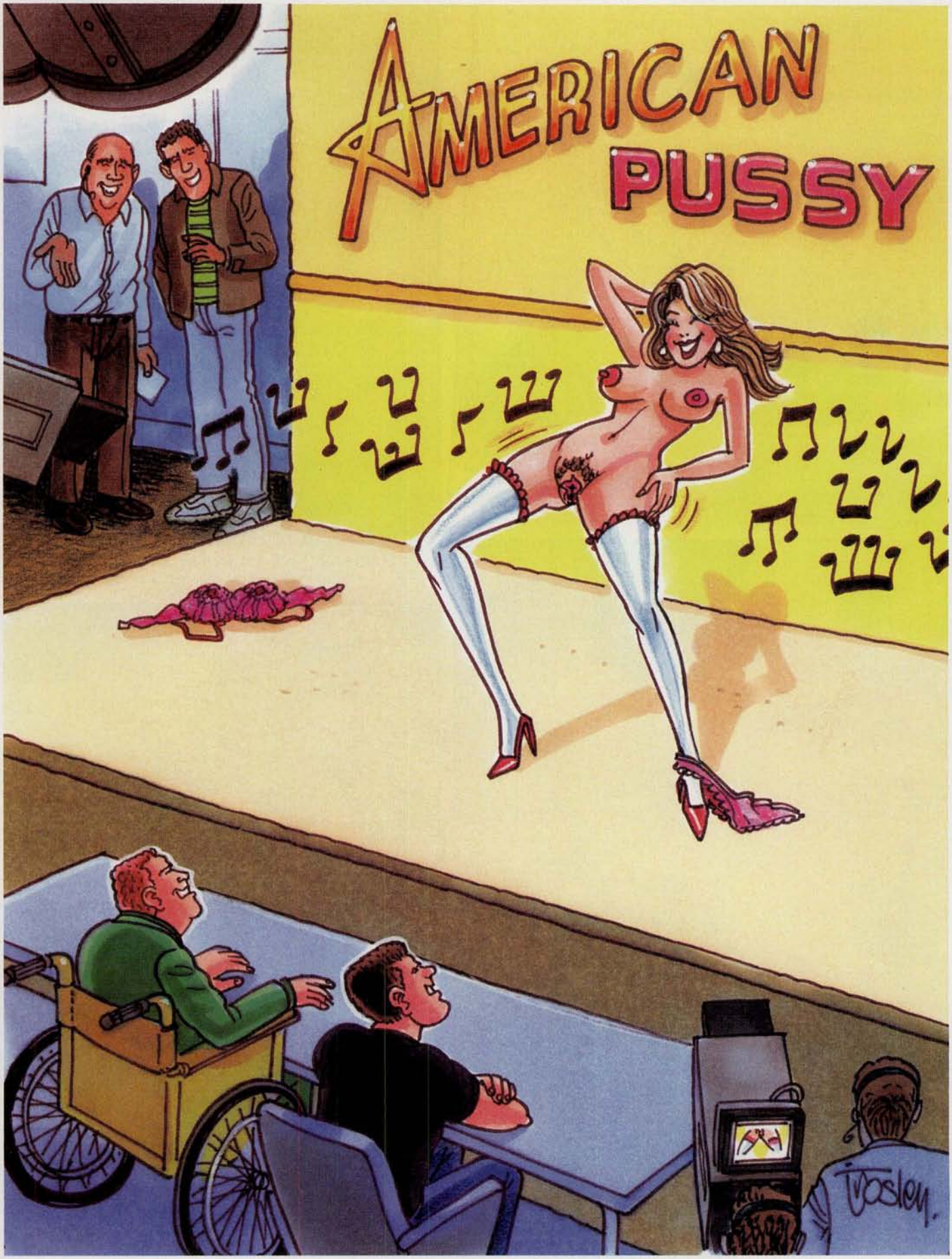
Would your planet be stupid enough to elect George W. Bush?

ROGER: I've got a bunch of opinions written down in my publicity journal. But, one: I left it at home. And, two: I'd rather save my smart stuff for the big Oprah invite.

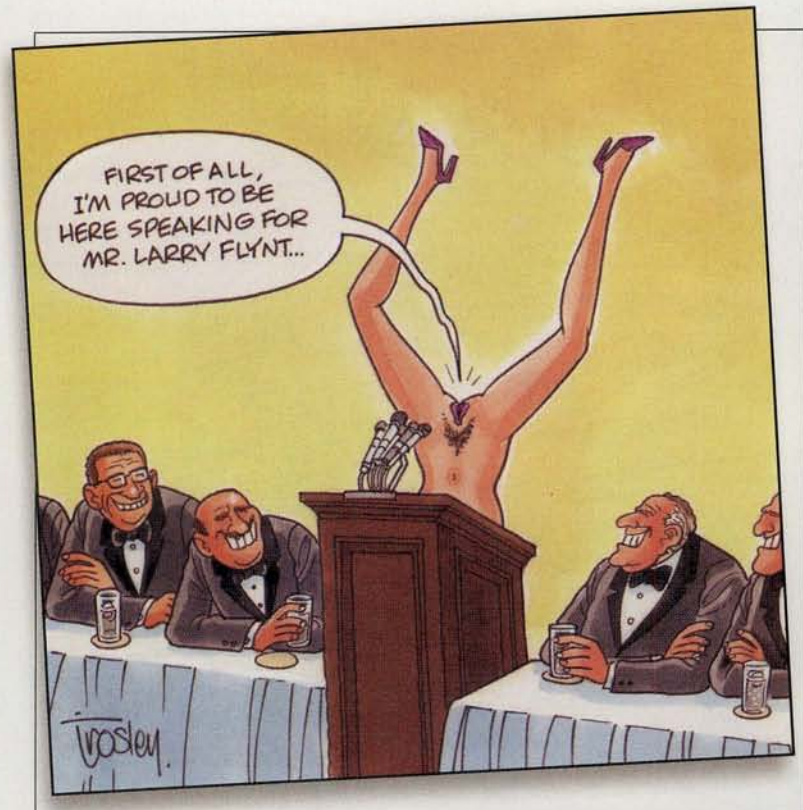
How would a HUSTLER staffer get on your writing staff? You're obviously not too picky.

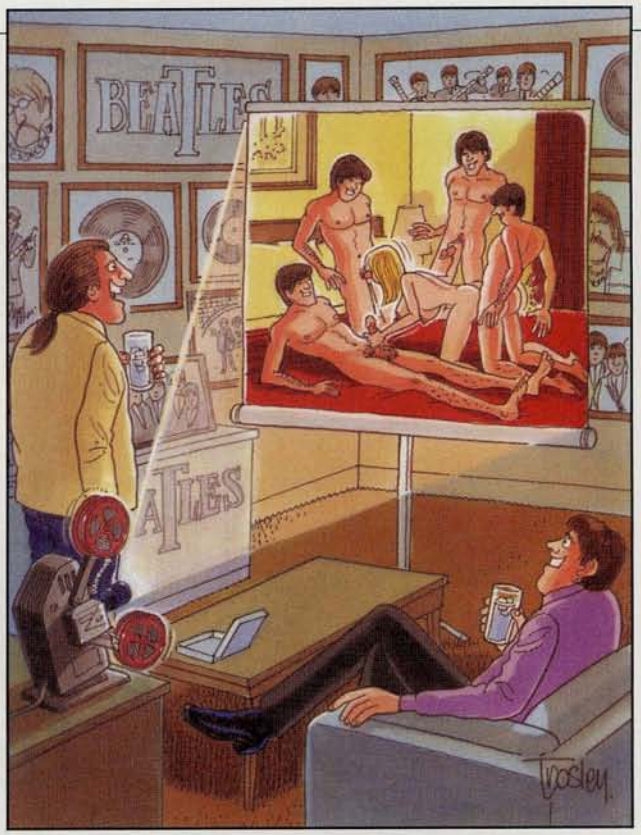
ROGER: *We're* not too picky? What's HUSTLER's criteria? Recruiting at the bus station bathroom and passing a syphilis test? I'm sorry if our writers' Harvard degrees and voluminous knowledge of *Veronica Mars* message boards intimidates you guys, but let's not start slamming each other. But to answer your question, as you probably know, your religious affiliation is very important in Hollywood. However, unlike 99% of all television shows where the staffs are entirely Jewish, to write for our show you have to have killed a Jew. Oh, and lying about being an Eagle Scout on your résumé never hurts.

American Dad airs Sunday nights on Fox. The first season is now available on DVD.

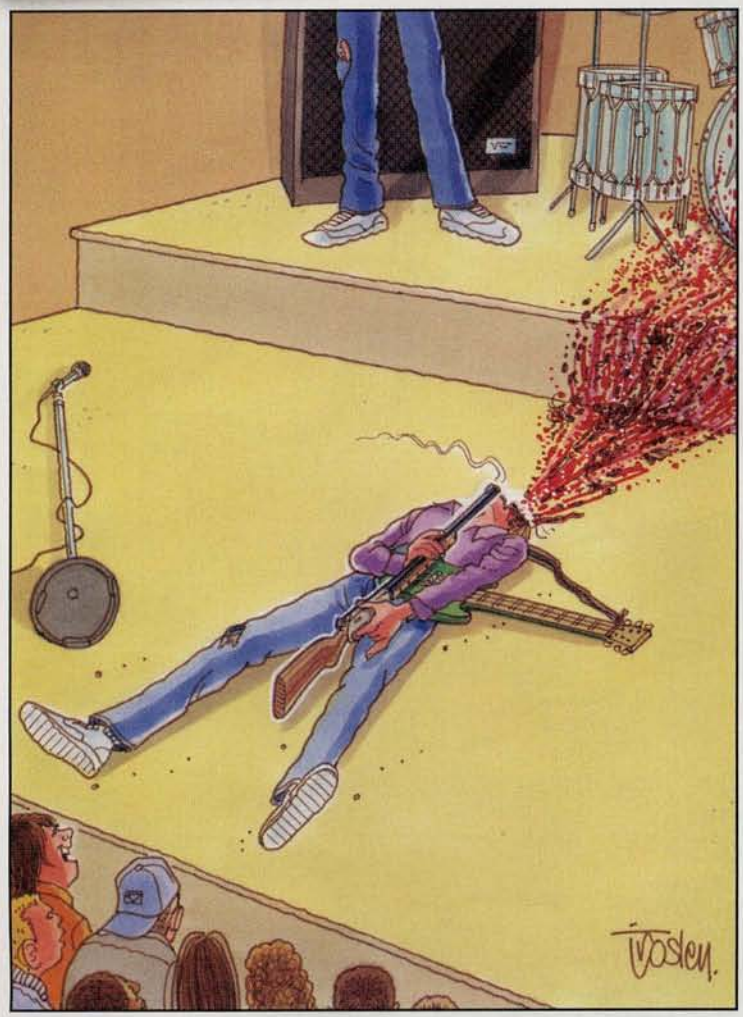


"Then one night, Simon Cowell met Larry Flynt...."

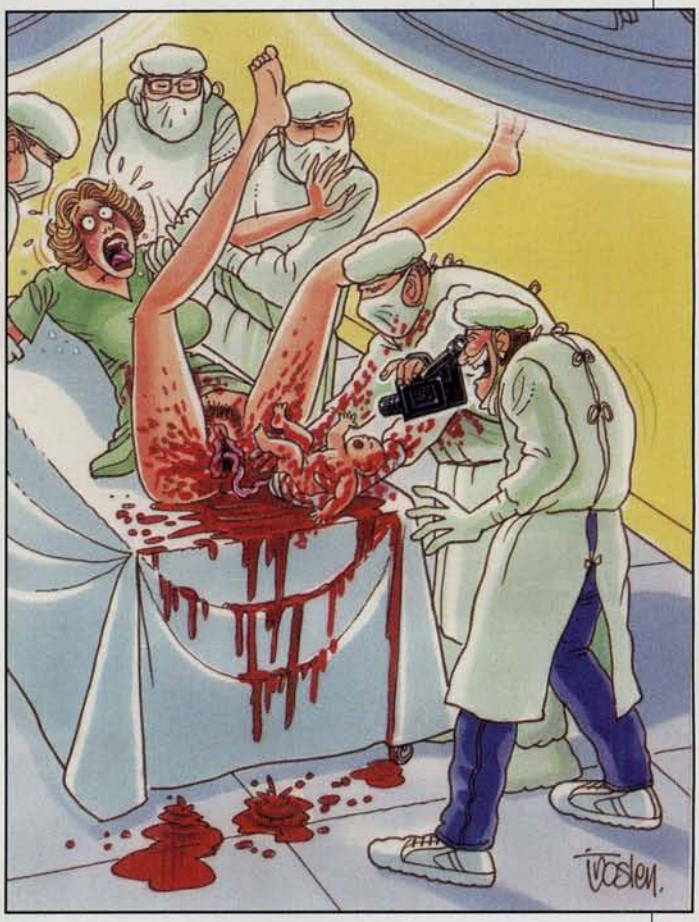




"CHARLENE LA RUHE. SHE WAS THE REAL FIFTH BEATLE!"



"WOW! THAT'S WAY COOLER THAN JUST SMASHING HIS GUITAR!"



"OH, HONEY...OH, HONEY! THIS IS SO-O-O-O-O-O PRECIOUS!"

Tapping the Troz

Veteran cartoonist George Trosley quit his day job to gain HUSTLER notoriety.

"I LOVE THE COLOR WHITE," says HUSTLER cartoonist George "The Troz" Trosley in a gruff voice. "White is like a blank page of paper—there's an opportunity to do something fantastic."

Appropriately, the decor in his top-floor home studio is white: the couches, walls, bookcases, tabletops—even the carpeting.

"Us cartoonists aren't like normal people," confides Trosley, who resides in a quaint and isolated Pennsylvania ranch house with his wife, Susan, and teenage son, Georgie. (Daughter Andrea, 30, lives elsewhere.) "We sit in a room all by ourselves. We don't go to work."

In the early '70s, Trosley made good money at an advertising agency, providing illustrations and lettering for the likes of RCA Records, Arco Oil and baseball's Philadelphia Phillies. Eventually, he dreaded his job.

"The guys I worked with drank their lunch," Trosley recalls. "I used to ask them how they did it, and they'd say to me, 'You wait. The rat race'll get ya.' Two-and-a-half years later I was having lunch with them Monday, Wednesday, *considering* Friday and smoking two packs a day."

After quitting commercial art, Trosley gave cartooning a whirl. With some effort, his work began appearing in *Gallery*, *Genesis*, *Playgirl*, *Oui* and other adult publications. When a friend congratulated him on getting a cartoon into HUSTLER, he was perplexed. Larry Flynt's then-fledgling magazine had yet to show any interest. Apparently, an editor who'd left *Gallery* had taken the 'toon with him to HUSTLER, and it was published without permission.

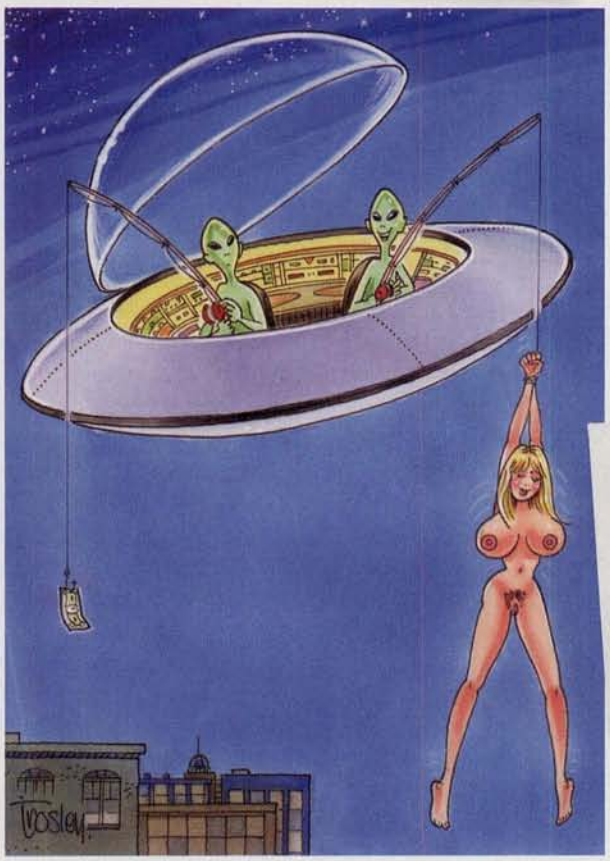
"I still haven't been paid for that one," Trosley quips.

Of course, he let the $75 debt slide when more of his material started getting picked up by HUSTLER (with full payment, of course). In August 1977 Flynt tendered him an opportunity to work under an exclusive contract. "Larry offered me a decent deal," Trosley says, "and I took it."

So how does a journeyman cartoonist keep the material fresh? "I pump news into my head," Trosley explains. "I have MSNBC on constantly. I read *Time*. I read *Newsweek*. I feel it's very important to fill my head with all this stuff."

Since coming onboard, Troz has produced more than 9,000 cartoons for HUSTLER and various Larry Flynt titles.

Check out GeorgeTrosley.com to purchase limited-edition prints, CDs, T-shirts and other cool stuff.



"FORGET THE LURES! EARTHLING MALES ALWAYS BITE ON LIVE BAIT!"

"They said, and I quote, 'Fuck that shit!'"

"Oh, I'm not a *real* sex expert, but I did stay at a Holiday Inn Express last night!"

(continued from page 39) and an excellent state Supreme Court that is maintaining common law protections against fraudulent conduct by insurance companies. But if you live in Illinois, where Allstate must have written the insurance code, or in New York, Massachusetts, Texas or other places that cap bad-faith and punitive damages, you have an uphill battle and very little leverage.

Why should insurers pay if the profits from not paying are a thousand times higher than the penalty for not doing so? They say, "Oh, but if we cheated people, they wouldn't buy our policies." But that's baloney. Except for occasional *60 Minutes* exposés and interviews like this, nobody ever finds out about what they are doing. And even so, they just put a cartoon ad on TV telling people how fast, fair and friendly they are or how you're in good hands with them, and they're back to square one.

Another problem is that many policies today require binding arbitration of disputes. Often, as with Kaiser, the people who conduct the arbitrations are selected by the insurance company. How would you like your opponent in a lawsuit to pick the person who decides whether he has to pay or not? That's what you have with so many of these one-sided binding arbitration provisions in these policies.

They have a big bag of tricks. If they don't get you with ERISA, they'll try and get you with the state laws they've written. If they don't get you there, they'll try and get you with arbitration. If they don't get you there, they'll bring in their megalawyers to fight you hammer and tongs. If they don't get you there, they'll hope to draw a judge they helped to get appointed. If they don't get you there, they'll maneuver for a jury that includes a few lawyer haters. If they don't get you there, they'll appeal.

What can people do?

At some point, you've got to say, "Haven't things gotten out of control enough that people will stand up and scream like they did in the movie *Network*, 'I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take it anymore!'" The answer is "Probably not." Why? Because people are busy. They've got all kinds of things going on in their lives. They've got kids in school; they're worried about their retirement. People are driving home in their late commute from work, and the last thing on their mind is corporate reform and insurance companies. I really think it's going to take something like the energy problem or global warming, brought to the public consciousness by someone of Al Gore's stature, along with Katrina, to wake people up. Hopefully articles and interviews, such as the one you're doing, will put the light on how bad this problem is.

But, again, it's about more than just insurance. People need to fight to get their country back, because we've lost it. This land is not your land anymore. It's not my land. It's the land of the insurance companies. It's the land of the banks. It's the land of the special interests. It's the land of the lobbyists. It's the land of corrupt politicians. They own it, not us. And if we don't do something about it and get organized quickly, we're going to leave a country to our children or our grandchildren that is not the country that was left to us.

Nancy Ann is a freelance writer contributing insights on love and romance. As a service to happy couples everywhere, she highlights the latest sexual enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe (see www.nancy-ann.com for related columns).

Installment 1
(in an ongoing series)

Loving the Colossal Load

What Women Really Want: A Monster Facial

Learning "The Ropes" . . .

This is the first letter that sparked readership awareness. It was written by a lady reader of my advice column and it concerns a supplement that made her sex life "explosive" (literally). I'd like to reprint her words; it is the 1st installment in a series of upcoming columns with similar themes.

Rebecca writes:

Nancy, my boyfriend has always satisfied me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life — a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage, I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of cum. I've never seen anything like it — a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his super-human load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these super-charged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.

The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Rebecca M.
San Diego, CA

Rebecca, I do know all about what your boyfriend used to enhance his orgasms. I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out about and using this unique supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners.

The contractions and release during male orgasm can be multiplied using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences by strengthening the vas deferens muscle in men, an added bonus — from a woman's perspective — is that these powerful contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" Rebecca mentions in her letter is actually European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these "rope"-like effects during male orgasm.

As far as finding Serogen in the States, I know of just one importer — Somalab. The company has a product line for men that includes newly added Serogen-SP, a premium blend of the original. If interested in purchasing Serogen or SP, Somalab can be contacted toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.learntheropes.net.

Nancy Ann

Nancy Ann

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

Natalie Portman and Anne Hathaway!

OUR FIRST TWO SHOTS were truly a "sheer" pleasure to run. As super-sexy **Natalie Portman** (left) walked the red carpet at a London premiere, her soft Hollywood boobs made a cameo appearance. We never thought we'd find a hairless chick who is hot (thanks, **Sinead O'Connor**), but **Natalie**'s stubble-covered noggin—the aftermath of her *V for Vendetta* role—makes us admit that bald can be beautiful.

Also a fan of see-through attire is **Anne Hathaway**, who gained fame in such Disney movies as *Ella Enchanted* and *The Princess Diaries 1 & 2*. Luckily, she decided to leave the kiddie stuff behind to become a "serious" actress, and nothing says "I'm serious" like repeatedly showing some titty. **Anne**'s big-screen topless turns have already made her one of our faves, but now she's gone the extra mile by exposing her tasty ta-tas in public! Here the ever-more-daring damsel displays them from the front and side at two media events. Now that's one helluva thespian.

Got revealing pictures of famous people? Contact us by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

FAMOUS FLESH

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Anne Hathaway

Movie Mammaries

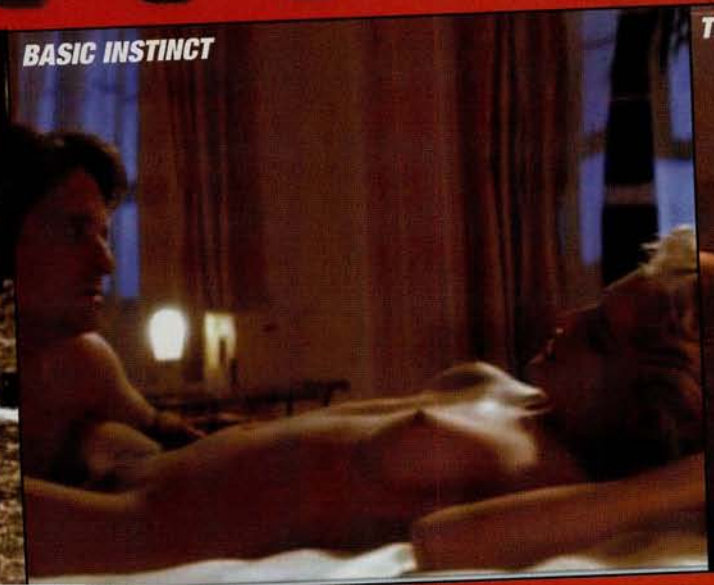
The "skin" flicks of Charlize Theron

OSCAR WINNER Charlize Theron has amassed quite a portfolio of onscreen sex over the past ten years.

The curvy South African's first blast of frivolity came via girl-on-girl action with **Naomi Watts** in *2 Days in the Valley*. **Charlize** then went all the way in *The Devil's Advocate*, showing her bountiful bush to **Keanu Reeves**. In 1999 we got an extended view of her ass in *The Cider House Rules*, followed by a topless tryst in *The Yards*. Her boobs busted out in *Sweet November* and then again during a soaking-wet scene in the "holiday classic" *Reindeer Games*—a film featuring the all-time best nude look at **Charlize**'s gorgeous body. The hard-to-watch *Monster*, which earned its uglified star Best Actress kudos, featured a lesbo encounter with **Christina Ricci**. Most recently, **Charlize** went gloriously topless in both *Head in the Clouds* and *Aeon Flux*. Boy, are we thankful this celebrity hottie knows how important it is to show some T&A!

Rent These NOW!

SHARON



STONE Bonus Boobies and Additional Ass

SOME THINGS SIMPLY GET BETTER with time. Cheese. Wine. **Sharon Stone**? As much as we like to make fun of the 48-year-old actress and her failing career, we have to admit she still looks damn good.

Sharon first unveiled her perfect breasts in 1984's *Irreconcilable Differences*. In 1988 she played a floozie who ends up dead in *Action Jackson* (starring **Carl Weathers**). She followed with more fine flesh in *Cold Steel* and *Blood & Sand*. But it was her role in *Total Recall*, opposite future California Governor **Arnold Schwarzenegger**, that brought her mainstream attention. Soon after, **Sharon** gave the world a gander at her near-perfect ass in *Year of the Gun*, then offered up some fully nude screen time in the psychological thriller *Scissors*. Next came the notorious gash-flash in *Basic Instinct*, which elevated her stardom into the stratosphere. More risqué scenes ensued with *Sliver*, *The Specialist* (featuring a shower grind with **Sylvester Stallone**), *Intersection* and *The Quick and the Dead*. A shirtless, lesbian lip-lock in HBO's *If These Walls Could Talk 2* showed that the over-the-hill actress is still daring. Her last two flicks, *A Different Loyalty* and the flop-sequel *Basic Instinct 2*, are also chock-full of naked **Sharon Stone**, proving that she's still one of Hollywood's hottest stars.

Every month we bring you the best in famous flesh. Let us know what you think by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

GAME ON

BY TOM FARRELL

BEAM THESE UP!

Lotta cool product coming down the pipe for ***Star Trek*** fans. Our pals at ***Bethesda*** software have released two games that put you in the captain's chair. For the PSP and DS, there's ***Star Trek: Tactical Assault***, a real-time spaceship combat game for one or two players. Set in the original ***Star Trek*** milieu, the game allows you to play as either the Klingons or the Federation, commanding powerful warships. In skirmish or multiplayer mode, you can also command Romulan, Orion or Gorn fleets. And there's the option of going head-to-head against a friend in wireless mode.

Bethesda has also released ***Star Trek: Legacy*** for the Xbox 360 and PC, where you become the admiral of a task force of starships in a large-scale battle campaign. Choose from an array of spaceships, captains and weaponry to engage in real-time battles across the cosmos. One of the coolest aspects of the game is that it spans the entire ***Star Trek*** universe and time lines—original series, ***Next Generation***, ***Deep Space Nine***, ***Voyager*** and ***Enterprise***. The graphics are (ahem) out of this world, with stunning 3-D space environments, detailed weapons effects, customizable fleets, more than 60 ships and four playable forces: Federation, Klingon, Borg and Romulan.

Also for ***Star Trek*** fans, **Paramount** has released a series of fan "collectives"—basically, compilations based on a theme. *Klingon*, *Borg*, *Time Travel* and *Q* are now available. The box sets cull episodes from the entire ***Star Trek*** timeline, and all include commentaries and exciting extras. They're all "must-have" items for Trekkers, but we highly recommend the *Borg* collective, which features the lovely Seven of Nine, portrayed by megahottie **Jeri Ryan** (pictured above), a former Miss Illinois.

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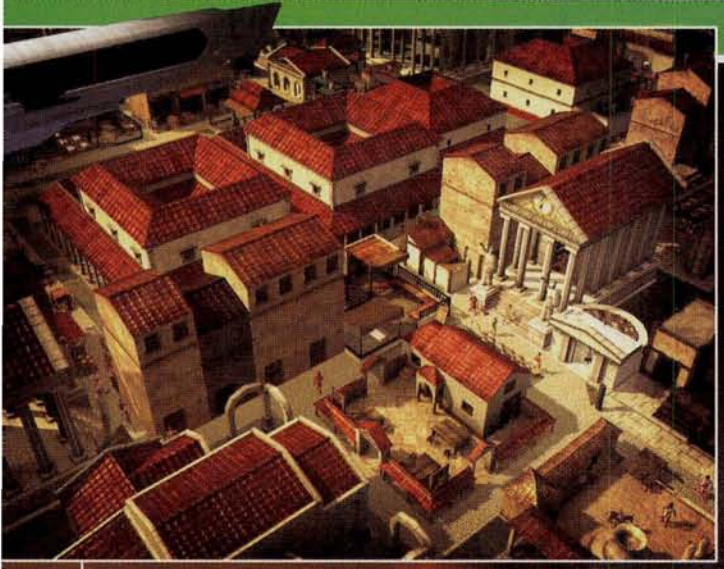

WHEN IN ROME

Ever want to walk in the sandals of the Roman emperors? Thanks to **2K Games'** ***CivCity: Rome***, you can check out gladiator fights, chariot races, temple ceremonies and more. Become emperor and rule your civilization to prosperity or ruin. We haven't figured out how to turn the Senate into a brothel like that Caligula guy did, but when we do, we'll let you know. *Veni, vidi, vici!* Developed by **Firefly Studios** and **Firaxis Games**, inspired by Sid Meier's epic ***Civilization*** series. For PC.

SEE IT IN 3-D WITH SPLITFISH

Splitfish Gameware's ***EyeFX 3-D Adapter*** is the world's first and only true stereoscopic 3-D adapter. Images leap off the screen while maintaining remarkable depth of field. Works with all off-the-shelf 3-D compliant games. Go to Splitfish.com for additional info. For the PS2.

HUNTING FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Ultimate Duck Hunting is a top-notch fowl shooter from **Mid Carolina Media**. The first and only 3-D hunting sim to feature single, multiplayer and online capabilities. ***UDH*** lets you pick your gear (weapon, dogs, decoys and camouflage). Canine-training commands can be found in six accurately detailed locales. For PC.

X-ARCADE'S ULTIMATE GAMING EXPERIENCE

Remember the good old days spent pumping quarters into arcade machines? A variety of classic games—***Pac-Man***, ***Asteroids***, ***Joust***, etc.—are back, as well as the old-school way of playing, thanks to ***X-Arcade Machine 2.0***. Arguably the best home-gaming system ever, the tough-as-nails arcade replicant looks just like a gaming machine from the past, except that it plays a staggering 190 games! The system uses an emulator through an Xbox that houses all the games on a disc, meaning that ***Gauntlet***, ***Ghosts N Goblins***, ***1942***, ***Galaga*** and many, many more are now at your fingertips. The authentic joysticks and arcade button setups replicate the action from when you spent your afternoons trying to get to the next level of your favorite game.

This amazing device can play any Xbox game, and by using the set of adapters sold separately at the X-Arcade.com Web site, you can plug your PS2 and GameCube in as well. The X-Arcade gaming cabinet is the ultimate in home entertainment systems—an absolute godsend for veteran gamers who miss the original arcade feel. With a staggering number of games that you can play the way they were meant to be played, you'll never want to leave home again!

"Ready for my new sport-utility strap-on, baby?!"

"Does this butt plug make my ass look fat?"

(continued from page 44) matters settled peaceably. I heartily wish it was well over."

The rebels scattered, with Shays fleeing to Vermont. Except for a few isolated skirmishes, his rebellion was over.

THE AFTERMATH

Fourteen Shays commanders were sentenced to death for treason. Someone (perhaps Shays himself) left a note at the door of the high sheriff of Pittsfield: "I understand that there is a number of my countrymen condemned to die because they fought for justice. I pray have a care that you assist not in the execution of so horrid a crime, for by all that is above, he that condemns and he that executes shall share alike. ... Prepare for death with speed, for your life or mine is short. When the woods are covered with leaves, I shall return and pay you a short visit."

The newly elected Massachusetts legislature, intimidated and broken, eventually caved in to the farmers' demands and passed a number of relief measures. Citizens could pay their taxes with promissory notes. There was no direct taxation. An early version of a bankruptcy statute stopped creditors from selling a man's goods to pay his debts. In May 1787 the Federal Convention met in Philadelphia and hammered out the United States Constitution.

In 1788, 12 of the condemned rebels (including Shays himself) were pardoned. Two were hanged. Shays died in Sparta, New York, in September 1825. He is a mere footnote to American history, but will remain one of the most feared insurrectionists of his time. In fact, his name has been on the lips of many American leaders. Thomas Jefferson said of the Shays' Rebellion: "God forbid that we should ever be 20 years without such a rebellion. The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants."

Shays showed the ruling class that the average American citizen can only be pushed so far, and he scared people into believing that we needed a real national government with the power to preserve law and order. Before him, attempts to pass a constitution had floundered because individual states feared a federal system with the power to tax.

Today, conditions are much as they were in 1786. Prices are high, foreclosures are on the rise, and thanks to bankruptcy "reform," hardworking Americans can't get relief from their debts. Once again, the ruling class is in full control of our government.

It makes you wonder: Who will be *our* Daniel Shays?

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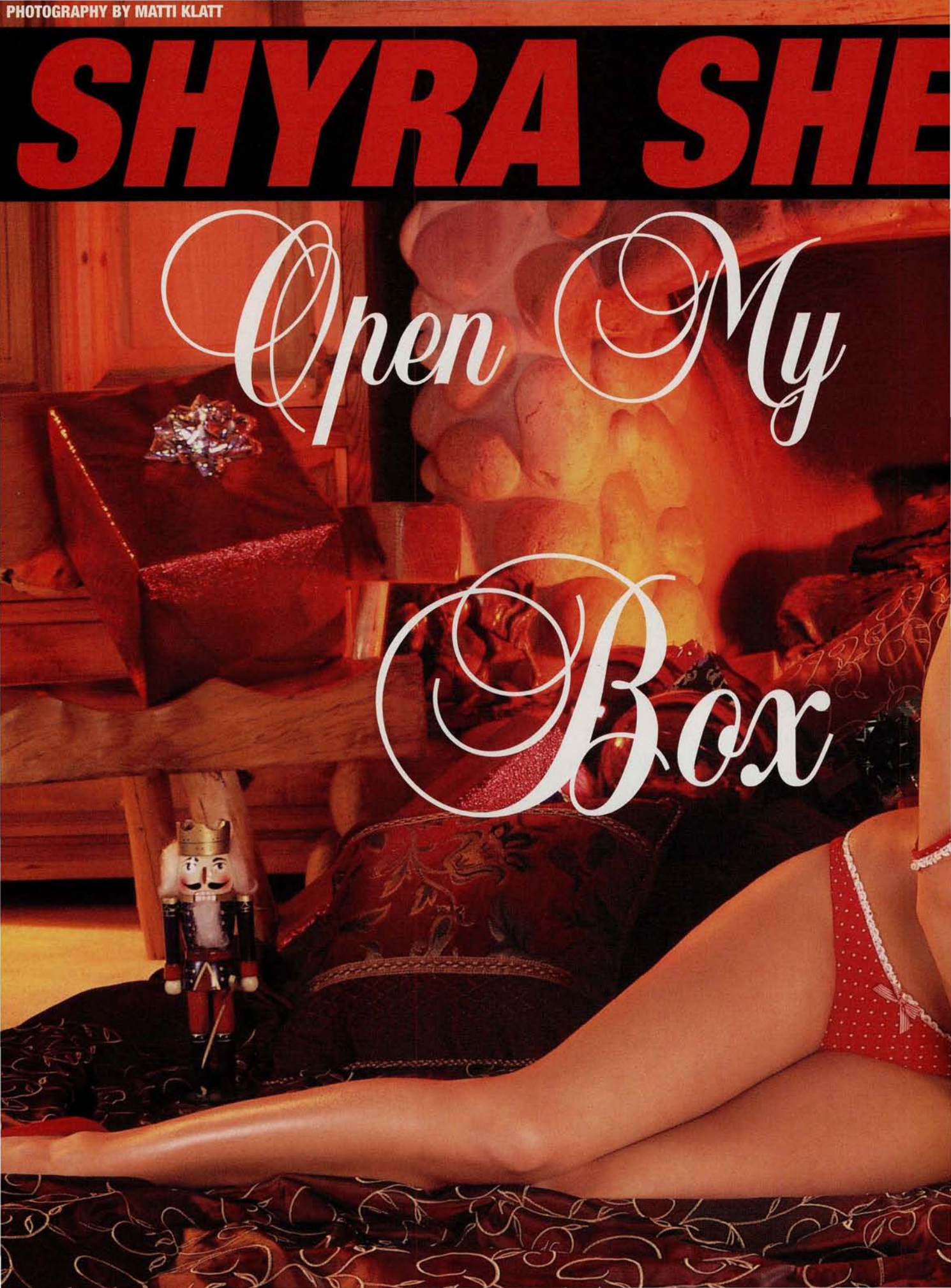
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

SHYRA SHE



Open My Box

Real estate appraiser and porn star isn't a combination you see very often, but we've found a 21-year-old hottie pursuing those two divergent careers. "I treat both occupations professionally," Shyra says. "I want to give all I have and do the best work possible. The real estate gig is a family business owned and run by my mom and dad that always provides a steady paycheck."

How did such a seemingly straitlaced gal get into the adult biz? "Ever since I was 15," Shyra explains, "I've been doing lingerie and swimsuit modeling, and when I turned 18, I started doing topless. At 19 I had a chance to go nude, and I thought, *Why not?* The offer to do a porn flick followed soon after. I figured I might as well try it. I'm one of those people who believe you have to try everything at least once in order to have an opinion about it."

Does Shyra's family know that she moonlights as a XXX actress? "They do," the curvy Coloradoan confides. "Everyone's pretty cool about it, although my parents don't like to talk about it."

But their lovely daughter is eager to talk about her sex life. "I like girls," she coos, "but I *love* guys! When I date, I need a guy who is totally open, and there is nothing sexier than bringing in other people. When I'm alone with a guy, I love being done doggy. Like most girls I know, it's my favorite position too!"

Not surprisingly, the breathtaking blonde is also rambunctious. "I think the craziest thing I've ever done was having sex in a dressing room of a retail store while I was working," Shyra recalls. "It was okay, though, because I was on a break at the time."

Besides getting down and dirty in front of the camera or with a lover, this dreamgirl has another outlet for shaking her pretty ass.

SHYRA

"I am a professional *dancer*," Shyra proclaims, "not a stripper! I direct the cheer squad for the Denver Titans [her hometown's semipro football team], and I used to be the dance captain of the Colorado Crest too. I really love dancing."

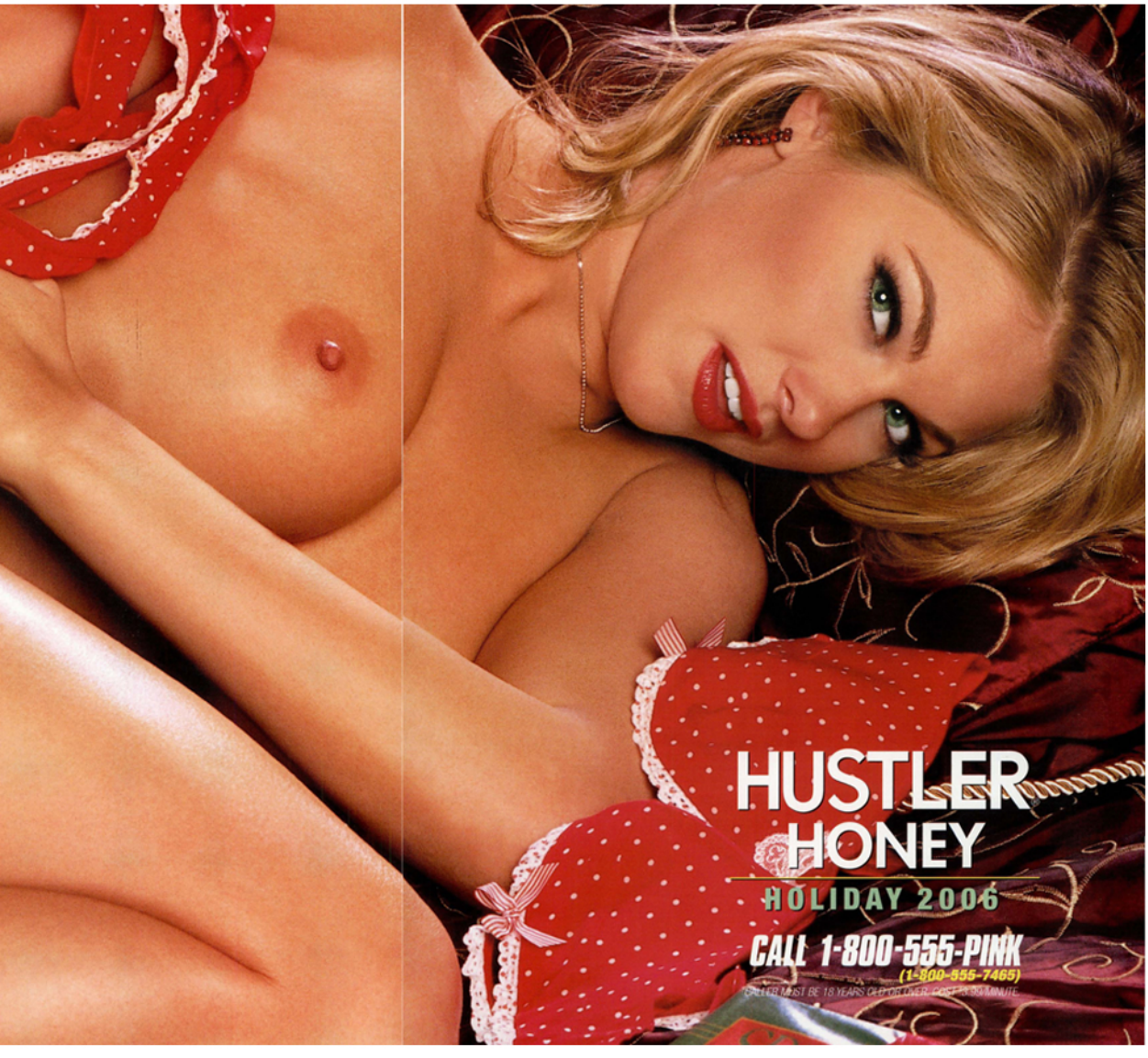
When not selling houses, doing a bang-up job in hard-core flicks or waving pom-poms, Shyra opts for low-key escapes. "I love spending time with my family and friends," she says, "just chilling. Barbecues, picnics and house parties are the best."

How does Shyra feel about gracing the front cover and centerfold of our latest Holiday Issue? "I think it's just perfect!" she exclaims. "I love the holidays. They are easily my favorite time of the year. You get nice gifts, and being a HUSTLER covergirl is the second-greatest gift I've ever received." Second best?! "Okay," Shyra relents. "Being on the cover of HUSTLER is the number one best gift!"

What does our holiday treat want for Christmas this year? "I would like to see my sister," Shyra says. "She is my heart and my soul. I would love to be closer to her. So the best gift would be for me to be able to move my sister and her son nearer to me."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Happy Holidays
xoxo
Shyra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SHYRA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN
Denver, Colorado

AGE
21

BIRTH SIGN
Sagittarius

EYES
gray

HAIR
blond

HEIGHT
5-7

WEIGHT
120

MEASUREMENTS
34D-26-34

"Whaddaya think of my new secretary?" asked a pretentious businessman as he handed his friend a snapshot.

"She's gorgeous," the buddy replied.

"Well, she's a robot," the businessman boasted. "The latest model from Japan."

"Jeez, that's amazing!" his pal howled. "What can she do?"

"If you squeeze her left tit, she takes dictation," the braggart announced. "If you squeeze her right tit, she types 185 words a minute. And when you screw her pussy, it feels better than the real thing."

"Sounds perfect," his friend said.

"It's not *quite* perfect," the businessman admitted.

"Why not?!" his buddy wondered.

"Well," the robot's boss explained, "let's just say I didn't know her ass was a pencil sharpener."

Question: Why did the blonde take her new scarf back to the store?

Answer: It was too tight.

A woman visited her gynecologist and said, "Doc, I'm getting married this weekend, and my fiancé thinks I'm a virgin. Is there anything you can do to help me?"

"Medically, no," the pussy doctor informed her, "but try this: On the wedding night, when you're getting ready for bed, take an elastic band and slide it to your upper thigh. When your husband inserts his penis, quickly snap the elastic band and tell him it's your virginity snapping."

The woman loved this idea and knew it would fool her hubby-to-be. On the honeymoon she changed into her sexiest lingerie, slipped the elastic band up her thigh and crawled into bed. As soon as the groom slipped his cock into her snatch, she snapped the elastic band. "What the fuck was that?!" her new husband asked.

"Oh, nothing, honey," the bride gasped. "That was just my virginity snapping."

"Then snap it again pronto!" the groom yelped. "It's got my balls!"

Question: What's the difference between a proctologist and the Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives?

Answer: A proctologist has to look at only one asshole at a time.

Late one Christmas Eve, Li'l Heather's mother caught Santa Claus scooting down the chimney. The jolly fellow looked at her and roared, "Ho, ho, ho!"

"Wow, Santa, it's really you!" the wide-eyed divorcée gasped.

"Heather's been a good girl," Santa grunted, handing her some fancy gifts. "Put these under the tree!" Then he muttered, "Gotta go now! Until next year!"

"No, Santa, you can't go yet!" Heather's mom cried.

But Santa headed to the fireplace, chanting, "Ho, ho, ho! Gotta go! Gotta go! Gotta give all my presents to the little boys and girls!"

Li'l Heather's mom cooed, "I'll take off my bra if you stay!"

Santa couldn't have cared less as the garment flew in his face. "Ho, ho, ho! Gotta go! Gotta go! Gotta give all my presents to the little boys and girls!"

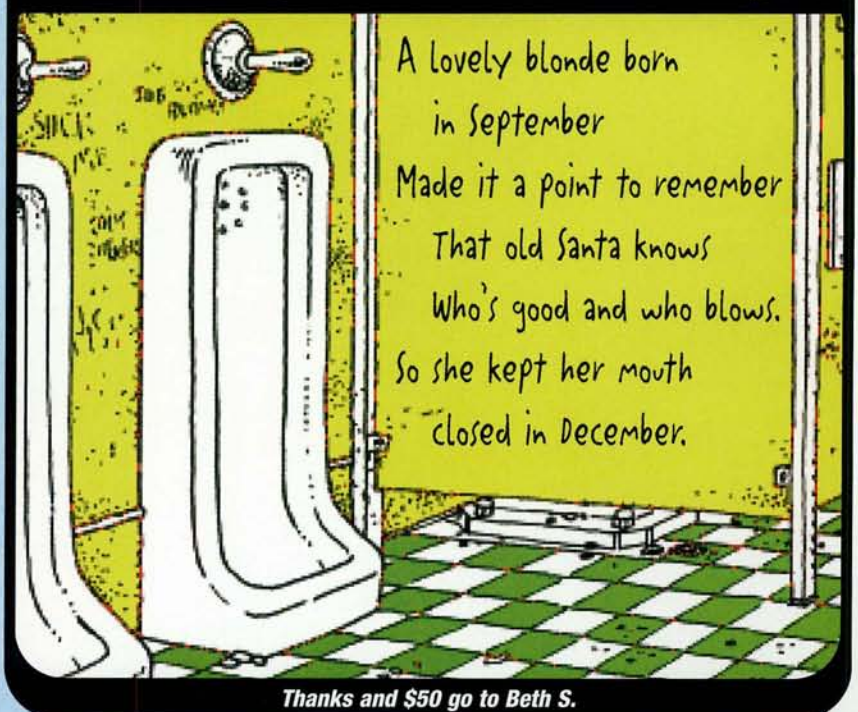
Then the MILF chirped, "I'll take off my panties if you stay!"

Even with a now-nude woman close by, Santa wouldn't budge. "Ho, ho, ho! Gotta go! Gotta go! Gotta give all my presents to the little boys and girls!"

Getting desperate, Heather's mom bellowed, "I'll let you fuck me if you stay!"

Finally, Santa had a change of heart. "Ho, ho, ho! Gotta stay! Gotta stay! Can't go up the chimney with my dick this way!"

GRAFFILTHY


A lovely blonde born
in September
Made it a point to remember
That old Santa knows
Who's good and who blows.
So she kept her mouth
closed in December.

Thanks and $50 go to Beth S.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"Don't just kiss it, Ann. C'mon...lick the actual hole!"

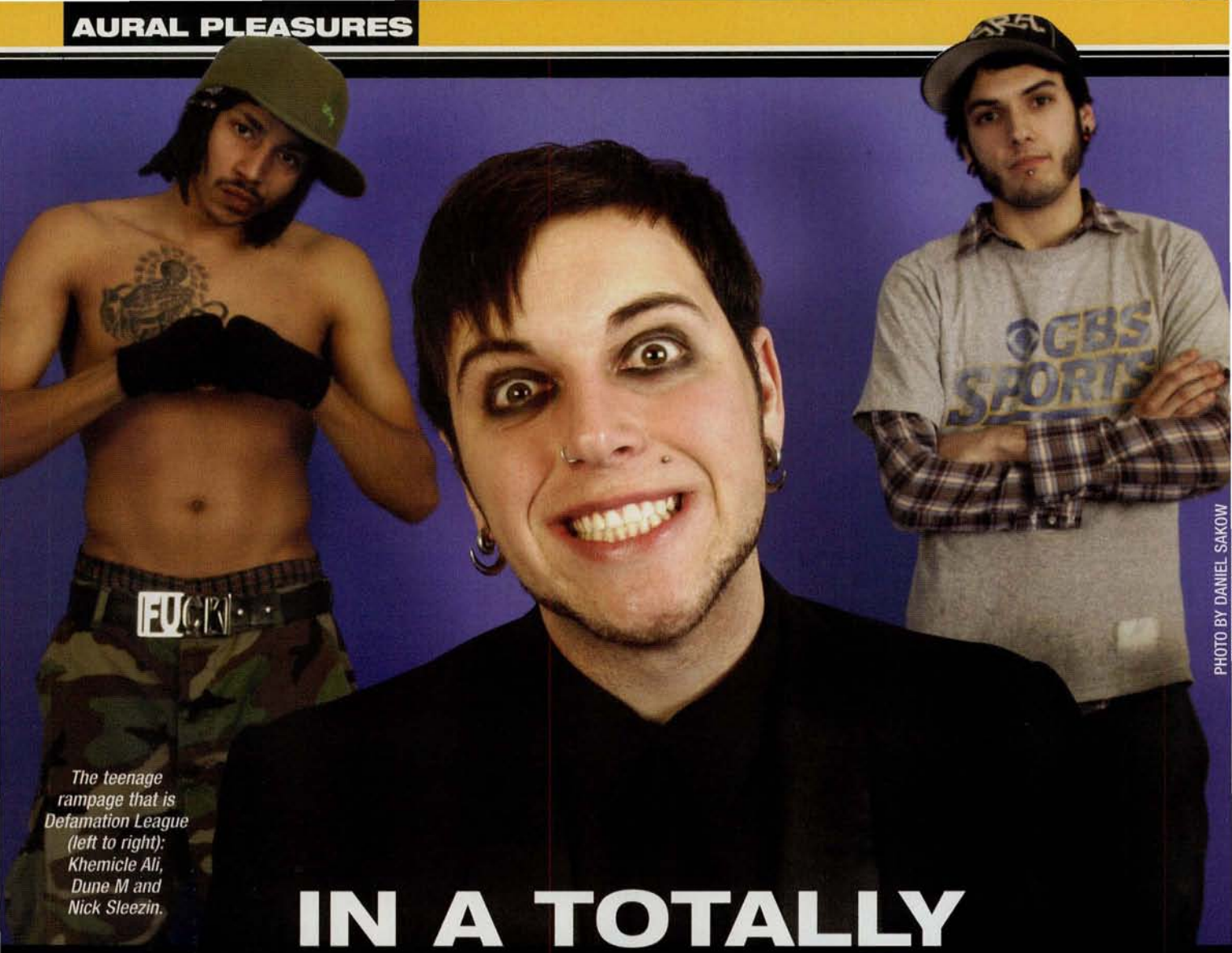


PHOTO BY DANIEL SAKOW

The teenage rampage that is Defamation League (left to right): Khemicle Ali, Dune M and Nick Sleezin.

IN A TOTALLY DEF LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN

DEFAMATION LEAGUE HAS ITS OWN LINES OF CONDOMS AND BEER even though no one in the group is old enough to drink. "Grit-hop" may become a musical standard...if they live long enough.

Immersed in a world of porn, video games, hot chicks and homemade brew, San Diego's Defamation League seems ready to become the Mötley Crüe of its generation. The ragtag trio of misfits—vocalist Khemicle Ali, 20; vocalist Dune M, 20; and drummer/guitarist Nick Sleezin, 19—hooked up while students at Point Loma High School and gained an immediate following with an innovative new sound. "Grit-hop is a blend of the old-school punk rock with hip-hop," Sleezin explains. "It's the child of the two dead genres we used to love. Punk rock is dead; hip-hop is dead. We try to make grit-hop a lifestyle. Even if you don't have the funds, you live like a rock star, 'cause what other lifestyle is there?"

Khemicle Ali rocking in the free world.

Defamation League's lifestyle has always been a big topic of conversation. The band offers a custom brand of prophylactics embossed with its logo, three faces and a line from one of their songs: "If the jimmy's too small to fit this, go bareback and risk it." The condoms were produced by Ali, who works at an adult-book store.

Plus, the boys brew their own grit-hop beer. "I'm half-nerd, half-drunk," Dune

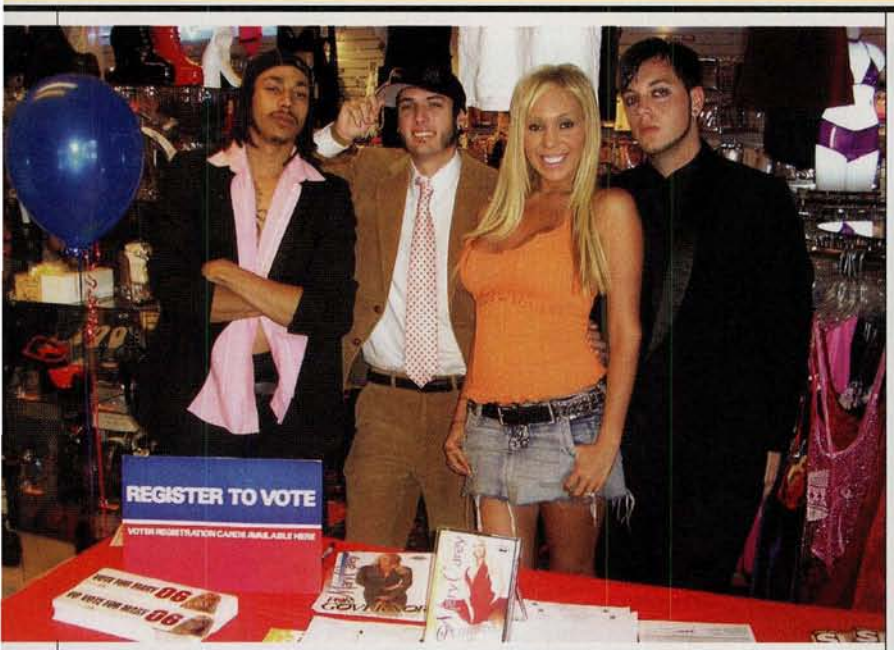


PHOTO COURTESY LUCK MEDIA

Defamation League poses with California gubernatorial candidate Mary Carey as her "Shock the Vote" campaign stops at San Diego's Barnett Avenue Adult Superstore, Khemicle Ali's place of employment. The band, which supports Carey's efforts to register young voters, was scheduled to play at a rally for the politically inclined porn star. Not nearly as supportive, local police announced that Defamation League's members would be cited and their equipment confiscated if they performed.

chortles. "I have a whole setup. I have a couple of batches with me—this one's barley wine, so it's superfucking strong," he continues, holding up a bottle with a homemade label. "Think beer and whiskey, and this one is nut brown ale, like Newcastle. There's a little bit of yeast in it, so we filter it."

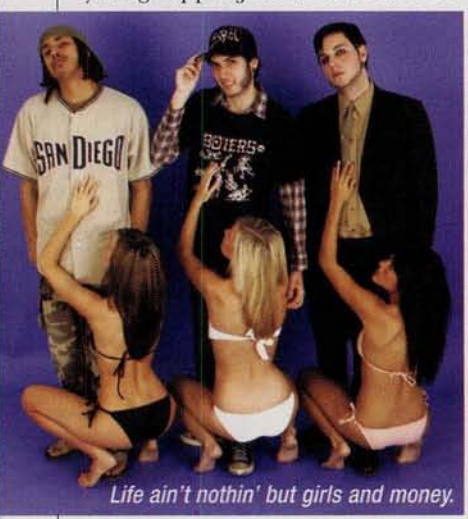
Rubbers and beer-brewing are small potatoes compared to the gangsta lifestyle being forced on Ali's father, who is currently serving three life sentences for his role in an armed bank robbery. Reflecting on his upbringing, the young rapper jokes, "Oh, it's been awesome! It's always been the story for me—Dad in prison. He was in for five years, then he got out, then went back in. It was hard. Little half-black, half-white boy being raised by a single mom while his dad is in and out of prison."

Pushing through adversity is nothing new to Defamation League. In 2005 the group self-released *This Shit's the Shit*, which was featured in a porn film produced by University of California, San Diego student Steve York. "No one we know in our generation fucks to porn music soundtracks," says Dune, referring to the schmaltzy jazz lite prominent in XXX fare.

York's movie, *Rising Fees and Popping Bs*, was subsequently aired by UCSD's TV station, causing a great deal of controversy and generating publicity for the band. The ensuing calamity gained Defamation League buzz on talk radio stations nationwide, as well as television's *The O'Reilly Factor*, *Inside Edition* and *Scarborough Country*.

The Defamation League is currently promoting its latest album, *The Anatomy of Grit-Hop*.

—Tom Farrell



Life ain't nothin' but girls and money.

SIX-PACK

This year, give the gift of music. Here are six ideas.

VARIOUS
GU10
Global Underground

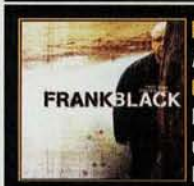
Celebrating its 10th anniversary, Global Underground has taken the best tracks played throughout the world by the best international superstar DJs and infused them into a three-CD set. This album is sure to take you back to the many times you heard a great tune for the first time before it became an instant club anthem. *—Rick Brenes*

REDD FOXX
You Gotta Wash Your Ass
Collectors' Choice Music

To most people, Redd Foxx was the lovable curmudgeon junkman on the popular sitcom *Sanford & Son*. Anyone who saw him perform his stand-up live realized he was one of the greatest dirty comics ever. This classic comedy release, easily his best, is finally on CD. It features Redd live and loose at his finest—working "blue." *—Keith Valcourt*

ANTI-FLAG
For Blood and Empire
RCA

Well-read punk rockers Anti-Flag deliver a smart and powerful CD of modern protest songs. Akin to Green Day's *American Idiot*, *For Blood and Empire* is a call to action that really rocks. *—K.V.*



FRANK BLACK
Fast Man Raider Man
Back Porch Records

Pixies frontman Frank Black continues to break new artistic ground—in Nashville of all places. The alternative rock innovator eases into middle age with a double disc of soft, countrified, mid-tempo rockers. Many of these 27 adult-oriented tracks showcase Black's soulful crooning and emerging place in Americana. *—Kevin Wright*

SONIC YOUTH
Rather Ripped
Geffen

After 25 years, Sonic Youth has evolved from an atonal No Wave band to a lean, mean melody machine. For its 17th album, SY has condensed its challenging, art-rock jams into driving pop/rock nuggets like "Sleepin' Around," "What a Waste" and "Incinerate." Plus, Kim Gordon's throaty purr is sexier than ever. *—K.W.*

HELLO FEVER
Broken Lines
Sound Virus

L.A. underground buzz band Hello Fever has finally packed its furious, punchy tunes into a tightly wound full-length debut. Echoes of noir-punk outfits like X and Sonic Youth abound. Highly contagious. *—Mark Johnson*

NEWS

WHOA, NELLY!

Geffen Records' singer/songwriter **Nelly Furtado** has released her new, Timbaland-produced album *Loose*, which we can only hope she is after seeing her current PR photo.

PHOTO BY ANTHONY MANDLER

KISS THE CURE

Rhino Records revisits The Cure at its mid-'80s peak by bringing together three of the band's classic albums: *The Top*, *The Head on the Door* and *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me*. Each is remastered and comes with a second disc of rare and unreleased bonus material, as well as booklets featuring track-by-track commentary. The package also includes complete lyrics, vintage photographs and personal pictures and memorabilia from Robert Smith's private archives. *—T.F.*

PHOTO BY TOM FARRELL

WHEN BROKEN SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

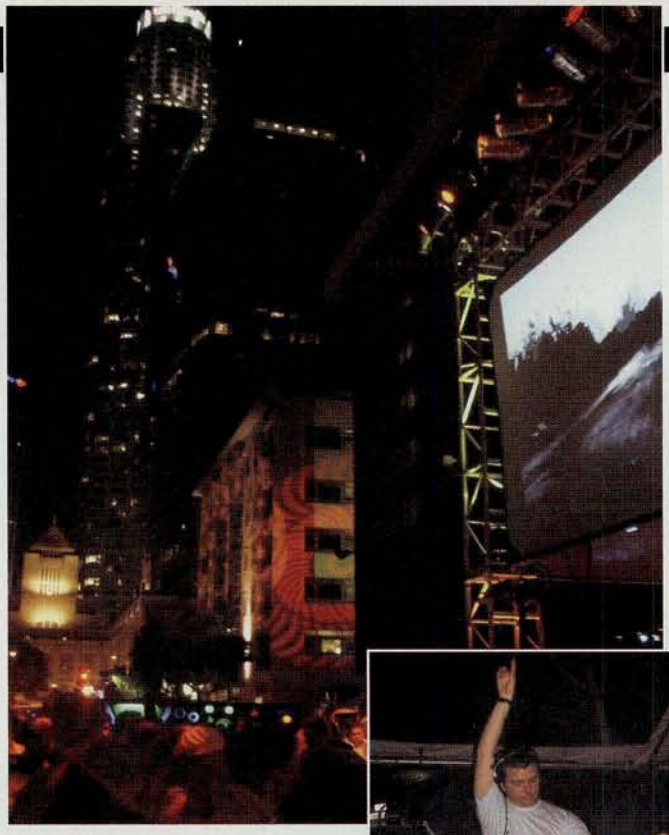
Broken Saints is the first animated epic of the Internet generation. This innovative fantasy-horror series was created specifically for the Web, using Flash animation to bring its comic book-style storytelling to life with cinematic flair and suspenseful sound design. The four-disc, special-edition DVD collects all 12 hours of the groundbreaking saga and has more than three hours of behind-the-scenes features and tons of Easter eggs.

The moody but compelling story follows four troubled souls from the far corners of the globe. A cynical computer hacker, a Muslim mercenary, an aging Japanese priest and a mysterious orphan girl are drawn together—and into a deadly worldwide conspiracy—by their apocalyptic visions of the future. Naturally, it's up to them to save the world.

With digitally remastered graphics and audio, plus new voice-overs from top talents in the field, the visually stunning and spiritually probing narrative is even more spectacular on DVD. This universally acclaimed extravaganza is sure to impress any anime or sci-fi fans on your list this holiday season. From Fox Home Entertainment. —*K.W.*

ROCK CATS

McFarlane Toys pays homage to Hanna-Barbara's unforgettable dueling misfits Tom and Jerry with a rock 'n' roll-themed action figure set that would make a fine gift for cartoon fans and collectors alike. The series also includes finely detailed action collectibles from *The Flintstones*, *Quick Draw McGraw* and *Hong Kong Phooey*. —*K.V.*



PHOTOS BY RICK BRENES

GIANT VILLAGE

LOS ANGELES, August 5, 2006

Giant Village made summertime Los Angeles even hotter with one of the biggest events to hit North America in '06. Beneath massive skyscrapers, four blocks of downtown served as the venue for the night, with stages and music everywhere. Headlining the festivities were Paul Oakenfold, John Digweed, Deep Dish, Crystal Method (pictured above), Christopher Lawrence and 19 other DJs. It was a memorable, one-of-a-kind bash that had to be personally experienced to be believed. —*R.B.*

SIX AWESOME STOCKING STUFFERS

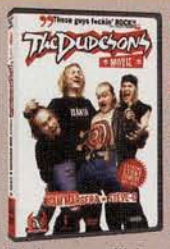
DVD REVIEWS

NICK CANNON
Wild 'N Out: The Illest Improv
MTV Home Entertainment

Hip comedian Nick Cannon had us in stitches with his unabashed, in-yo-face digs at some of rap's finest with his former MTV show. You can recapture all of his clever street comedy from the first season, packed with ten episodes and extras. —*T.F.*

SAM KINISON
In Your Face Pack
Geneon

This four-DVD box set offers some of the late comic's greatest concerts and specials, including "Outlaws of Comedy," "Breaking the Rules" and "Family Entertainment Hour." The fourth bonus disc is a collection of some of Sam's hilarious home movies, including an eventful trip to Hawaii. —*K.V.*



THE DUDESONS
The Dudesons Movie
Rhino

From the icy reaches of Finland come the wild and crazy Dudesons, four berserk buddies who redefine lunacy. For fans of *Jackass* and *Viva La Bam*, the Dudesons will have you howling as they suffer for their extreme-sport-and-mayhem lifestyle. —*T.F.*

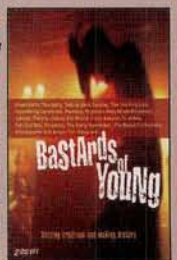
BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD
The Mike Judge Collection Volume 2
MTV/Paramount

This latest *Beavis and Butt-Head* release gathers up 40 episodes handpicked by Judge (17 of which have never been on DVD before). Extras include 13 music videos intercut with *B&B* commentary, a documentary, promos, montages and more! And look for *Volume 3* on the shelves as well. —*K.V.*

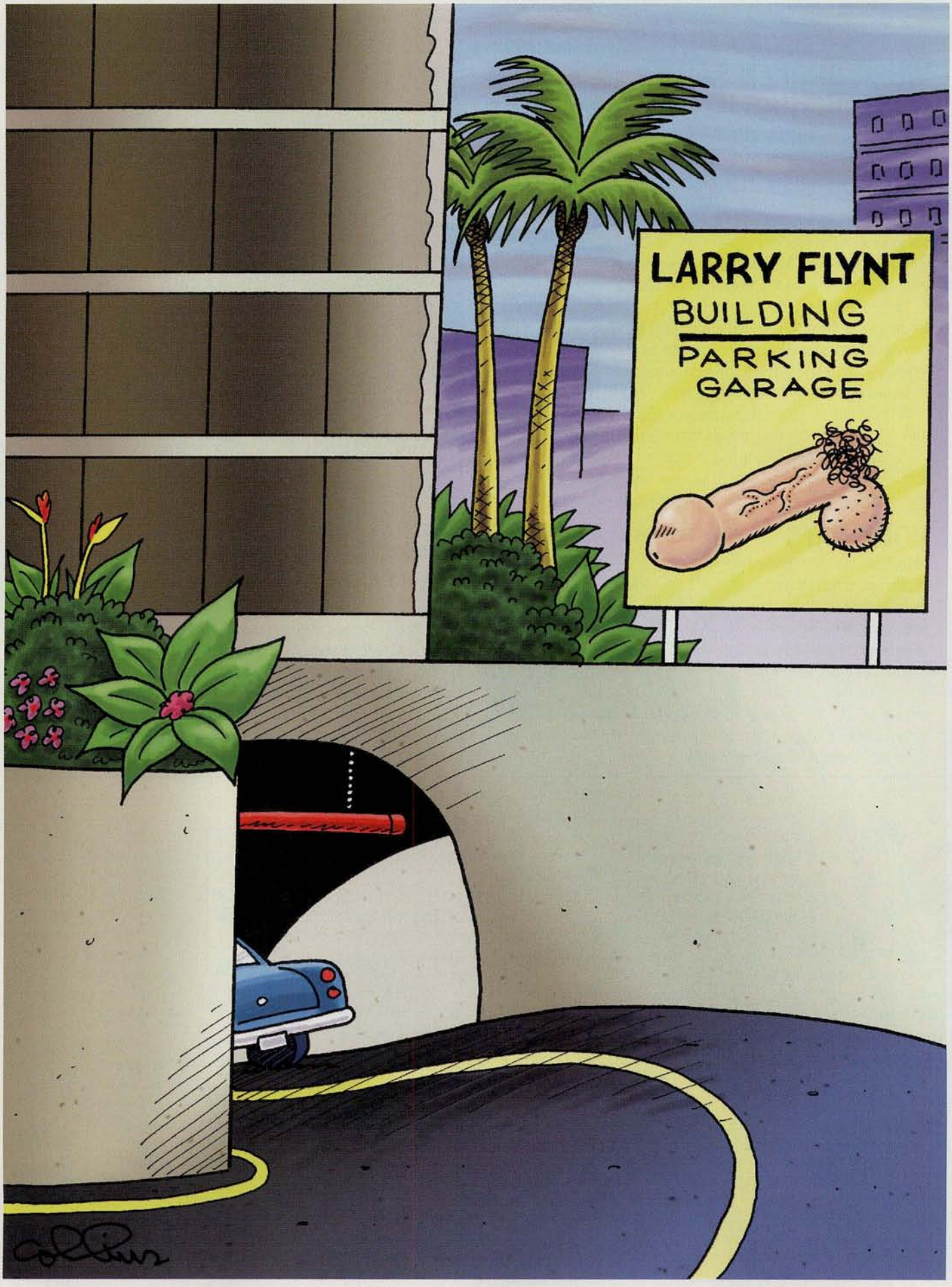
VARIOUS
Put the Needle on the Record
MVD

Director Jason Rem's award-winning documentary shines a new and revealing light on the evolution of the DJ in pop music. Filmed primarily at the Winter Music Con (attended by 20,00 electromusic heads), with global footage as well. Tons of interviews and live shots. The best of its genre. —*T.F.*

VARIOUS
Bastards of Young
Art & Industry



This two-disc celebration of the "emo" scene goes onstage and behind the scenes with fan-friendly DIY groups like Thursday, Jimmy Eat World, Taking Back Sunday, Fall Out Boy and many more. Bonus features include over 90 minutes of extended interviews with band members and over an hour of complete live performances. —*K.W.*


LARRY FLYNT
BUILDING
PARKING
GARAGE

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

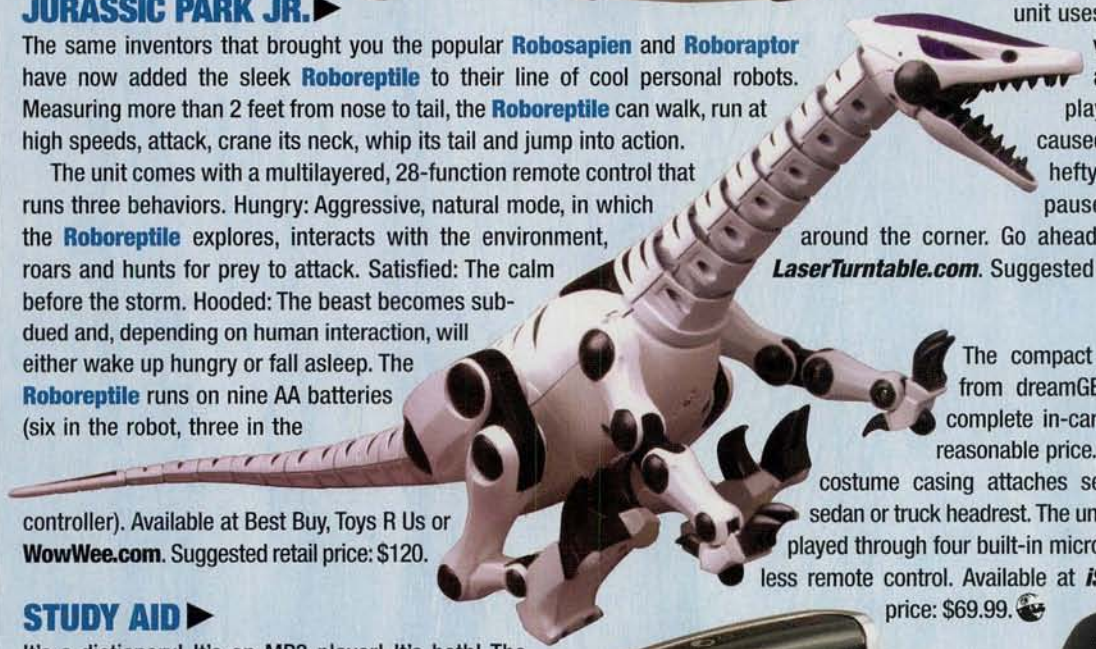
BALL OF SOUND ▶

Far out, man! I see sound! The new **i.Sound Plasma Speaker** transforms listening to music into a dazzling, multidimensional light show. The high-tech marvel—compatible with all iPods, MP3 players, PSP, CD players, PC, satellite radio or any other audio device with a standard headphone jack—reacts to musical beats and rhythms to create a unique visual experience. A stand for all iPods is included. Bring your music to life. Available at ***dreamGEAR.net***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

JURASSIC PARK JR.▶

The same inventors that brought you the popular **Robosapien** and **Roboraptor** have now added the sleek **Roboreptile** to their line of cool personal robots. Measuring more than 2 feet from nose to tail, the **Roboreptile** can walk, run at high speeds, attack, crane its neck, whip its tail and jump into action.

The unit comes with a multilayered, 28-function remote control that runs three behaviors. Hungry: Aggressive, natural mode, in which the **Roboreptile** explores, interacts with the environment, roars and hunts for prey to attack. Satisfied: The calm before the storm. Hooded: The beast becomes subdued and, depending on human interaction, will either wake up hungry or fall asleep. The **Roboreptile** runs on nine AA batteries (six in the robot, three in the controller). Available at Best Buy, Toys R Us or **WowWee.com**. Suggested retail price: $120.



STUDY AID ▶

It's a dictionary! It's an MP3 player! It's both! The new **Franklin Merriam-Webster Dictionary** offers phonetic spell correction; 274,000 definitions; a crossword puzzle solver; a world clock; and five games. It also plays songs (approximately 30), audio books and podcasts via built-in internal memory.

Plus, the unit offers an SD expansion slot so you can add more tunes. The dictionary comes complete with a USB connection, which makes clicking and dragging songs into the player a snap.

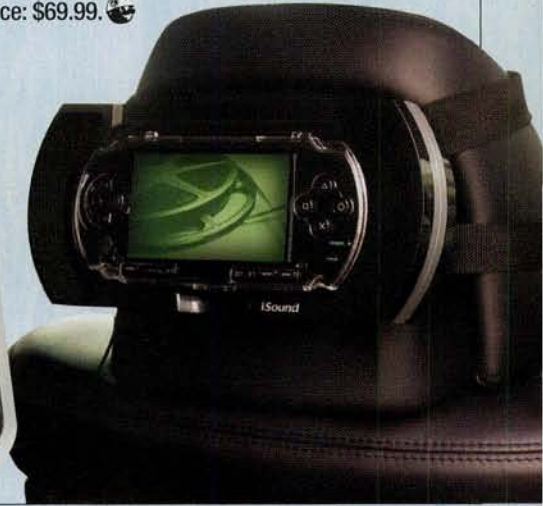
Running on two AA batteries and weighing under 3 ounces, this dictionary/MP3 player is perfect for helping with your studies—or keeping you from them. Available at ***Franklin.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.95.

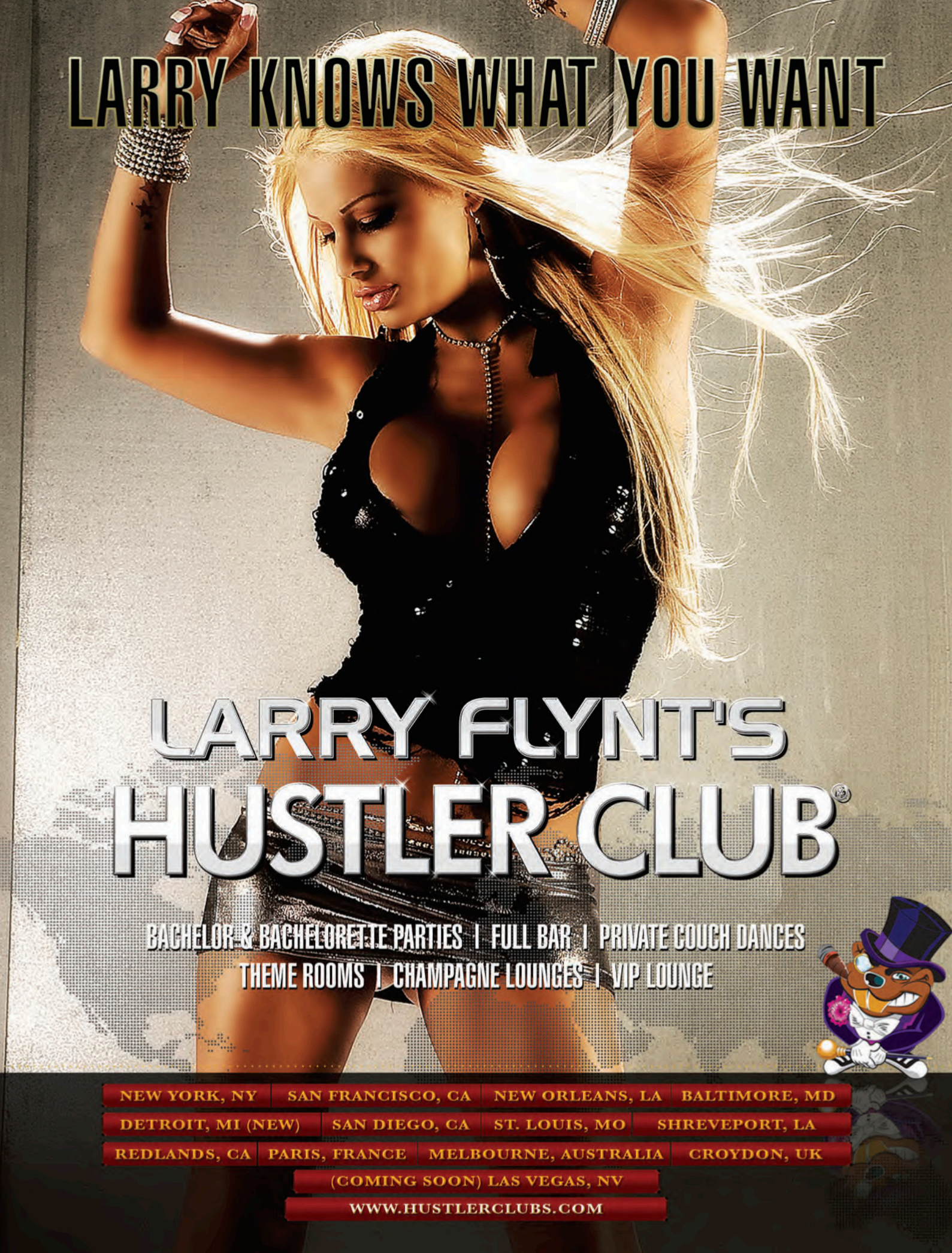
NO NEEDLES NEEDED ▲

If you're like us, you have a ton of old vinyl records and would like to listen to them. Unfortunately, either your vintage record player is broken down, or you can't find a replacement needle. Well, the new **ELP Laser Turntable** is the answer to your dreams. This high-tech unit uses a laser stylus that reads a vinyl record's delicate grooves and provides pure analog playback without the wear caused by needle contact. The hefty price tag may cause you to pause, but, hey, Christmas is around the corner. Go ahead and splurge! Available at ***LaserTurntable.com***. Suggested retail price: $15,000.

DRIVE IT IN ▼

The compact **i.Sound Drive-in Cinema** from dreamGEAR turns your PSP into a complete in-car entertainment system at a reasonable price. Installation is a snap, as the costume casing attaches securely and quickly to any sedan or truck headrest. The unit features high-quality sound played through four built-in microdrivers and includes a wireless remote control. Available at ***iSound.net***. Suggested retail price: $69.99.




LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT
LARRY FLYNT'S
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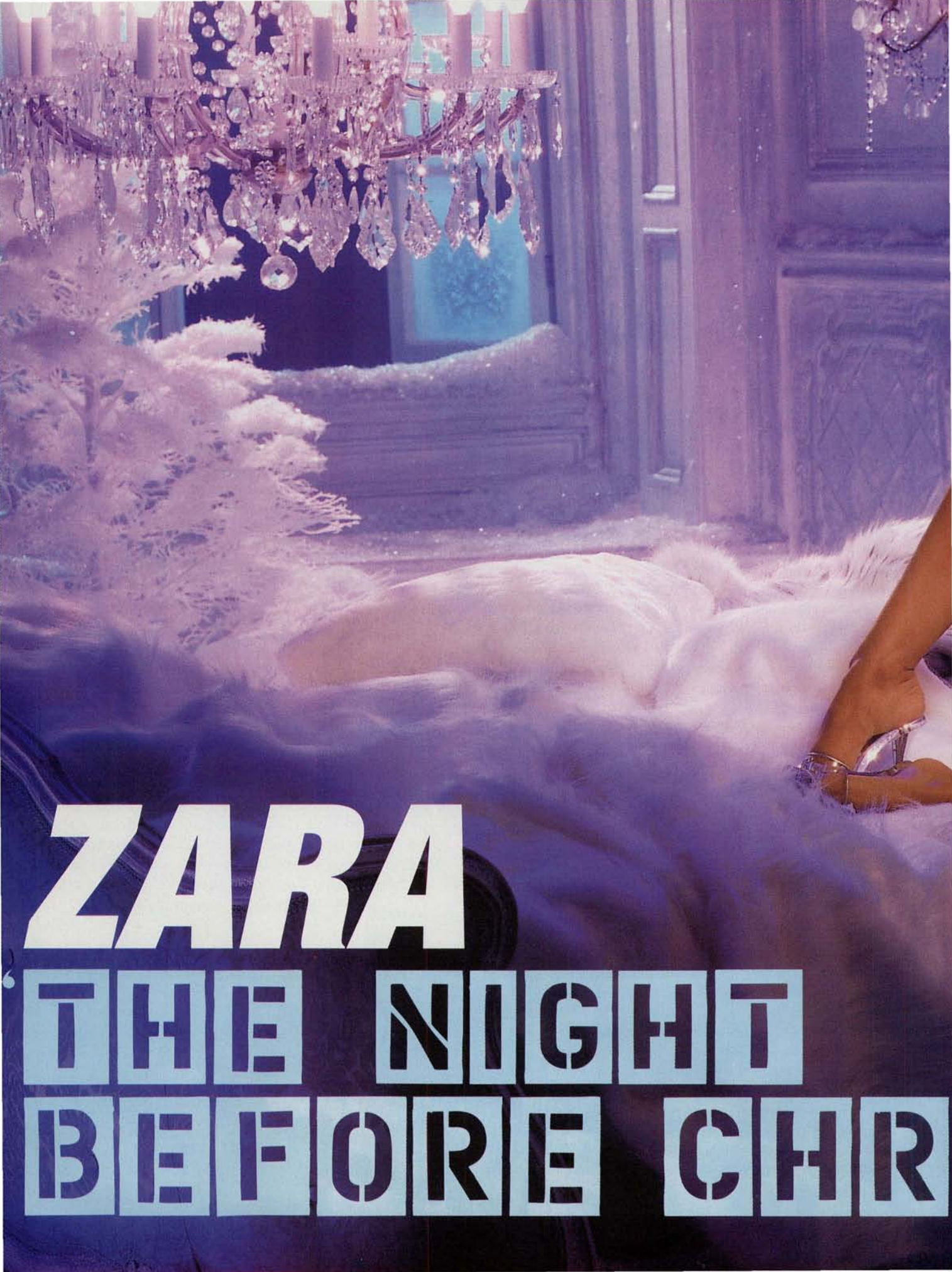
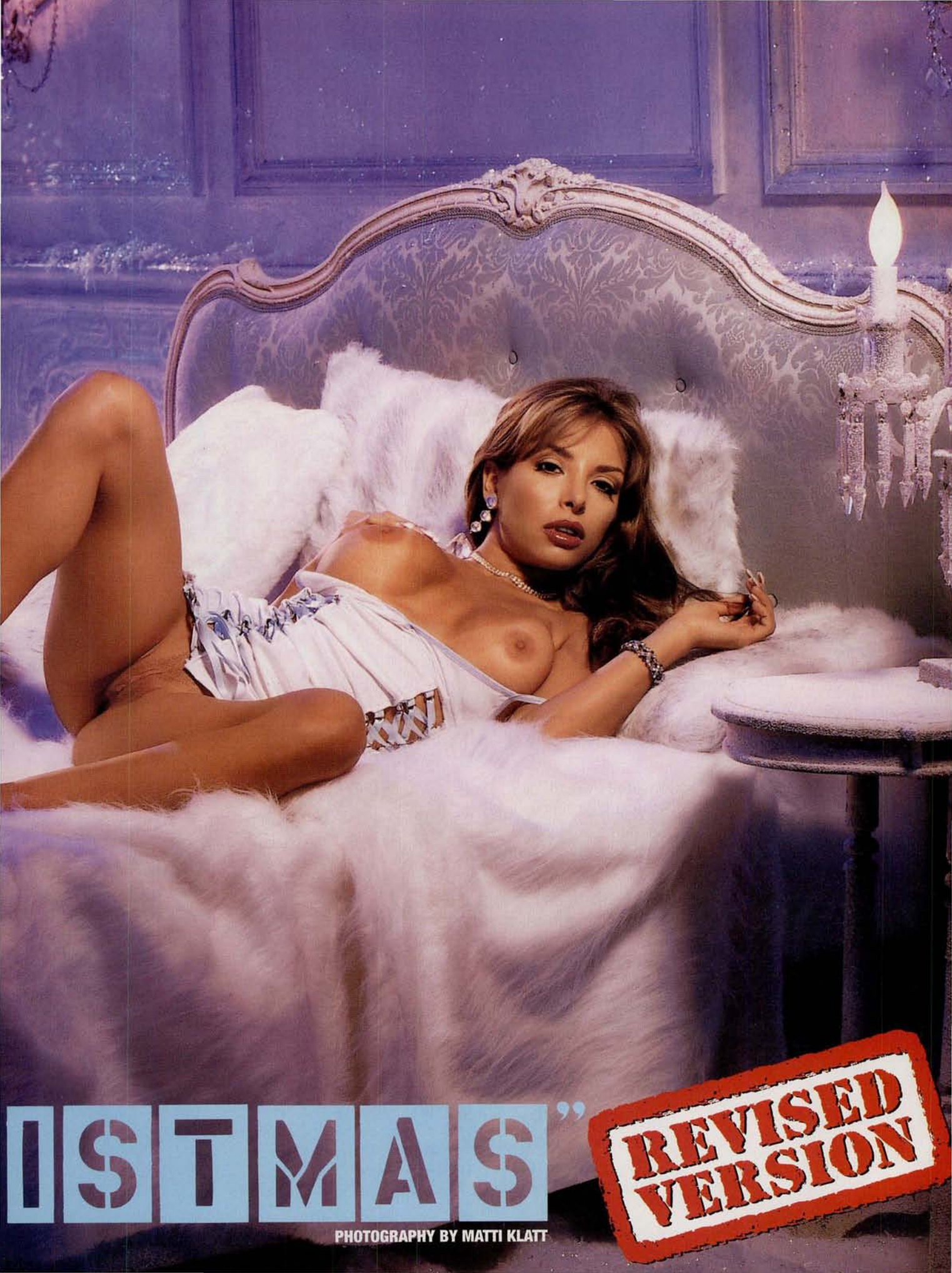

ZARA
THE NIGHT
BEFORE CHR


ISTMAS"
REVISED VERSION
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

ZARA

'Twas the night before
Christmas,
and all through the house
stirred a babe named Zara,
with no panties or blouse.

Her pussy was trimmed,
so gently with care.
I'd simply be licking it
if I could be there.

I'd ram her and jam her
on that icy-white bed.
And if I were lucky,
she'd give me good head.

Were I invited,
that ass I would slap.
Instead, I'm sitting alone
with my hand in my lap.

Look at her with that dildo,
so fast and so quick.
What I wouldn't give
to make that toy my dick.

I'd open the window
and throw up the sash
So all of my pals
could get a peek at that gash.

My time I would take;
I wouldn't be quick.
Do the ho so good,
she'd call me Saint Nick!

Ride her hard and strong
so she'd grin ear to ear.
Do her doggy-style
or maybe reindeer.

Probably come on her face,
or just on her tummy.
And laugh as my belly
shakes just like jelly.

Then off I would go,
clear out of sight.
Merry Christmas to all,
and to Zara good night!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JUST ATTACKING
THE INSTITUTION
OF MARRIAGE

TRAGIC FINALE TO A TROUBLED REIGN

Despite the absence of a suicide note, Ian A. Stewart outlines compelling evidence that the chancellor of the University of California, Santa Cruz willingly jumped from a high-rise.

On June 24, 2006, University of California, Santa Cruz Chancellor Denice Dee Denton plunged to her death from the roof of San Francisco's 43-story Paramount apartment building. Months later the question lingers: Why?

Denton's mother, Carolyn Mabee, who was in the luxury high-rise at the time of the apparent suicide, told reporters that Denton had been "very depressed" about her professional and personal life.

In fact, Chancellor Denton, 46, had been the subject of high-profile negative publicity over the past year, and she was absent from several commencement ceremonies during an approved medical leave. (According to UCSC spokesperson Elizabeth Irwin, Denton's health problems included a benign cyst and an acute thyroid condition.) Meanwhile, the openly gay educator was staying at the Paramount apartment she shared with her longtime partner, Gretchen Kalonji, who was reportedly out of town when Denton perished.

There was speculation that Denton was riled by criticism she had received throughout her 16 months at UCSC, notably the controversial hiring of Kalonji to a high-paying position within the University of California's statewide system. Denton also faced heat for her role in last winter's UC pay-compensation scandal.

Moreover, the beleaguered chancellor had been lambasted by UC unions and students alike for requesting several renovations to her university-provided residence, improvements that totaled $600,000 (including $30,000 worth of fencing for her dog). As a result, UC President Robert Dynes vowed to tighten up restrictions on administrators' perks. All of this weighed heavily on Chancellor Denton.

"No one can ever know to what extent individuals might internalize criticism," Irwin stated in an e-mail to this reporter. "I have observed Chancellor Denton accept direct and sometimes very rude and personalized criticism, and she always listened calmly and with respect. ... It appears that some people in our society [forget that] ... public figures are human beings with feelings."

Bill Ladusaw, UCSC's dean of undergraduate education, refuted the notion that Denton had been worn down by pressure and scrutiny. "I don't think she took [the criticism] to heart," Ladusaw proclaimed. "She would say, 'You have to remember that it's not about *you*.' Certainly, she was not naive in this area. She had a good idea of what being a chancellor was like in principle."

PHOTO COURTESY *SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE*

Denice Dee Denton's reputation as a trailblazing engineer and mentor for women and minorities in science and higher education led to her 2005 appointment as UCSC's chancellor, but she quickly found herself in the hot seat. Sixteen months later Denton apparently committed suicide, shocking academia from coast to coast.

Denice Denton's memorial service drew over 1,000 students, faculty and community members. Speakers included Kalonji, UC President Dynes and Professor of Feminist Studies Angela Davis. A well-known 1960s radical, Davis recalled that Denton's career had taken her from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (where she earned a Ph.D. in electrical engineering) to the University of Washington to her brief stint at UCSC.

Among those paying tribute was Alessandro Tinonga, a fourth-year film student and member of the Students Against War. "I think every student-activist is committed to bringing about a world where people can lead a more wholesome life and not be judged," Tinonga said. "There was a lot of disagreement directed against [Denton's] policies, but she always had a strong history of fighting for diversity [and for] women and people in the LGBTI [lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex] community."

A few weeks later, George Blumenthal—a UCSC professor of astronomy and astrophysics—was named interim chancellor. Finding a full-time replacement for Denice D. Denton could take over a year. In the meantime, university officials are trying to turn the page on her bizarre and mysterious demise.

Ian A. Stewart is a senior European history major at the University of California, Santa Cruz. Stewart argues that his major should have been journalism. Most of his time is spent working as co-editor in chief for the official campus newspaper, City on a Hill Press.

Attention college journalists: If you have an idea for a news story involving your school, contact us at *HUSTLER@lfp.com*.

HUSTLER has long been a haven for uninhibited sweethearts, but bookworms showing skin are a special breed. Coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us a handful of naughty pix and garner $350 in financial assistance!

HUSTLER UNIVERSITY
HUSTLER
REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

Putting the pedal to the metal for her *RCG* debut, curvaceous Joslyn from Chicago could make a killing as a stripper, but she's earned the right to disrobe here by virtue of her scholarly pursuits. A sophomore at **Triton College**, the 24-year-old is majoring in criminal justice with an eye toward a career as a crime scene investigator. "I'm into trace evidence," purrs the 5-foot-3 brunette, who seems quite at ease without a trace of clothing. Besides swimming, volleyball and watching *CSI* on the boob tube, the unbashful neophyte is into our favorite subject. "I'm very, very sexual and adventurous," Joslyn reveals. "When I'm outdoors with someone to seduce, I'll look for a good spot, then rip off my clothes and say, 'Come and get it, baby!' If I ask a guy to spend a day in the country with me, he'll be driving back to Chi-Town with a big smile on his face. Me too!" —Photos by Friend

JOSLYN

"I'll be saying goodbye to my virginity very shortly...with a bang!"

BUFFY

Offering some hearty year-end rearend, supple breasts and a rare bush to boot is a 5-foot-4 **Colorado State University** freshman who first matriculated in our Class of July '06. "I wanted to send in another batch of pictures before I finally go all the way," declares Buffy, newly 19, a hiking, "girls-only" skinny-dipping and diddling enthusiast from Boulder. "Like I said before, I've touched a few cocks, but now I can't wait to have one in my pussy—and maybe even in my ass!" Majoring in political science, the former Army brat looks more than ready to surrender her virginity...twice. —Photos by Friend

COEDS: To apply, please follow instructions in model release on page 129 and indicate ***Real College Girls*** on submission envelope.

OFFICIAL BALLOT: HUSTLER'S 2006 BEAVER HUNT $5,000 GRAND PRIZE FINALISTS

✓ GET OUT THE VOTE!

HUSTLER'S 2006 BEAVER HUNT $5,000 GRAND PRIZE FINALISTS!

Posing for a HUSTLER pictorial is the wet dream of every *Beaver Hunt*, *Real College Girls* and BARELY LEGAL *Slumber Party* contestant, and these four luscious ladies know how thrilling it can be. Now the time has come to choose your favorite amateur model. Grab a pen or marker and help decide which standout is gonna pocket 5,000 smackers and get *buck* naked in a triumphant encore spread.

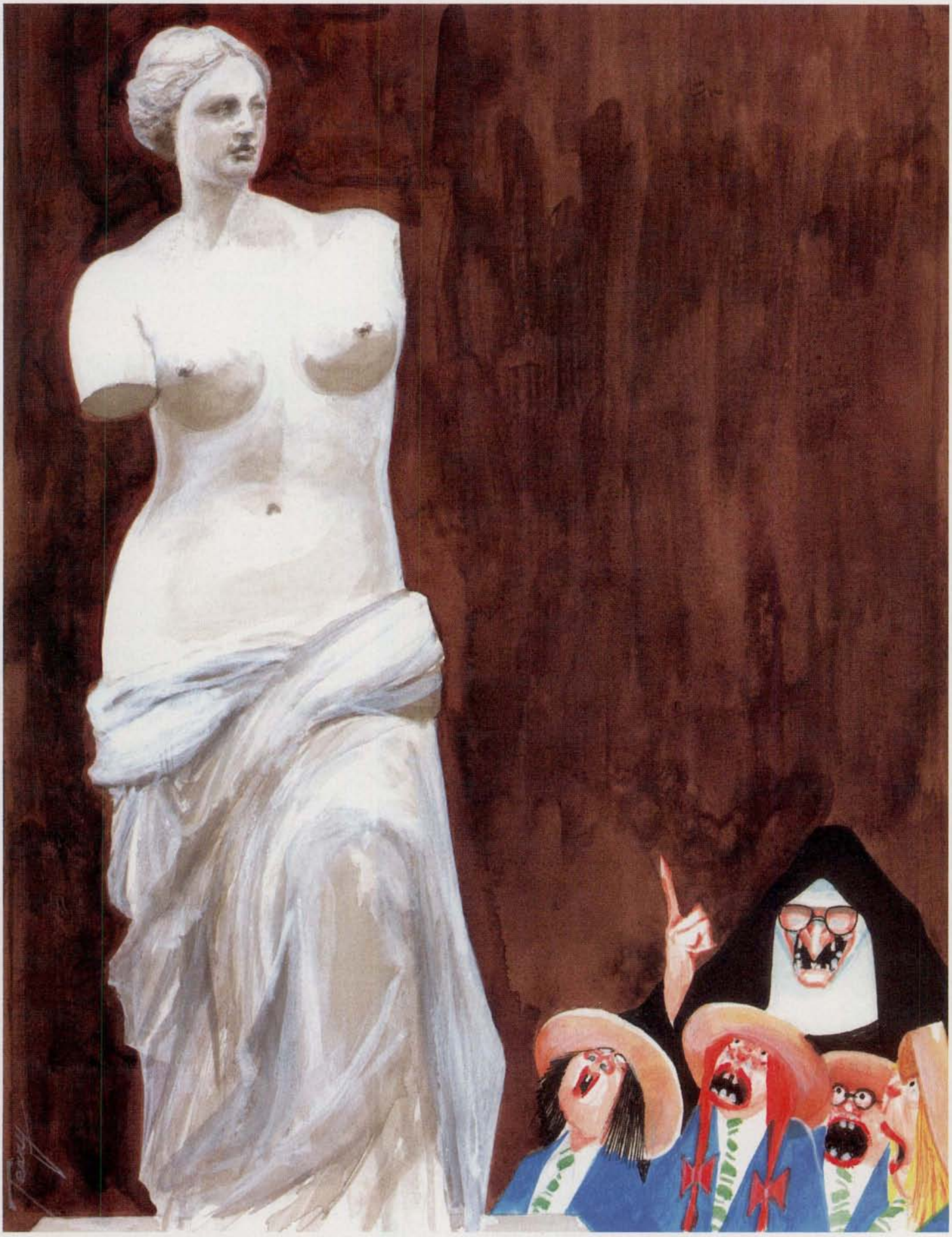
ASHLEY ☐ Born in Georgia, this peachy **DALLAS** cocktail waitress is a BARELY LEGAL find bared in our October '06 edition. While fond of lesbo hanky-panky, the 20-year-old Grand Prize aspirant exclaims, "*Nothing* beats a guy in the sack! They have the right equipment."

KEIRA ☐ "It felt natural to be extra-naughty and show off *everything*," says the pride of **BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA**, who crossed the pink threshold in December '06. A soft-core Internetter, the 21-year-old pixie is a softball-playing Indiana University coed who favors aggressive bedmates.

CELESTE ☐ "In the bedroom I'm open to everything," coos this courageous firefighter from **PUEBLO, COLORADO.** Featured in the September '06 issue, the 24-year-old threesome and S&M buff adds, "When you're first dispatched to a call, your adrenaline is pumping—kinda like the first time you have sex with someone new!"

LEXIS LANE ☐ This spicy coed, cheerleader and exotic dancer by way of **FORT SCOTT, KANSAS,** was showcased in the November '06 HUSTLER. A criminal psychology major, Lexis is psyched to be a *Beaver Hunt* Finalist, and she's always game for sweaty bedroom sports. "I get so turned on when a guy tells me what to do to please him," the 22-year-old chiquita pipes. "In bed I'm a combo plate!"

1. **Check your fave's box!** No, not *that* one!—the white square next to her name. If you can't part with this page (we can think of four good reasons), send in a photocopy or jot down selection on a postcard along with your name and hometown. Ballots must be postmarked by 12-12-06.
2. **Send your ballot to** HUSTLER's ***Beaver of the Year Contest,*** 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.
3. **Thanks for voting...** thanks for choosing HUSTLER, and thanks to every amateur model who's kindly offered a naughty peek!



"That's what happens to dirty little girls who prefer playing with their pussies to praying!"

NOELANI

It's the perfect issue to introduce this 20-year-old waitress from Makawao, Hawaii, who has the perfect answer for why she's ventured our way. "I like to have fun," Noelani chirps, "and being naked is the most fun! It puts me in my pleasure-giving mode." Singing and hula dancing are two of Noelani's other talents, but the Tera Patrick worshiper may soon be shaking her ass minus the grass skirt. "I'm thinking of becoming a porn star," announces the 5-foot-6 coquette, whose biggest delights are "getting fucked doggy-style and having a girl lick my sensitive pussy." Although keen on girl/guy/girl threesomes, Noelani has a solo fantasy: "I'd love to have sex with Brad Pitt." —Photos by Friend

ROXY

Ever wonder what ensues *after* a Beaver hopeful's modeling session? "My boy toy shot some nude pictures," says this "fun-loving" Philadelphian, "and it led to some incredible sex!" A hygienist by day and a topless dancer at night, Roxy—born in '69—is also a versatile (and straight) lover. "My wild side brings out the blindfolds and handcuffs," the 5-foot-4 Gemini explains, "but I'm also a sucker for rose petals and candles." Fond of public romps, Roxy foresees "having sex where Rocky stood, on the steps of Philly's Art Museum." —Photo by Friend

JENNY GRACE

"I just turned 30, and it's time to do new stuff," this Houston housewife maintains. "I used to be shy and timid, but my husband said I should try your magazine." A frisky Texan, Jenny Grace zips to the nitty-gritty: "I'm more sexual now than ever. I love giving hubby a blowjob and swallowing." As for her own satisfaction, she expounds, "Rubbing my pussy is the best way." J.G.'s naughtiest fantasy? "Having some backdoor love!" —Photo by Husband

LEA

"I'm an aggressive, horny country girl," purrs Lea, 24, an animal care specialist out of Rutherfordton, North Carolina. "But I'm not a big exhibitionist. You can thank my boyfriend for talking me into doing this. If not for him, I wouldn't have had the nerve. I don't have any fantasies, but I guess I fulfilled one of his!" Now that the 5-foot-4 scrapbooker and puzzles fan has crossed a risqué threshold, there's no stopping her. "I love getting my pussy eaten," Lea coos, "if the man knows what he's doing and hits all the right spots. Once I get fired up, there's no telling what I might do next!" —Photos by Boyfriend

DAISY DUXXX

Our Holiday '04 amateur roundup included this dazzling denizen of Valdosta, Georgia. Kissing her old 9-to-5 office job goodbye, the 5-foot-5 jezebel has added a stylized Tobacco Road last name as hostess of her own sizzling Web site. "It's pronounced Dukes, not ducks," declares Daisy, 25, who now fucks for the camera and will soon be starring in the XXX feature *The Diary*. Meanwhile, the workout and motorcycling aficionada reveals her latest tawdry desire: "I'd love to be a Christmas gift for lots of firemen!"—Photo by Friend

TORI

Flashing by a Christmas tree and a sturdy elm is a 45-year-old waitress from Portland, Oregon, who sent a nice note with her submission: "My name is Tori, and I'm a real girlie girl. I love to dress sexy from head to toe. [The Beaver Stater stands 5-foot-5.] One of my favorite things to do, besides hot sex and nude golf, is shopping. Whenever I go to the mall, I always bring my vibrator because I love to play with myself in the dressing rooms. You never know who might be watching on the other side of the mirror. The thought of someone touching themselves or actually knocking on the door to join me is a real turn-on. Who knows? Maybe someday it will happen." Guess what Tori wants from Santa! —Photos by Husband

CAREBEAR

"I'm straight, but I fantasize about threesomes with my boyfriend and another girl!"

Explaining her welcome presence, Carebear, 19, declares, "I just had to take a risk and put myself out there." Bare, thankfully. A baby-sitter from Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, Carebear is big on car shows, drawing and collecting a line of cuddly stuffed critters. "They're all over the place," squeals the 5-foot-6 sweetie pie, an assessment that also applies to her love nests: "I'm adventurous. I like to have sex in places where I might get caught, like a chain store's parking lot, right under a security camera!" Yes, yummy Carebear merits scrutiny. —Photos by Boyfriend

HEAVEN

Perched gloriously on a Revolutionary War battle marker is a "flirty and very sexual" store manager from Albany, New York. Born in 1976, Heaven has a litany of heavenly pursuits. "I like riding motorcycles, horseback riding and having hot sex in semi-public places," the 5-foot-2 newlywed rattles off. Her favorite hanky-panky activity? Everything!" Heaven howls. "I also masturbate in front of my husband and his friends." Given her mate's okay to be here, she shares a marital voyeur fantasy: "being with another woman for my husband to watch." —Photo by Husband

KELLY MARIE

Once a high school cheerleader and later a plastic surgeon's secretary, this 21-year-old Detroit product has gained a new status: "contented housewife." Fishing, boating and shopping are three of Kelly Marie's low-key endeavors, but she's more than willing to spill the naughty beans. "Sexually, I'm crazy, fun and really into role-playing," the 5-foot-6, 34C hottie admits. "My husband and I make homemade videos, and we've even had sex in public. Our claim to fame was getting it on at a Mötley Crüe concert in front of 20,000 people." Afforded a vaster audience here, Kelly Marie has finally fulfilled a longtime dream by appearing nude in HUSTLER. "Now I have even more to smile about," cracks the perky porn apprentice. —Photos by Husband

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"I pray to have a threesome with my role model, Jenna Jameson, and Britney Spears!"

"I like to keep my box looking young!"

JOSELYNN

Here's a truly uninhibited restaurant manager from Columbia, South Carolina. "I titillate my husband," says Joselynn, 26. "I break down his inhibitions." Adds the 5-foot-7 bi belle, "My hobbies are skiing, watching porn and sucking dick." Besides voicing that "it's nice to have people looking at me," Joselynn tenders a juicy fantasy: "I'm blindfolded while two cocks rub my face and body before penetrating *all* of my holes. While I'm being fucked, I'd also love to lick a supple, wet pussy. Finally, I want both cocks to shoot cum all over me as I come too!" What an imagination! —Photos by Husband

TANYA

"I love being a mom and a lady outdoors, but my husband loves my freakiness and bisexuality indoors!"

"HUSTLER rocks!" exclaims Tanya, 29, a homemaker and moonlighting stripper from Fort Scott, Kansas. "I love checking out all the hot girls, but now I want to be in it and show my husband and everyone else that I still rock after ten years of marriage!" Actually, there's little doubt. "I'm always coming up with new ways to make my husband beg for more," reveals the "kinky," 5-foot-8 TLC advocate. "He can never get enough of me sucking his cock." Oral enthusiast Tanya's dream is "to be with two sexy girls poolside while dear hubby watches." —Photos by Husband

BLING

"It's exciting to be in a magazine," pipes Bling, 26, a soccer mom from Lake City, Tennessee. And is this unbashful lady on the ball! "I'm very caring," discloses the foxy, 5-foot-9 newbie. "I love sucking and riding hard cocks. I'm always ready, and I can't get enough!" Bling adds that she's "straight as a dick, and anal's in!" Her fantasy is "to have hot sex on top of a fire truck with all the firemen watching." —Photo by Husband

CHESHIRE

Born in Arizona, 29-year-old Cheshire now resides in the jungle near Huelo, Hawaii, and works as a fire dancer. "The rent is cheap," quips the 5-foot-1 cutie, "and I can run around naked and skinny-dip all I want." Always hot, the devotee of astrology and the healing arts enjoys "giving erotic massages and eating pussy," but she dreams about "two big cocks for mine!" —Photo by Friend

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST
WIN $5,000 CASH!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur exhibitionist 18 years of age or older? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at the mag's annual Grand Prize—a layout worth $5,000. (Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each; the Grand Prize Winner's lensman pockets $500, the Finalists' shooters $250 each.) All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here in the near future.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Hobbies & personal interests

Sexual fantasy (can be listed on separate sheet of paper if necessary)

I hereby declare under penalty of perjury that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

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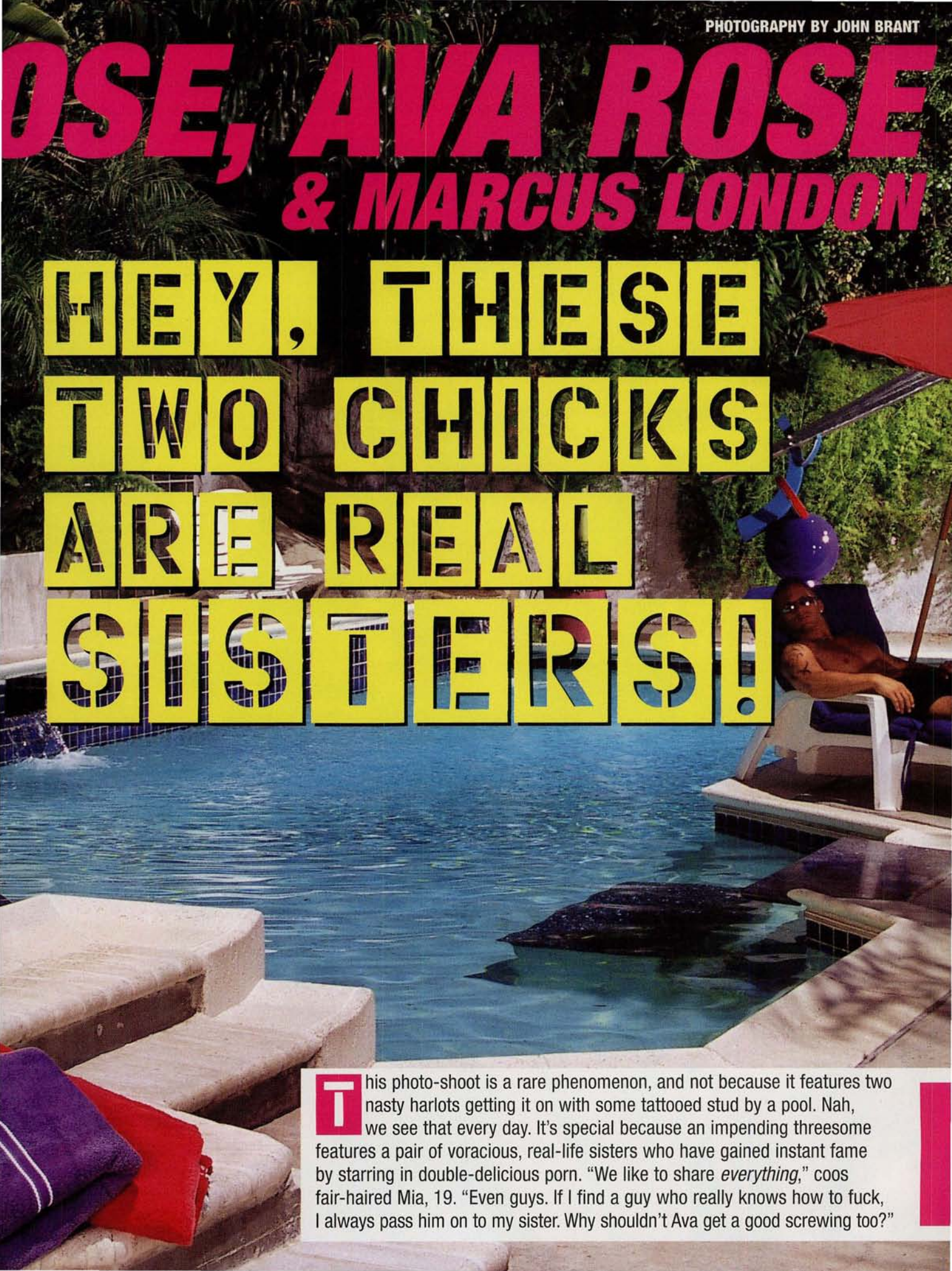
MIA R

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BRANT

OSE, AVA ROSE & MARCUS LONDON

HEY, THESE TWO CHICKS ARE REAL SISTERS!



This photo-shoot is a rare phenomenon, and not because it features two nasty harlots getting it on with some tattooed stud by a pool. Nah, we see that every day. It's special because an impending threesome features a pair of voracious, real-life sisters who have gained instant fame by starring in double-delicious porn. "We like to share *everything*," coos fair-haired Mia, 19. "Even guys. If I find a guy who really knows how to fuck, I always pass him on to my sister. Why shouldn't Ava get a good screwing too?"

MIA & AVA ROSE

Although both vixens profess that "we love each other and get along," they admit that a sibling rivalry does erupt on occasion. "All sisters are competitive," says Ava, who's a year older than her round-the-clock sidekick. "It's natural."

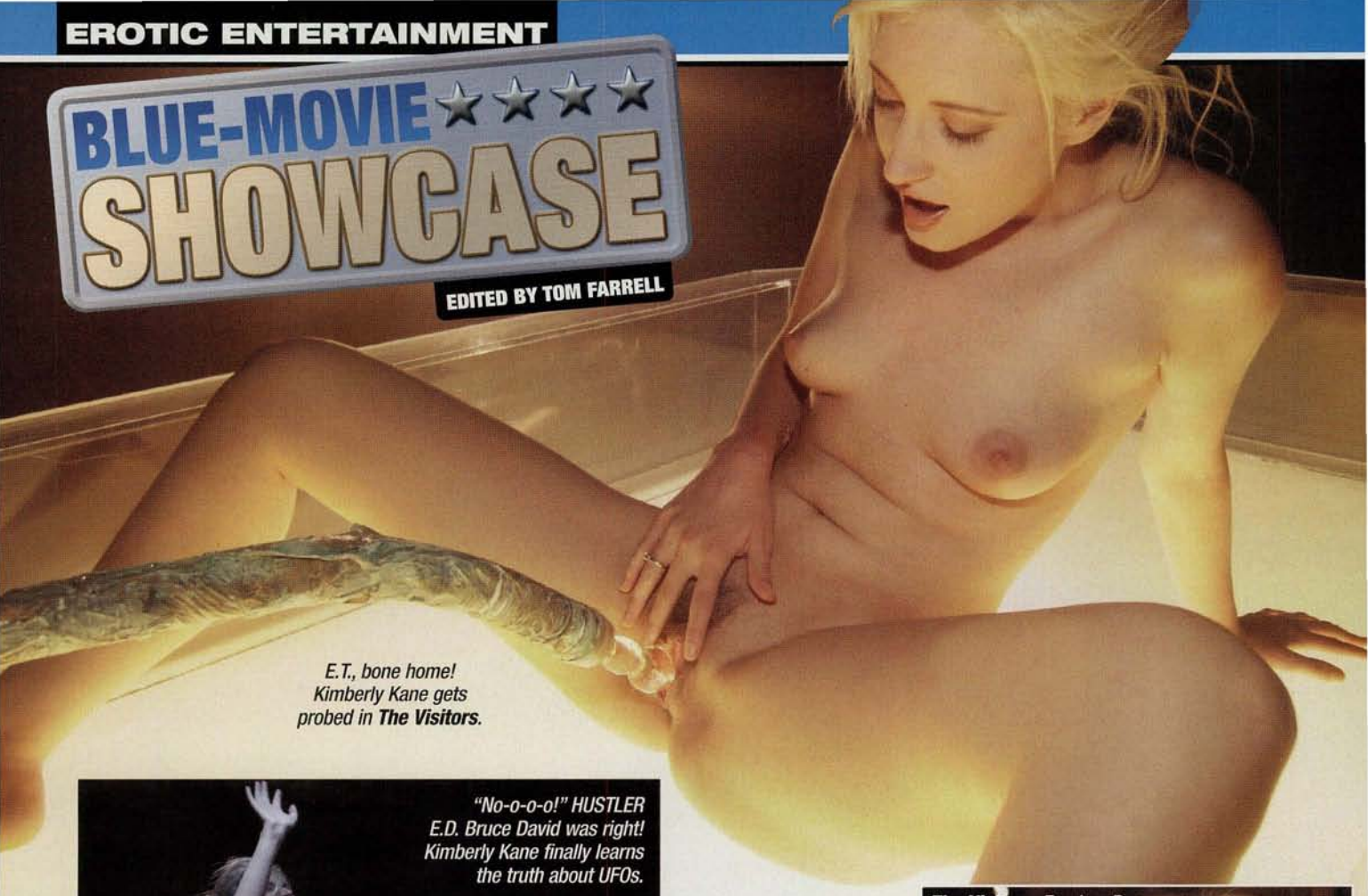
MIA & AVA ROSE

If two ladies desire to outdo each other, what better place than in the midst of a sizzling sexual caper? First, savoring a G-spot orgasm, Mia squirts pussy juice all over the place while being fingered. "I can quirt too, you know," chirps Ava. Sure enough, after a mighty marauding by Marcus, the black-haired beauty is soaking the seats with streams of clam sauce. Mia and Ava—fellow *Beaver Hunt* amateurs in HUSTLER's January and April '06 issues (as Tatiana and Kimberly)—have fulfilled our fantasy of observing sexy, cock-worshiping sisters in action, and we thank them for that.

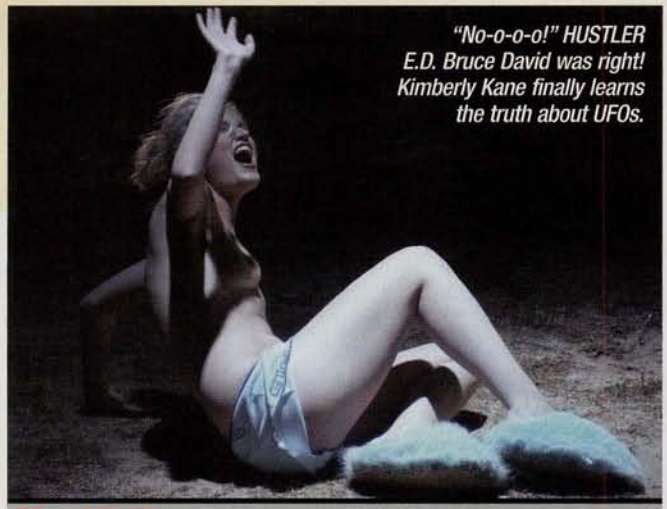
See blond Mia Rose work the house in *Barely Legal #59*, *Ass Appeal #4*, *Pin Up Honeys* and *Take It Black #4* and watch her tawny sister Ava Rose show how it goes in *Ass Appeal #4*, *Inception* and *Barely Legal #60* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY TOM FARRELL



E.T., bone home! Kimberly Kane gets probed in ***The Visitors.***



"No-o-o-o!" HUSTLER E.D. Bruce David was right! Kimberly Kane finally learns the truth about UFOs.

The Visitors

DIRECTOR: MICHAEL RAVEN. **STARRING:** KERI SABLE, KIMBERLY KANE, KIRSTEN PRICE, CASSIE COURTLAND, AVENA LEE, FRANKEE D, ERIC MASTERSON, GARRETT BLADE, EVAN STONE, CHRIS EVANS & MARCOS LEON. **DVD:** WICKED PICTURES.

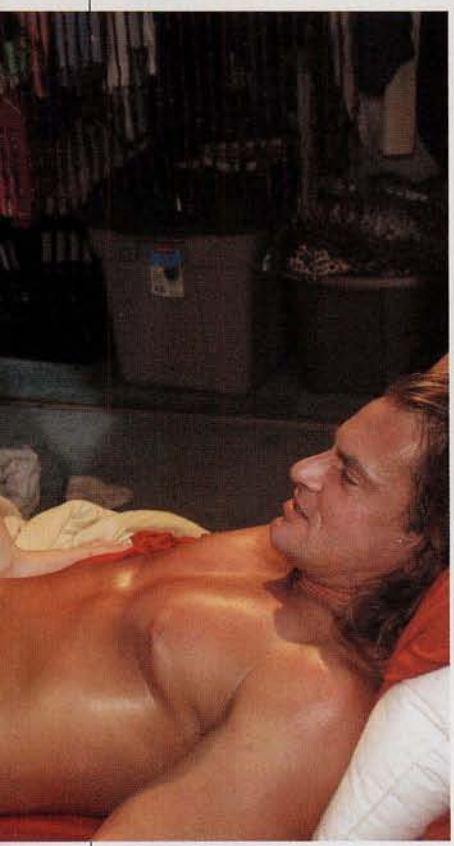
Wicked's latest "big-budget" releases have adapted many genres to porn: mummies, cop dramas, teen slasher flicks, etc. This time it's the SeX-Files as science fiction and otherworldly spookiness (like alien abductions) meet anal depravity in your average backwoods town. Keri Sable (who resembles a gray alien/fuck bunny offspring) and Kimberly Kane star as sisters trying to unravel mysterious disappearances. We won't ruin it for you, but suffice it to say that both babes learn the meaning of the words *probe* and *in space no one can hear you cream.* The alien-probing sequences are well-lensed and memorable, setting this production apart from the pack. The film's ambitions are almost completely realized, and Raven proves his directing prowess by delivering a title that hits the ball out of both parks—XXX and sci-fi. The sex starts off on the right foot with Kirsten Price getting hers in a classic fuck-in-the-truck tryst. As always, Sable is a treat to watch, and her duet with Price is indeed a close encounter that's out of this world. Visit *The Visitors.* ***—Tom Farrell***

The Visitors: *Frankee D loving the alien.*

The Visitors: *Kane enjoys a down-to-earth probe from Evan Stone.*

Look Don't Touch: *Tyler Knight finds that Luccia's pussy ain't a bad place to be.*

"It feels just like my kitty's!" Chris Cannon has Stefani Morgan meowing in ***Look Don't Touch.***



Look Don't Touch

DIRECTOR: CHUCK LORDS. **STARRING:** STEFANI MORGAN, TYLA WYNN, PENNY FLAME, LUCCIA, DERRICK PIERCE, JAMES DEEN, NICK MANNING, TYLER KNIGHT & CHRIS CANNON. **DVD:** VIVID ENTERTAINMENT.

A great porn movie has to start strong and finish strong. Up-and-comer Stefani Morgan provides the firepower from beginning to end with two scorching scenes in her latest star vehicle, *Look Don't Touch.* Watching Stefani in action is like watching lightning strike twice. If you're director Chuck Lords, you know you're in the zone when revved-up trollops like Tyla Wynn and Penny Flame are mere fillers. Lords's counterintuitive concept is that the performers have to keep their hands off each other for as long as possible. While that doesn't sound like a winning formula for a hard-core flick, all that pent-up lust gives way to explosive sex. And it doesn't waste any more time than some bone-headed plot. On her way to a nasty anal, Tyla has balls hitting her chin within minutes. Stefani just gets hotter and hotter with each release. Vivid is finally using its technical know-how for XXX instead of late-night cable. *Look Don't Touch* is definitely worth a look *and* a touch. ***—Kevin Wright***

A History of Porn: *Brooke Haven makes history with her first D.P.*

History*'s August makes like a frosted flake.*

See? Blowjobs are funny! Just ask ***History of Porn*** *floozie Flower Tucci.*

A History of Porn

DIRECTOR: JEROME TANNER. **STARRING:** BROOKE HAVEN, CANDY MASON, EVA ANGELINA, FLOWER TUCCI, AUGUST, EVAN STONE, JAMES DEEN, JACK LAWRENCE, BEN ENGLISH, SCOTT NAILS & MANUEL FERRARA. **DVD:** HUSTLER.

If you're looking for a hard-core *History of the World Part 1* à la Mel Brooks, keep looking. This film—apparently a takeoff on David Cronenberg's *A History of Violence*—is a non sequitur chronicle lacing together a handful of scenes that belie the title. Thankfully, what you get is a handful of scorching encounters with plenty of good-looking coochie, and that is, after all, what porn is about. The spotlight is on bodacious Brooke Haven as a waitress who sidesteps a robbery by fucking the gunmen. Haven's first D.P. is a showstopper and ranks as *History*'s top performance. Not far behind is Eva Angelina as Calista Fuckhard, an ersatz nerd who gets the hell banged out of her by Jack Lawrence. Although every sexual episode is worthwhile, it would have been nice to see more of Brooke Haven and fewer attempts at comedy and acting. Like mainstreamer Quentin Tarantino, *A History of Porn* director Jerome Tanner gives his actors too much to say. That's where any similarities end. Overall, an above-average XXX flick. ***—T.F.***

History *babe Brooke Haven is in heaven after her double-header.*

Santa won't be the only one sleeping during ***Miracle on 69th Street.***

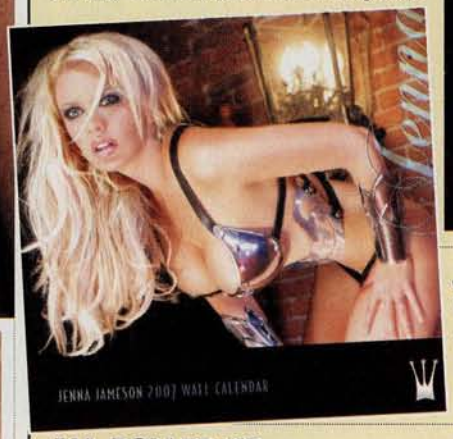
Miracle on 69th Street

DIRECTOR: MILTON INGLEY. **STARRING:** VICTORIA PARIS, STACEY NICHOLS, TIANNA TAYLOR, GINA BELLA, RANDY WEST, AUSTIN MOORE, DALLAS MOORE, STEVE DRAKE & MICHAEL MORRISON AS "SANTA." **DVD:** HEATWAVE ENTERTAINMENT.

Released in 1947, *Miracle on 34th Street* became an enduring holiday classic. Now available on DVD, the 1992 porn parody *Miracle on 69th Street* won't. The blue-screen graphics, Casio muzak and cranky dialogue are hilariously atrocious. As the porn spin-off begins, Mrs. Claus has run off to Bermuda with a randy elf, so Santa cruises around on Christmas Eve picking up chicks. Of course, the jolly fellow likes to live large. He really goes for women with big boobs and bigger hair. Ho! Ho! Ho! Top-billed Victoria Paris has a hot body and a well-toned ass, but the busty blonde is tame in the sack by today's standards. Even the guys aren't up to par. Stacey Nichols easily deep-throats an undersized pen. Rampant ball hair, bad lighting and dudes with mullets make most of the action hard to get off on. Brabusting redhead Tianna Taylor, however, is a world-class cocksucker and a criminally underrated '90s star. If there really is a *Miracle on 69th Street*, she's it. **—K.W.**

SEASON'S BEATINGS

RUFF-Doggie Styles has a variety of S&M accouterments to bring the much-needed obedience factor into your holiday festivities. Its ***Entrap-Her Spider Spank-Her*** spiderweb-design paddle, ***Night Fly-Her*** riding crop (with a bat wing head), and 16-inch coffin-shaped paddle and matching crop will look fantastic raising welts on your favorite goth ass. For your fave pussy, it's the kitty blindfold, paddle and riding crop.



JENNA 365

With Ms. Jameson hanging on your wall, every day's a holiday. Make it happen with **ClubJenna**'s ***2007 Calendar.***

ALL DOLLED UP

HUSTLER's ***XXX Inflatable Bondage Sex Doll*** is a 5-inch bondage queen bearing the likeness of porn star Christi Lake. Features crotchless panties, gloves and thigh-high boots. Thrust at will into three openings.

Pipedream has a sweeping assortment of inflatable significant others that will surely brighten up your holiday sleazing. Our faves are the ***Invisible Woman See-Thru Love Doll*** and the tri-breasted bald purple ***Area 51 Love Doll.***

FOR THE DICKHEAD IN YOUR LIFE

Dick the halls! **California Exotic Novelties** has a variety of phallic funnies that will put a smile on your face. Be jolly old St. Dick with the ***Dick and Balls Latex Penis Mask***, while the ***Peni-Lite*** lighted keychain, ***Mini-Peter Water Gun***, ***Wind-Up Walkin' Flasher***, confetti-filled ***Penis Party Poppers*** and ***Stress-Release Penis Squeeze Keychain*** all make excellent stocking stuffers. Also, **Hott Products** has an illuminating ***Dicky Devil Horns*** that's guaranteed to light up holiday hanky-panky, or try HP's cock-shaped ***Bona-Phone***, the world's first ***Penis Phone.***

I SING THE COOCHIE ELECTRIC

Made from IsoFoam and Skinthetic technology, **HUSTLER's** ***Virtual Girl*** is the next best thing to being there. The private parts can be removed for easy clean-up, and you can accessorize the doll with the ***Virtual Girl Upgrade Vagina*** with eZ-1 Touch 5X vibration and pulsation. Next stop? Replicants!

FOR HER

Private Label Potions' ***Erotic Essentials*** line offers up some classy gifts for you and your lover. Its Incredible ***Edible Body Dust*** comes in seven *(continued on page 147)*

*Aaliyah Jolie sucks, but **Desperate Housewhores #4** certainly doesn't.*

***DH #4:** Veronica Stone heads a horny crew of Mrs. Sluts.*

***Very Very Bad Santa:** Yule laugh; Yule cry; Yule blow a load! Brian Surewood decks his balls on Mary Jane.*

Desperate Housewhores #4

DIRECTOR: MARK KISMET. **STARRING:** VERONICA STONE, LEXI HAWK, KACI STARR, REGAN ANTHONY, AALIYAH JOLIE, CHRISTIAN, TALON, RUSTY NAILS, EVAN STONE, JERRY & BARRY SCOTT. **DVD & VHS:** HUSTLER VIDEO.

The media frenzy surrounding TV's *Desperate Housewives* may be cooling off, but HUSTLER Video's *Desperate Housewhores* series continues to sizzle with Volume #4. Director Mark Kismet takes five average hausfraus—make that four above-average broads and the smoking-hot Veronica Stone—gives them a porn-slut makeover and stands back as they satisfy their filthiest cravings. Feisty Lexi Hawk finds out firsthand what a D.P. is all about when she gets banged by two guys. Kaci Starr tries anal, while polite Aaliyah Jolie settles for a nasty piledriver. Tall and slim, Veronica Stone has the body and the skills to go pro, delivering a mean blowjob and fucking hard. Man, she even has bush! You haven't seen the last of Regan Anthony either. The petite platinum blonde packs a pair of 34DDs and isn't afraid to work up a sweat. *Desperate Housewhores #4* features some amazing performances from horny girls-next-door and starry-eyed harlots. ***—Crystal Garcia***

Very Very Bad Santa

DIRECTOR: MICHAEL ADAM. **STARRING:** KELLY ERIKSON, MELISSA LAUREN, MICHELLE B., ANNIE CRUZ, MARY JANE, ANNA NOVA, ARIA, RANDI WRIGHT, RON JEREMY, BRIAN SUREWOOD, MARK WOOD & LEE STONE. **DVD:** METRO INTERACTIVE/LOADED DIGITAL.

Why is Santa Claus always so jolly? Because he knows who all the bad girls are. So does *Very Very Bad Santa*'s casting director, who assembled a virtual who's who of hot porn chicks. Also on hand is the legendary Ron Jeremy, who dons the Santa suit, though he doesn't take it off. Anal queen Melissa Lauren opts out of her trademark antics for a nice little lesbian threeway—or so it seems! Melissa still finds a way to have her ass reamed, thanks to Aria, Randi Wright and an arsenal of sex toys. Anna Nova and Michelle B. compare bra sizes while tag-teaming a very lucky stiff. Anna's hot, but Michelle's tits are fucking perfect. While Kelly Erikson works up a sweat with strongman Lee Stone, poor Mary Jane and Annie Cruz get stuck boning a homeless-looking elf. We want to see the Hedgehog in action, not a nappy-bearded lackey. Still, it's all about ho's ho's ho's in *Very Very Bad Santa.* ***—K.W.***

Just Like That's Kirsten Price flirts with viewers while Randy Spears eyes the Lakers game.

And *Just Like That*, Kirsten continues to be one of porn's hottest hotties.

Just Like That

DIRECTOR: DAVID STANLEY. **STARRING:** KIRSTEN PRICE, ALEXIS MALONE, ANNIKA, CHEROKEE, GIANNA LYNN, JAMIE HUXLEY, RANDY SPEARS, BARRETT BLADE, CHRIS CANNON, EVAN STONE & TONY TEDESCHI. **DVD:** WICKED PICTURES.

Here's a perfect example of why Wicked's XXX flicks are miles above the women-hating gynecological exams that sadly dominate much of adult cinema these days. *Just Like That* gives you a plot, excellent soundtrack and great-looking women who rely on sexuality as opposed to being a collection of holes. Veteran Randy Spears portrays a screenwriter suffering from artistic block, with beautiful Kirsten Price as the muse who restores the power in his pen. Along the way we get commendable acting from Spears and a musical score worthy of a major mainstream studio release. The lighting is poor, and David Stanley's attempt to give *Just Like That* a noirish feel instead comes off like the artsy stylings of an '80s Hong Kong gangster flick. Despite those flaws, the sex scenes rock throughout. Spears's threesome with Cherokee and Alexis Malone is scorching, but Price's scenes with Chris Cannon, Barrett Blade, Spears and Cannon again are worth more than the (ahem) price of admission. It sucks when you see a breathtaking starlet on a box cover who appears only briefly (usually in a lesbo tryst), but Wicked delivers the goods with four steamy vignettes featuring some of the most beautiful women in the biz. **—T.F.**

(continued from page 145) flavors in an upscale phallic shaker. They're talc-free and 100% safe to ingest—and you can buy refills. PLP's ***Adult Toy Cleaner*** is a must-have hygienic cleaner that disinfects dildos and vibrators in a gentle yet efficient way. Finally, for you ladies out there, the ***Grooming Kit for Men*** is the ultimate easy-to-buy gift for your S.O. or a casual friend. The kit covers all the bases, including cologne and moisturizing body wash in PLP's signature *Clean Fresh* scent.

We all know that women love sweets, so dip your stick in **Shunga's *Chocolate Body Paint*** and get the fondue action going! **Shunga's *Tenderness and Passion Kit*** is a strawberry and champagne collection of products that boasts massage oil, *Intimate Kisses* aphrodisiacal oil and a body powder.

The fine folks at **Kama Sutra** are going to save you a ton of shopping time and put a big smile on her face with a set of gift packs that are unrivaled in their field. The ***Treasure Trove*** series contains sensuously smooth *Honey Dust Powder* with its own feather applicator, tasty *Oil of Love* and intensifying *Pleasure Balm*, designed to take you and your lover to new heights. Available in three flavors—Raspberry Kiss, Tangerines & Cream and Strawberries & Champagne.

Kama Sutra's ***Weekender Kit*** is a take-along pack containing travel-size portions of the *Original Oil of Love*, *Love Liquid*, *Spearmint Pleasure Balm*, *Silky Sweet Almond Massage Oil* and edible *Honey Dust* with a feather applicator.

The ***Kama Sutra Collection Kit*** features five bottles and flavors of *Oils of Love*. These potions heat up on contact, imparting a warm, tingly glow wherever they are rubbed. Original, Chocolate Mint, Cherry Almond, Raspberry Kiss and Vanilla Crème.

The ***Kama Sutra Bedside Box*** includes edible *Honey Dust* with its own feather applicator; spicy, tingly *Original Oil of Love*; lush, lubricating *Love Liquid*; and sweet-smelling *Vanilla Crème Massage Cream.*

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Tera Patrick's Ultimate Erotic Love Doll is a state-of-the-art perfect replica of the beautiful XXX superstar. Composed of seamless, 100% hygienically surgical latex, the novelty comes with a Futurotic mouth; long, flowing brown hair; erect nipples; and more. Dual inflation chambers reinforce the body structure to withstand up to 300 pounds. Includes a foot pump, removable multispeed bullet, maintenance powder, repair kit and accessory pouch.

AY, THERE'S THE RUB!

Big Teaze Toys has two very pleasurable products. ***I Rub My Penguin*** is a waterproof personal massager that comes with its own decorative iceberg display. Your new best friend is always nearby and ready for fowl play! Requires 2 AA batteries (not included). Meanwhile, ***I Rub My Wormie*** is Big Teaze's most powerful personal massager to date. Wormie, powered by two C-cell batteries (not included) for max sensuality, has a dual-speed control and is covered with nontoxic, phalate-free, PVC-free and latex-free *Soft2Touch* skin material.

HUSTLER BEHIND THE SCENES WITH HUSTLER'S TABOO

LOVE HURTS

Director Lee Forbes goes over the **Love Hurts** script while Rita Faltoyano (left) looks on. Below: Submissive Tory Lane wraps up a hard day's work.

MOST PORN FLICKS are filmed at some shabby and substandard location deep in the bowels of Southern California's San Fernando Valley. That would never cut it for Lee Forbes, director of the HUSTLER'S TABOO video series. She set up camp at a vacated bank in the heart of plush Beverly Hills to shoot a scene for the latest installment of the hot-selling fetish line, appropriately titled *Love Hurts*.

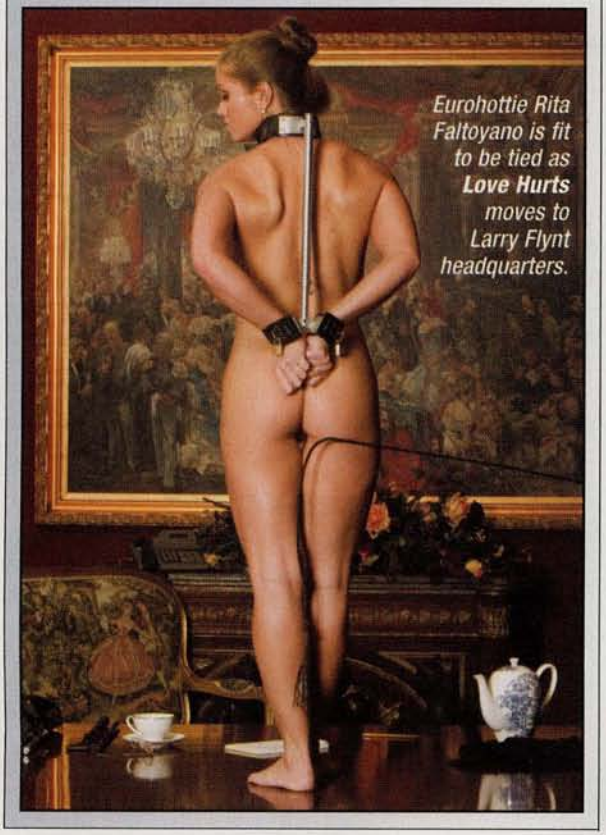
Tory Lane takes her moneymaker to the bank.

Naturally, the converted bank was rife with bondage and fetish gear. Suspension straps, latex attire, whips, chains and lube were strewn throughout the cavernous set. We arrived just in time to see Forbes helping lovely Tory Lane step into the skin-tight outfit she'd be donning for her upcoming sex scene.

Called to duty, Lane, Marco Banderas and Jay Lassiter entered the bank's vault. After Lane's waifish wrists were secured to a steel gate, she spread her legs high in the air, whereupon her co-stars dove in cockfirst. As the two studs dominated their naughty sex slave, ultimately pounding the insatiable vixen in a torrid session of D.P. delight, Lane's moans of pain and pleasure echoed throughout the building.

"There is always an element of domination and submission in my sex scenes," director Forbes reflected later. "I think these performers carried that out very well. I want to bring a sense of visual style to this genre while maintaining a high element of SMBD. I want to create a classic line that is still true to the fetish lifestyle, going beyond the stereotype of the guy with a ball gag in his mouth."

—*Alaina Fiorante*



Eurohottie Rita Faltoyano is fit to be tied as **Love Hurts** moves to Larry Flynt headquarters.

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- LOVE YOU LONG TIME #3
- BARELY LEGAL: SCHOOL GIRLS
- WILD ON PRAGUE
- BRAZILIAN LETTERS
- ANDREW BLAKE'S TEASERS

See Sunny Lane in **Britney Rears 2**.

*Xmas comes early for **Yo Yo Yo**'s Cumisha and titty-licking Champagne.*

***Yo Yo Yo:** Julian St. Jox shows Champagne the real North Pole.*

Yo Yo Yo

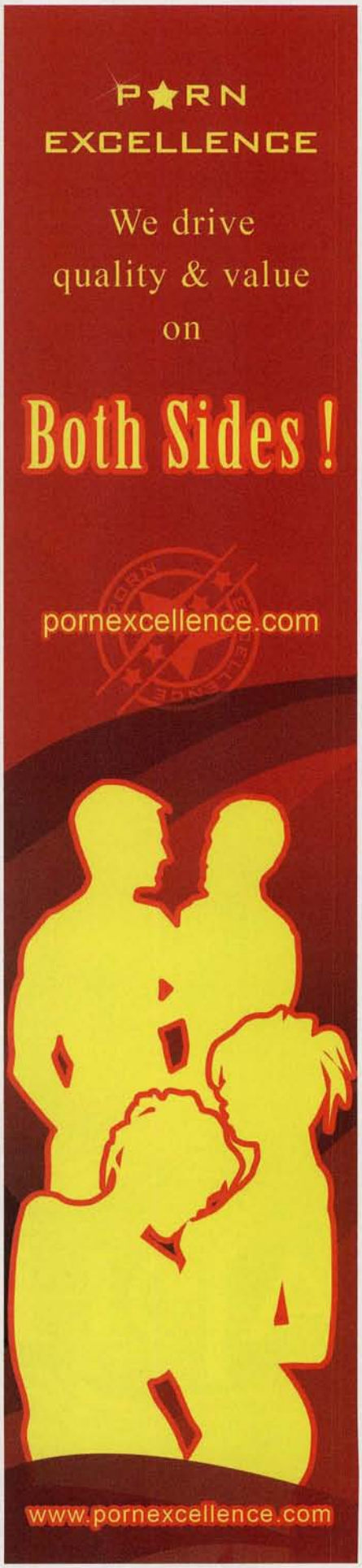
DIRECTOR: JORDAN McNIGHT. **STARRING:** JORDAN McNIGHT, CHAMPAGNE, DESIREE DUPREE, CUMISHA, RICK MASTERS, JULIAN ST. JOX & SEAN MICHAELS. **DVD:** HEATWAVE ENTERTAINMENT.

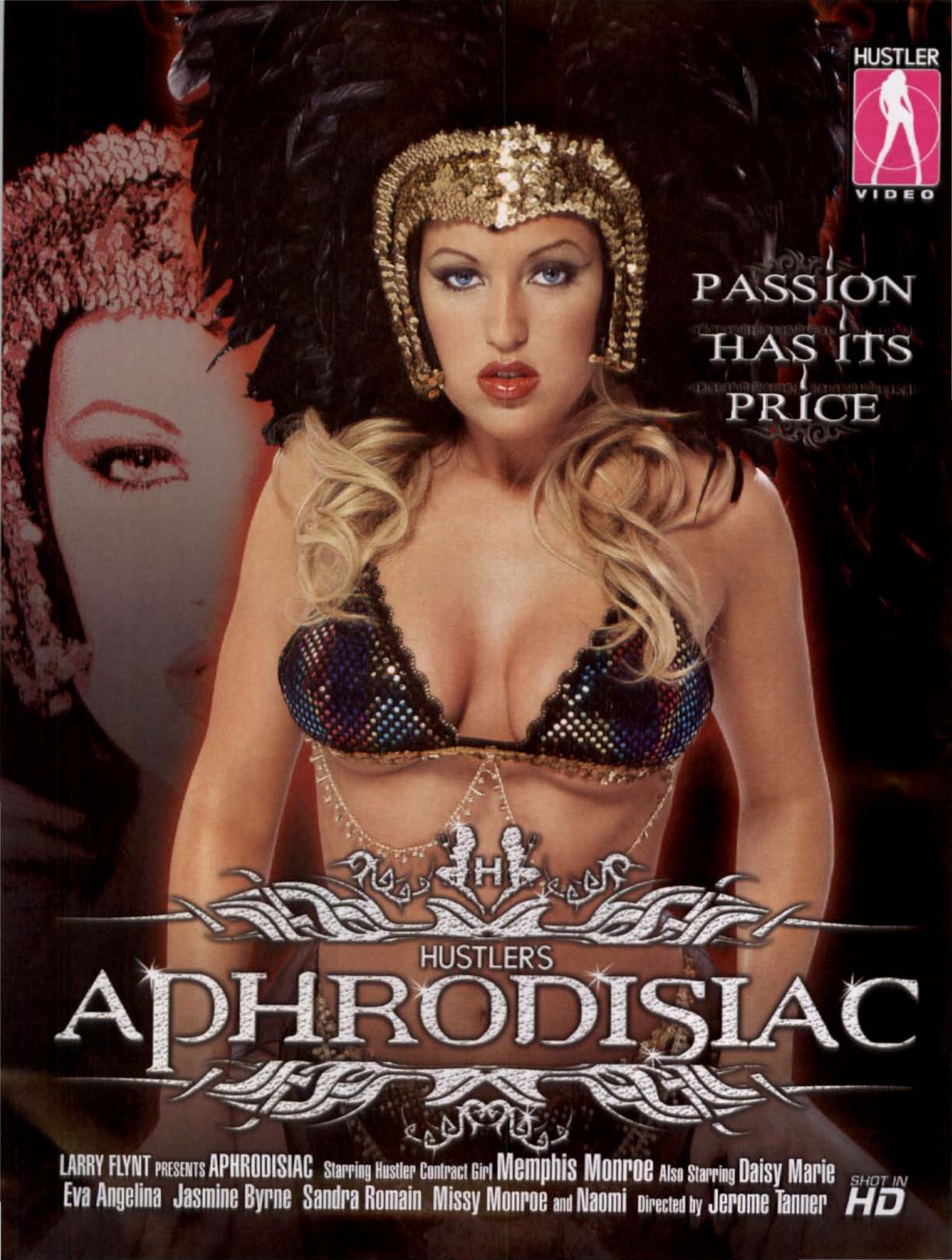
Yo Yo Yo features Julian St. Jox as a skinny, black Santa with IRS problems and an attitude. The beautiful and talented Jordan McNight directs and stars as Santa's head elf—but doesn't give her boss head! By far, his most oversexed elf is Cumisha. First, Santa catches the nympho getting butt-fucked in the reindeer stable. Later, Mrs. Claus (Champagne) gives Cumisha a tongue-lashing for peeping on her while she was taking a shower. Santa comes more than once this year. He empties his sack on naughty Desiree Dupree and gets some loving from his wife. However, the hottest scene is when McKnight jumps out of Santa's bag and begs Sean Michaels to unwrap her. She proceeds to deep-throat the massive Michaels dick without a hint of gag reflex. The cheesy soundtrack and special effects are so bad that they're good. Santa's constant griping and the hijacking of his reindeer in L.A. make *Yo Yo Yo* good for a laugh this holiday season. **—K.W.**

I Saw Mommy Eating Santa Claus #2

DIRECTOR: JOHN JANIERO. **STARRING:** MADISEN ST. CLARE, HONEY, KRISTY, JOHN JANIERO, JASON ZUPALO, WILL RAVAGE & ANDREW RIVIERA. **DVD:** HEATWAVE.

Santa Claus is a chubby-chaser in *I Saw Mommy Eating Santa Claus #2*. Pound for pound, this flick has a bigger cast than *Very Very Bad Santa*, and that one had Ron Jeremy. Portraying Mrs. Claus, Honey (pictured at right) is a cheerful redhead whose belly shakes like a bowl of gelatin when Santa fucks her from behind. Later, Santa catches her in the act, but instead of getting mad, he strips down for round two. The camera-shy lass keeps her eyes firmly shut throughout, but is clearly enjoying herself. Kristy, a plump Latina with lips made for engulfing a cock, gives Santa a deep, wet blowjob and fucks loud and hard. But we must admit that Santa looks like he's in trouble when Kristy sits on his lap. Madisen St. Clare may resemble a lunch lady, but she fucks like a porn star. Young stud Jason Zupalo has to push back rolls of fat to get at her vagina, but Madisen takes every inch as she devours another guy's skin flute. The title *I Saw Mommy Eating Santa Claus #2* may not be a reference to fellatio after all, but the obese stars definitely have oral skills. **—K.W.**

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Eva Angelina Jasmine Byrne Sandra Romain Missy Monroe and Naomi Directed by Jerome Tanner
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By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim".

Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me $1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

> **"No actresses like other chat lines."**

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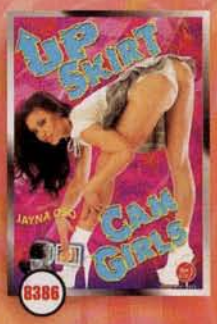

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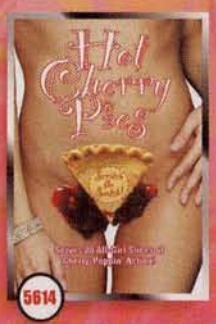

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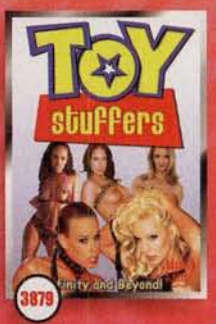

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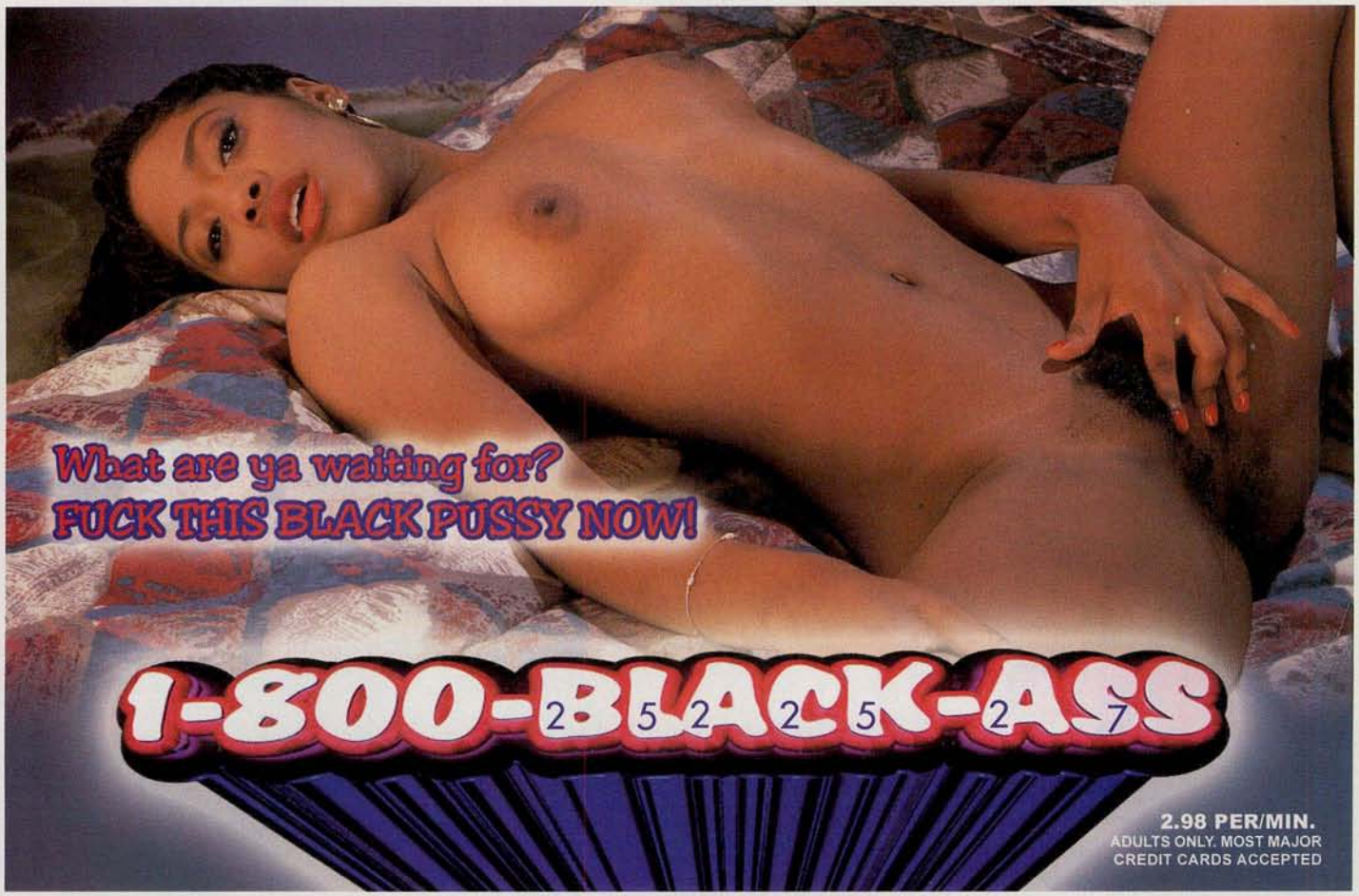
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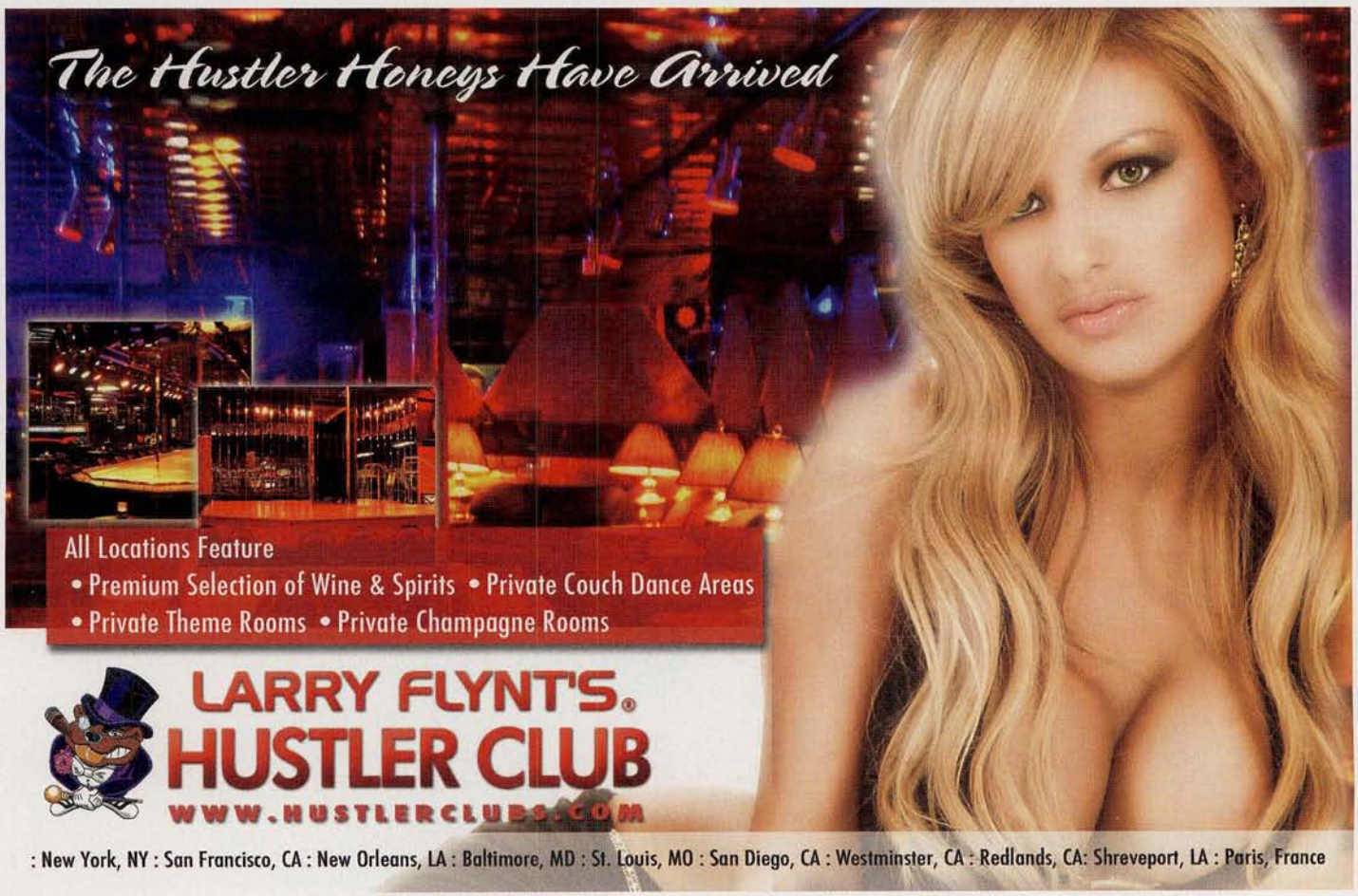
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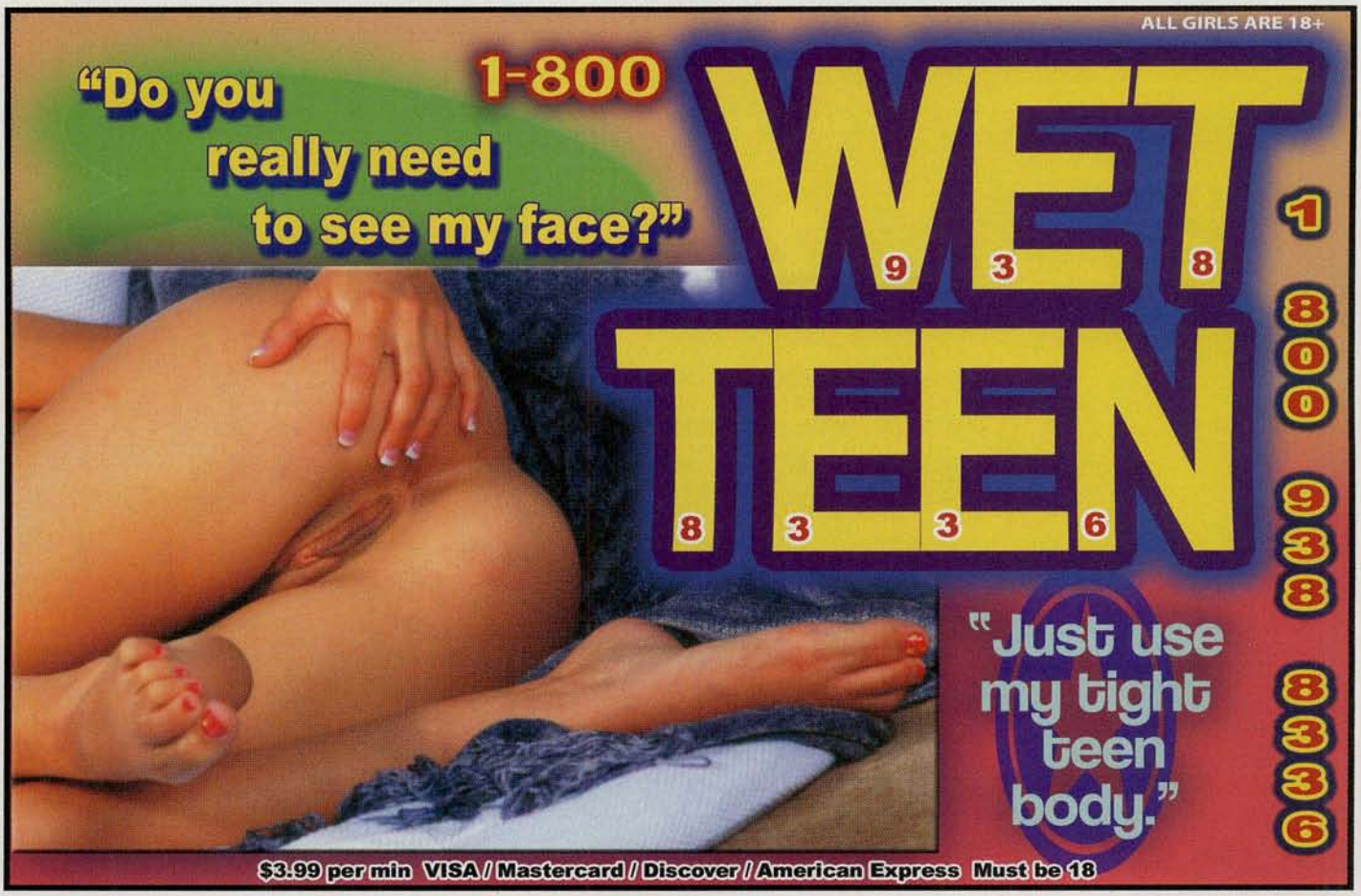
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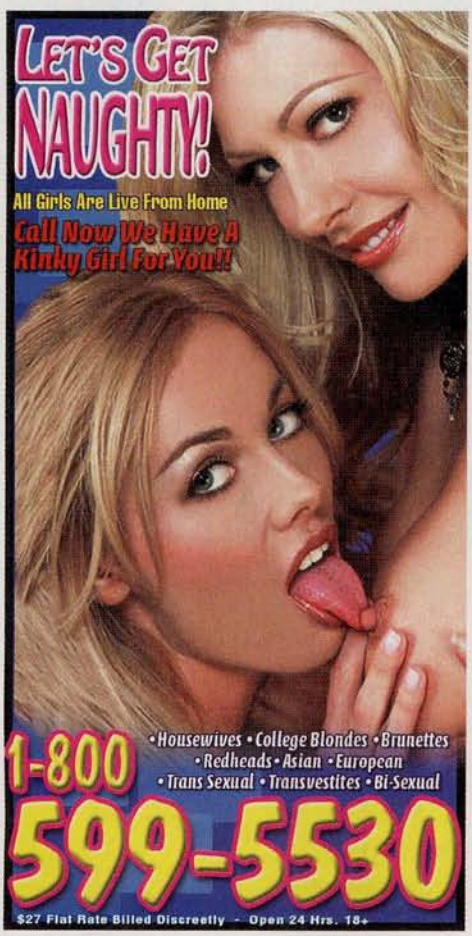
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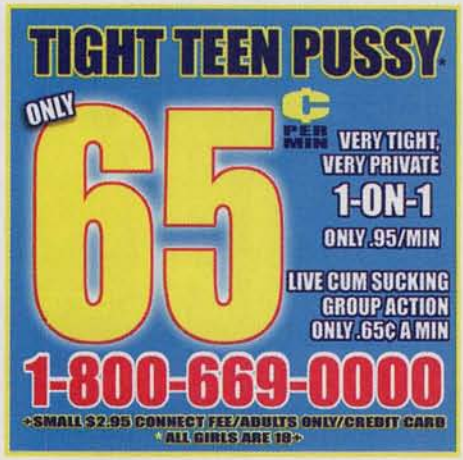
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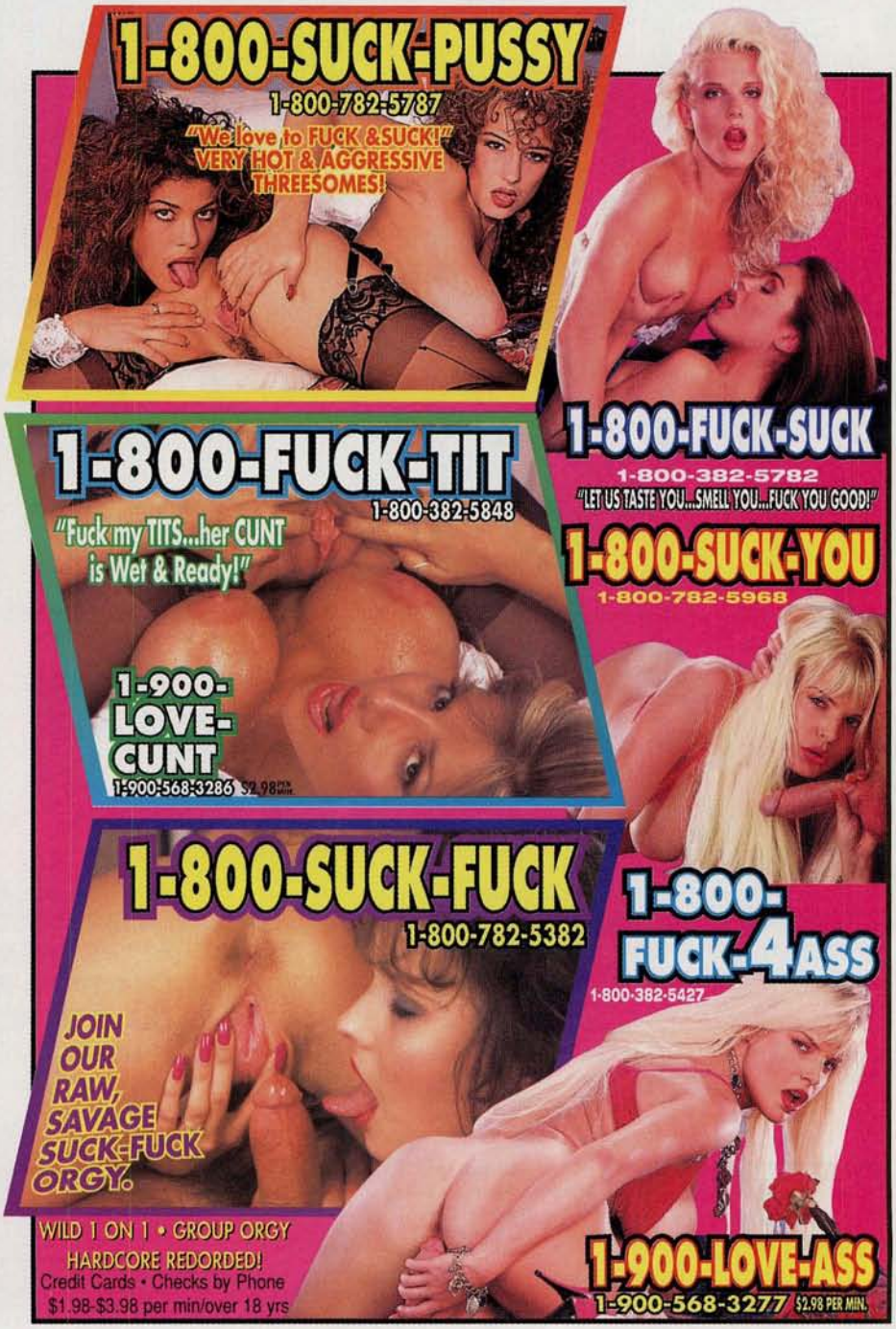
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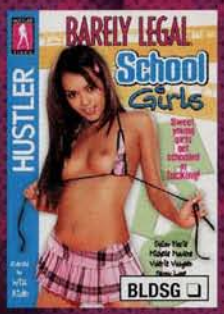

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Fuck her...
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FUCK ME NOW!
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FUCK ME! SUCK ME! DO ME! JOIN ORGIES BISEXUAL AND MORE?
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ONLY .95¢ PER MIN.
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(1-800-938-2868)
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18+ DATELINE
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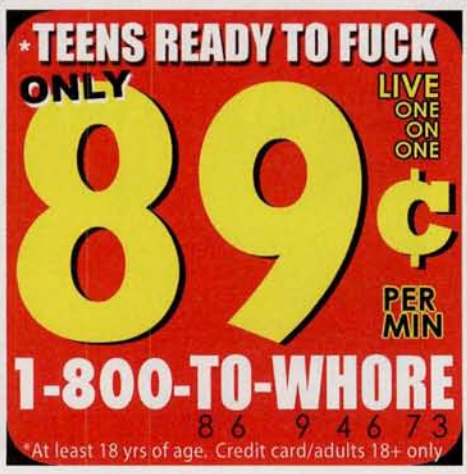
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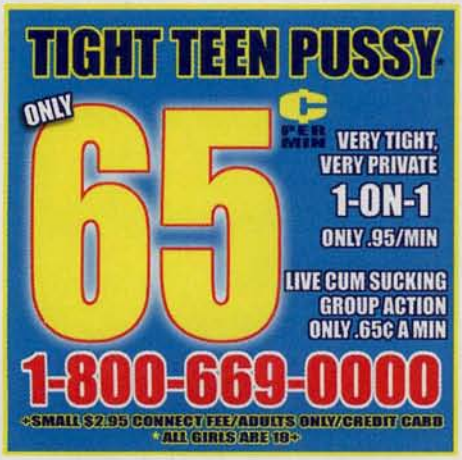
ONLY
89¢
PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3
*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card / adults 18+ only


TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY
65¢
PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN
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TEEN TRAMPS
18+
29¢
PER MIN
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

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MY LIPS
YOUR
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1•800
254-6MILF
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Would you please fuck me up the ass?
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(1-800-275-4277)
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Hot Girls Are Looking For Horny Guys!
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Slide your hard cock between my tits!
CALL NOW!
1-800-WET-TITS
(1-800-938-8487)

Squeeze my...
1-800-
WET-
TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
& slam your cock into my pussy!
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(1-888-933-2838)

Unlimited Phone SEX For Less Than A Dollar!!!
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Grab my hips & FUCK me hard!
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WET-
FUCK
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For Only
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1.900.329.4800
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1 ON 1 ONLY...
.95¢
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I'm ready to fuck!
1-800
-WET-
PUSSY
95¢
(1-800-938-7877)
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1-900
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TOYS
less than $1 a day
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I know I am not for everyone. If you want to try a new sexual experience call me and feel my COCK and my soft and real, size C-CUP'S.
1-900-344-4000

5MINUTE
Quickie
FOR ONLY $10
Live 1 on 1
1-800-880-3881
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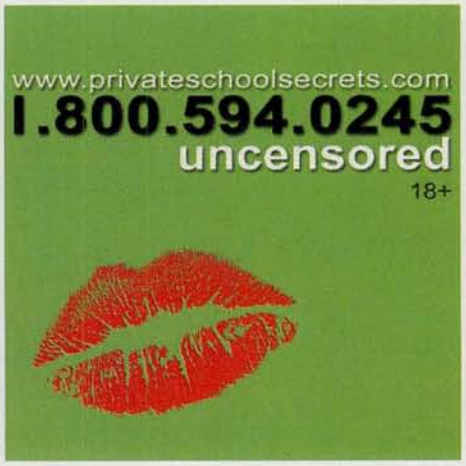
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CALL NOW, SO I CAN MAKE...
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ALL GIRLS 18+
From $2.49 / min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted

Fuck her...
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We need your hard cock. Cum join our sex party!
AS LOW AS per min 96¢
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$4.95 per minute, billed to your phone (1-888-933-2838)
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1 ON 1 • SAY ANYTHING ONE CALL TO GET IT ALL
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GET OFF WITH US! CALL NOW!
(1-800-938-2697)
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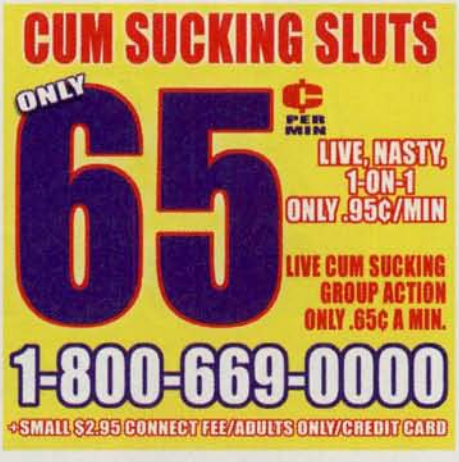
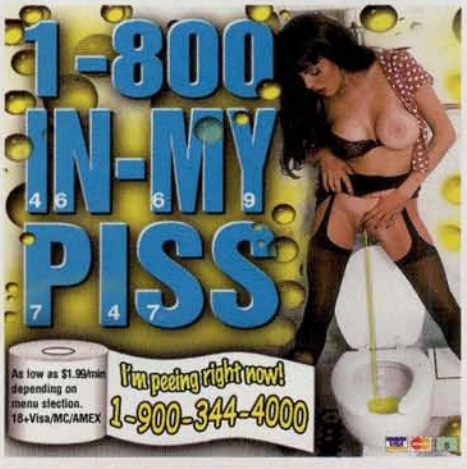

CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD


1-800 IN-MY PISS
As low as $1.99/min depending on menu slection. 18+Visa/MC/AMEX
I'm peeing right now!
1-900-344-4000

TRY ME FREE!
1-800-850-6665
18+

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Live, Enthusiastic & Uncensored!
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From $1.95 per min. Credit cards, checks, groups
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ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
LIVE ONE-ON-ONE
1-800-TO-WHORE
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Adults 18+ only / Credit card

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Live 1 on 1
18+
1-800-341-1712

HOT LOCAL GIRLS!
Real Sex Connections
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49¢ Min
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You'd be surprised what I can teach you!
95¢
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Our Kinky Fantasies
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18+ $4.99 Per Min

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HORNY GIRLS
1 on 1
or
2 on 1
WHATEVER YOUR PLEASURE!
WAITING TO TALK TO YOU!
We'll do anything to pleasure you
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$2.95/call
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I Want To Make You Cum! Let's Do It Together
I'M WET & READY NOW-
Paris
1 ON 1
PARTY LINES
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AS LOW AS $1.65 PER MINUTE
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2437

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676-6660
18+

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GIRLS IN YOUR AREA ARE LOOKING FOR GUYS LIKE YOU!
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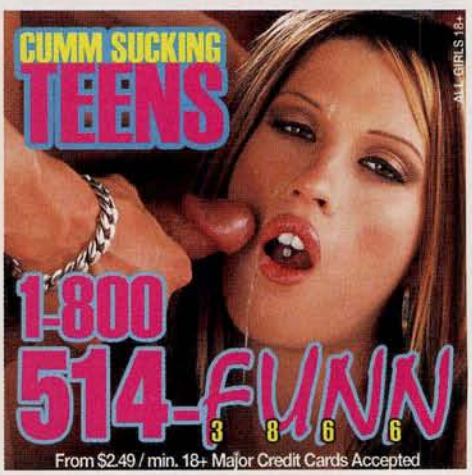
1-888-WE-DATE-U
(1-888-933-8258)
All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone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1-800
514-FUNN
From $2.49 / min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted
ALL GIRLS 18+

18+
$10 BUCK
PHONE FUCK
Live 1on1
1·800·995·2FUCK

teach me how!!!
lessons... 1-on-1
95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

SEX ACTION!
NO CONNECT FEE!
25¢ Min
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HOT, CHEAP
SEX TALK
Only 69¢ PER MIN.
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1-900-329-5600 $4.99 Per Min 18+

Tired of girls?
Fuck Me!
MATURE WOMEN LOOKING FOR FRESH STUDS!
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All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone
3283

Speak to girls live from their homes
Flat rate for one full half hour
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(1-800-938-2548)
while I get off with this toy!
96¢
REAL GIRLS!
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BACKDOOR BLONDES
FUCK MY TIGHT ASS!
HARDCORE LIVE 1-ON-1
99¢ MIN.
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18+

18+
10 MINUTE
Jerk Off!
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HARDCORE SEX
FROM
29¢
Per Min
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3825
18+

TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY
65¢
PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
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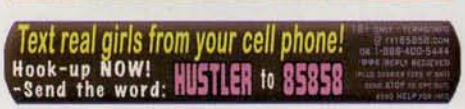
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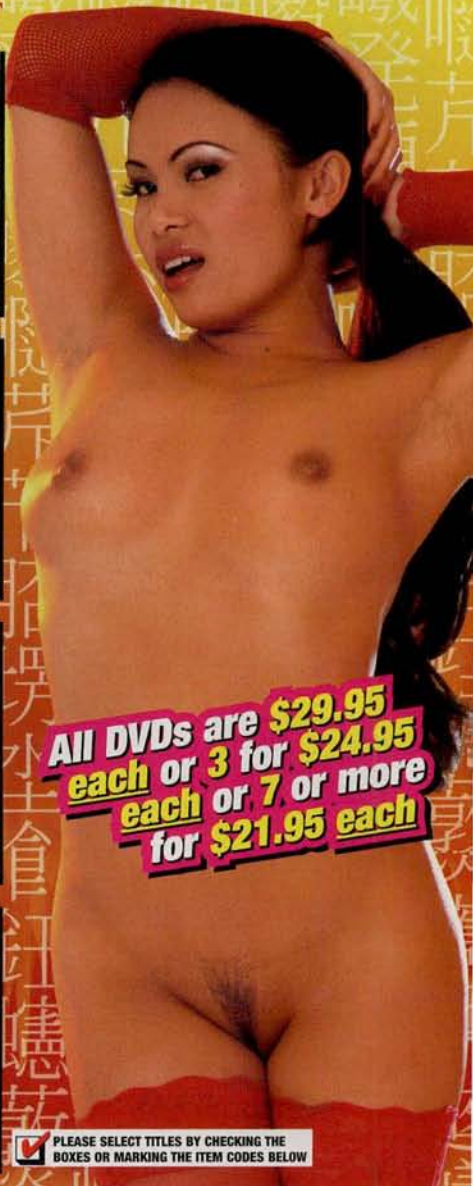

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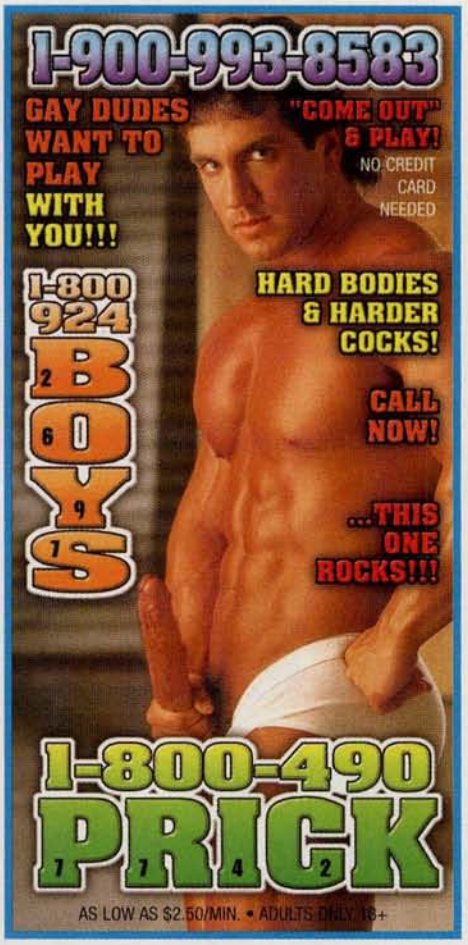
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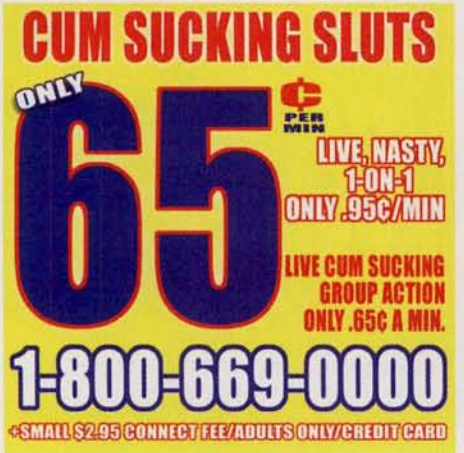
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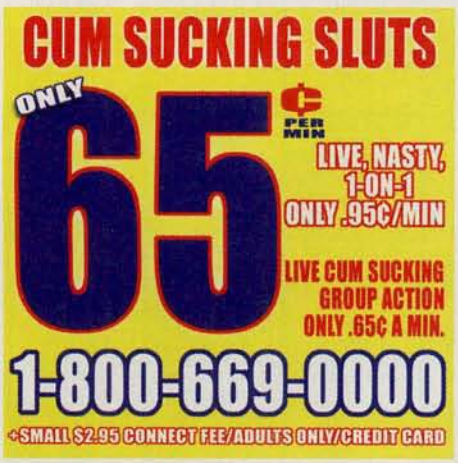
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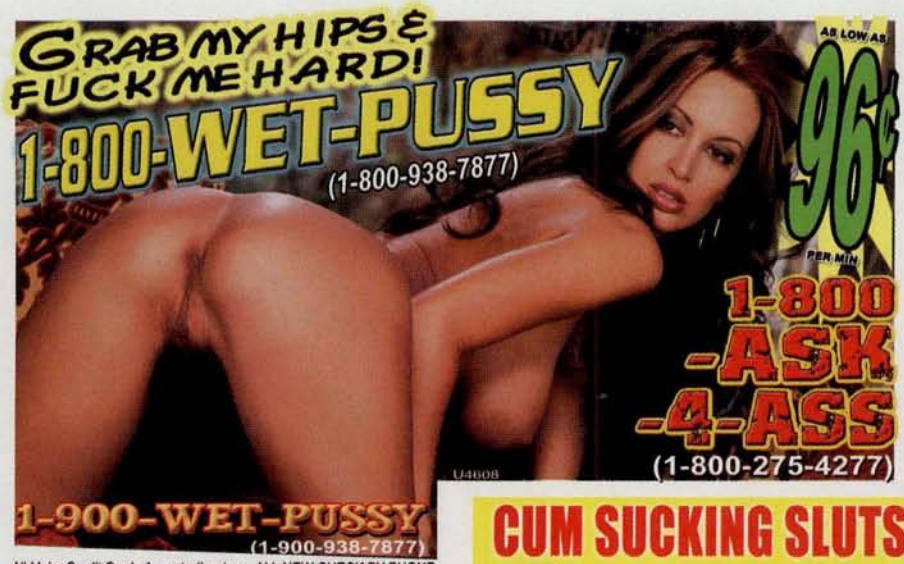

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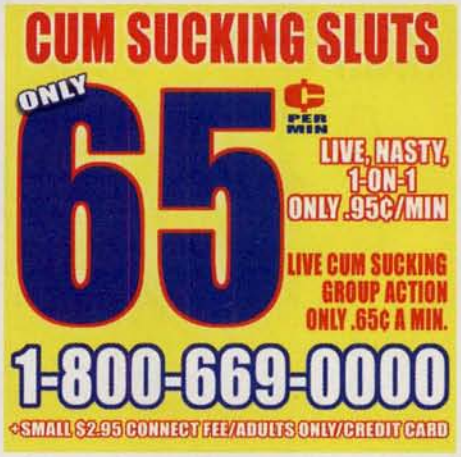

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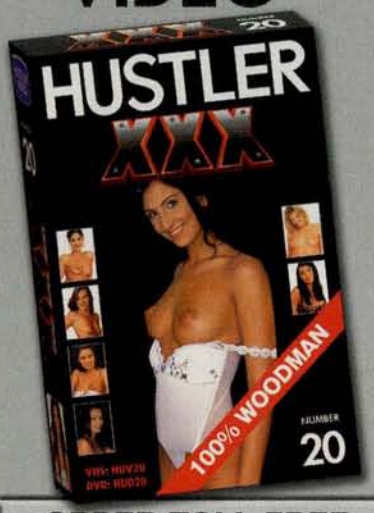

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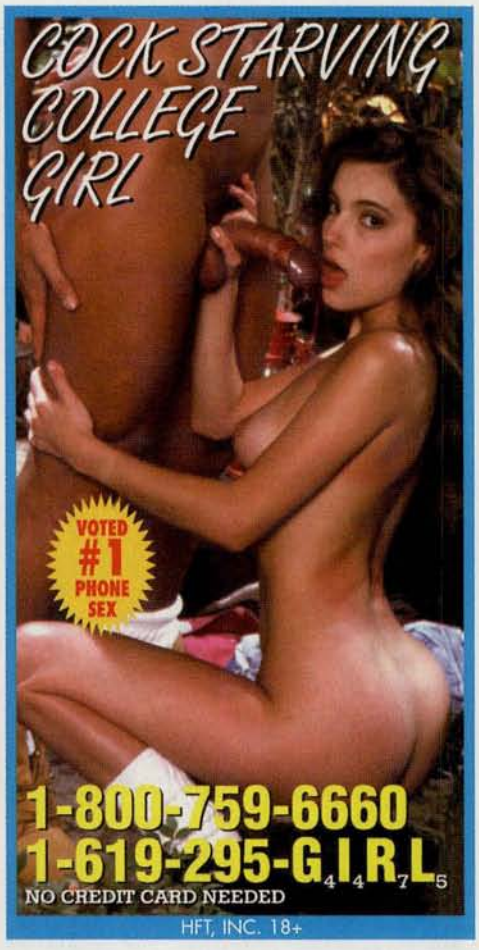
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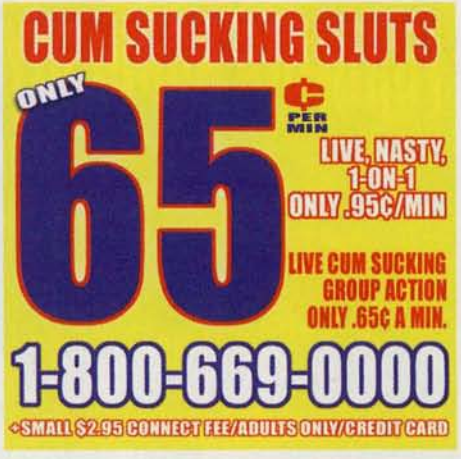
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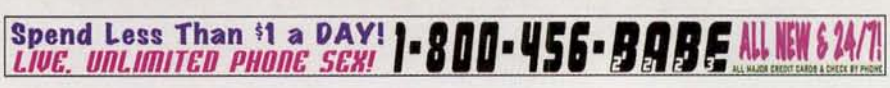
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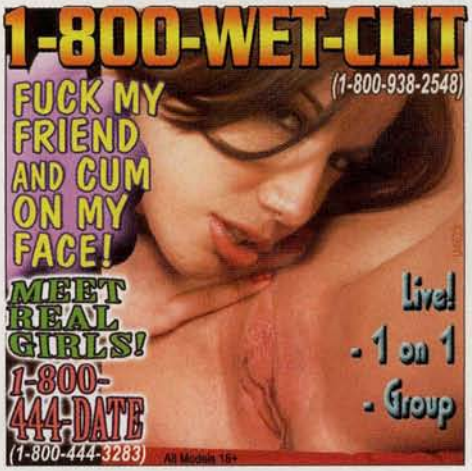
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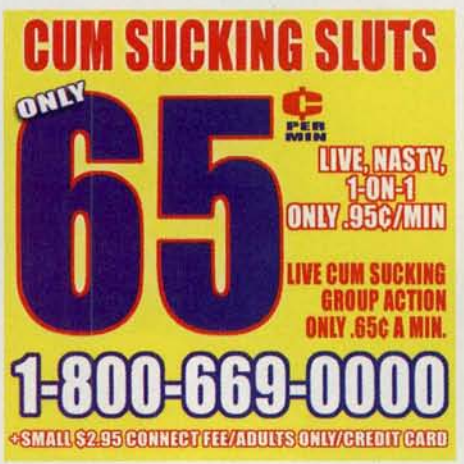
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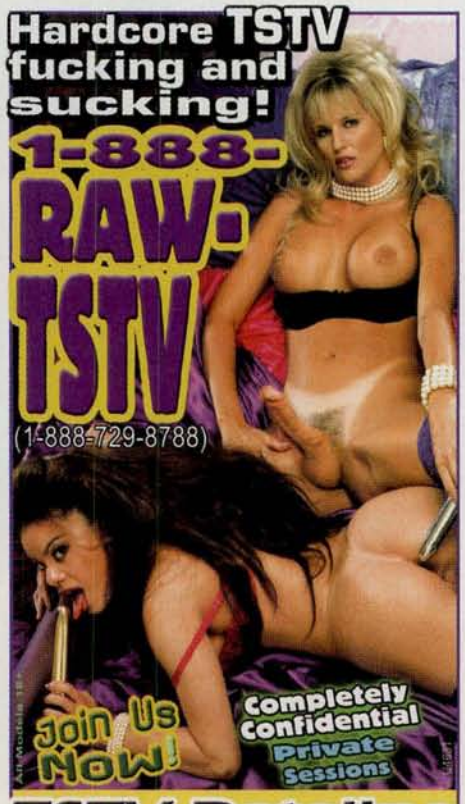
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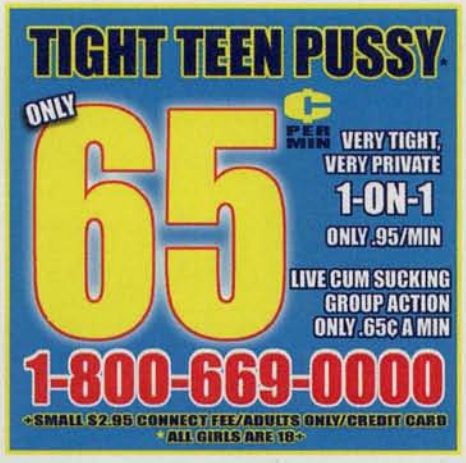
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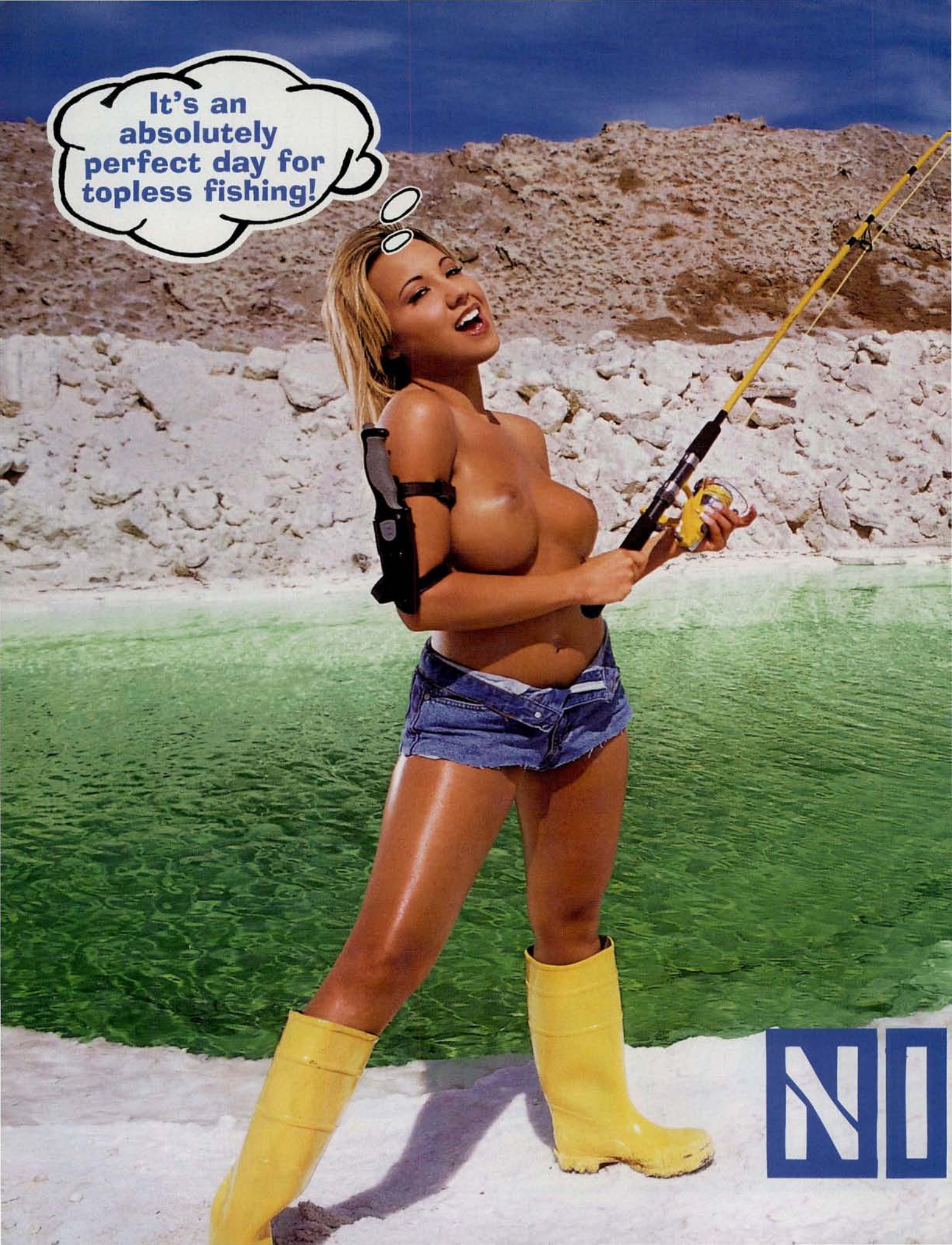
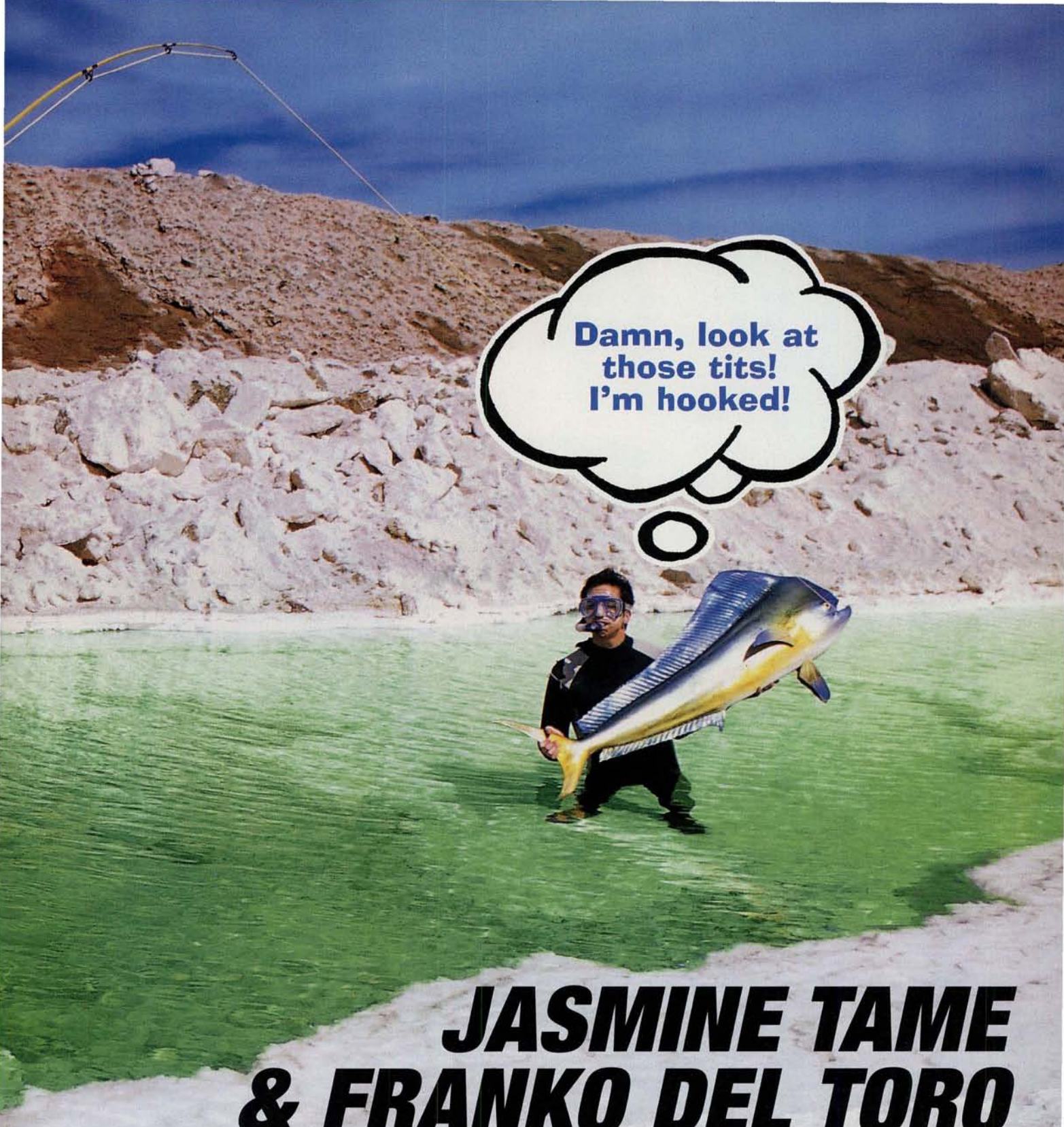

It's an absolutely perfect day for topless fishing!



JASMINE TAME & FRANKO DEL TORO

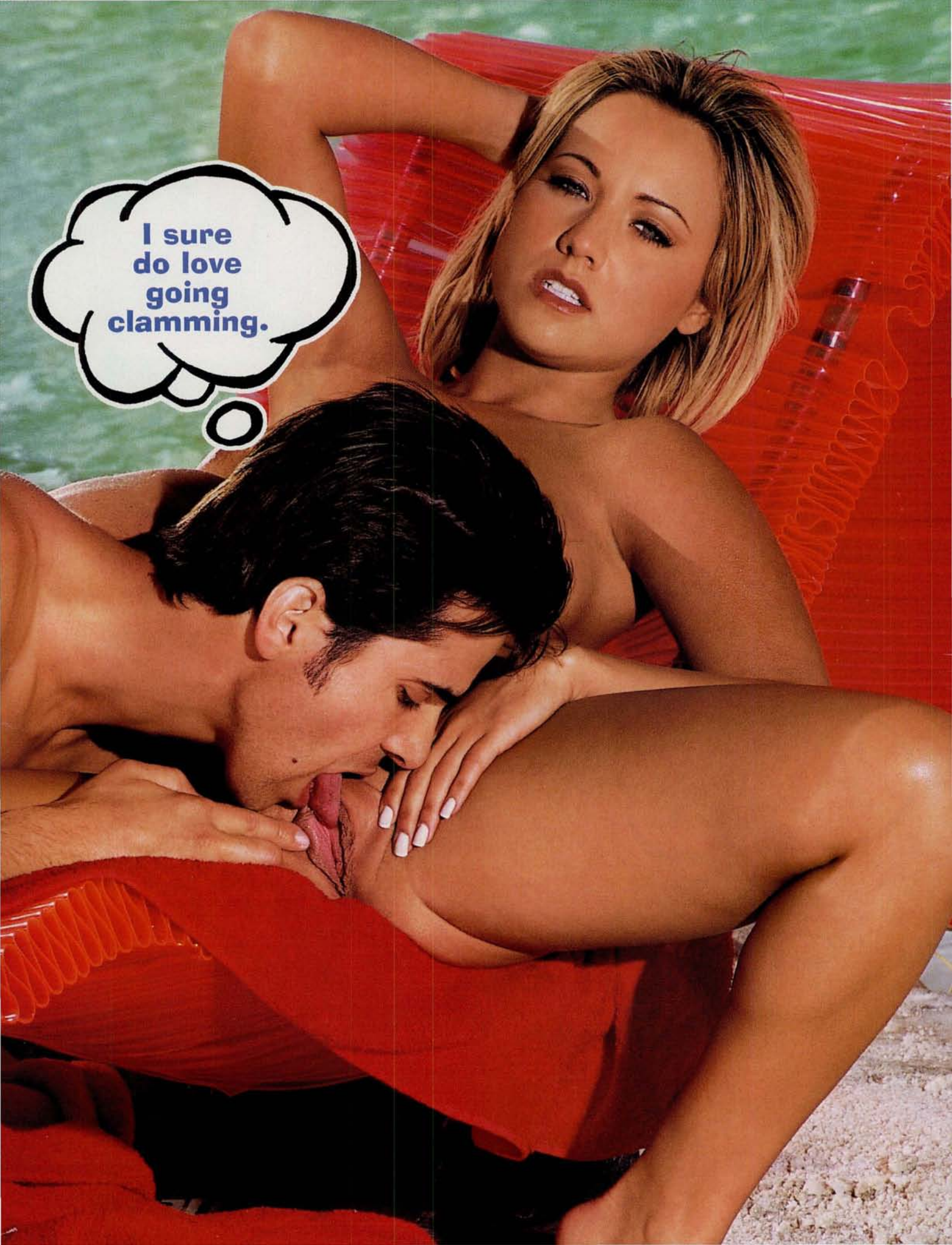
CE CATCH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Will he go for the bait?
She's trying to lure me in.

I'm up for some fly-fishing!

Hope I don't catch anything.


I sure do love going clamming.

Looks like he's going for me hook, line and sinker!

See Jasmine Tame offering bait in *Face Fucked #1*, *The Da Vinci Load*, *Ass Fukt #2*, *Boning Bonita Chicas* and *Cream Holes & Glazed Faces* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

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See fearless stuntman and prankster Steve-O like you've never seen him before! The star of MTV's *Jackass* and *Wildboyz* speaks candidly—and graphically—about his bedroom antics with Nicole Richie, getting thrown in the slammer for obscenity charges and his most recent brush with death. Interview by Michelle McCarthy.

DAVID HOROWITZ VS. HUSTLER: ROUND ONE

Outspoken right-wing author and Fox News analyst David Horowitz trades verbal blows with Editorial Director Bruce David and correspondent Ed Rampell. Civil liberties, the war in Iraq and Hurricane Katrina are all grist for this knock-down, drag-out debate. Part 1 of a two-part battle royal.

E-VOTE MELTDOWN

The most basic element of democracy is the right to vote. Having that tally counted accurately is what you need to worry about. Millions of Americans have entered voting booths only to be confronted by hackable, unreliable electronic voting machines. State by state, blogger and election activist Brad Friedman documents America's worst electronic-voting debacles.

GAIL DINES: ANTIPORN JACKASS

Does looking at porn lead to rape? Are female adult film stars the helpless victims of male hegemony? Syndicated columnist Amy Alkon questions the unsupported accusations of Dr. Gail Dines, a professor of sociology and women's studies at Boston's Wheelock College, who's cashing in by linking pornography to violence against women.

PLASTIC SURGERY IS FOR PUSSIES

Vaginal rejuvenation has become the biggest plastic surgery rage since the boob job. On her quest to investigate shrinking labias and tightened orifices, freelance reporter Debbie Epstein interviews both patients and the top doctors in this growing field. Also, purely in the interest of science, we've got the explicit "before and after" photos.

CONFESSIONS OF A CALL GIRL

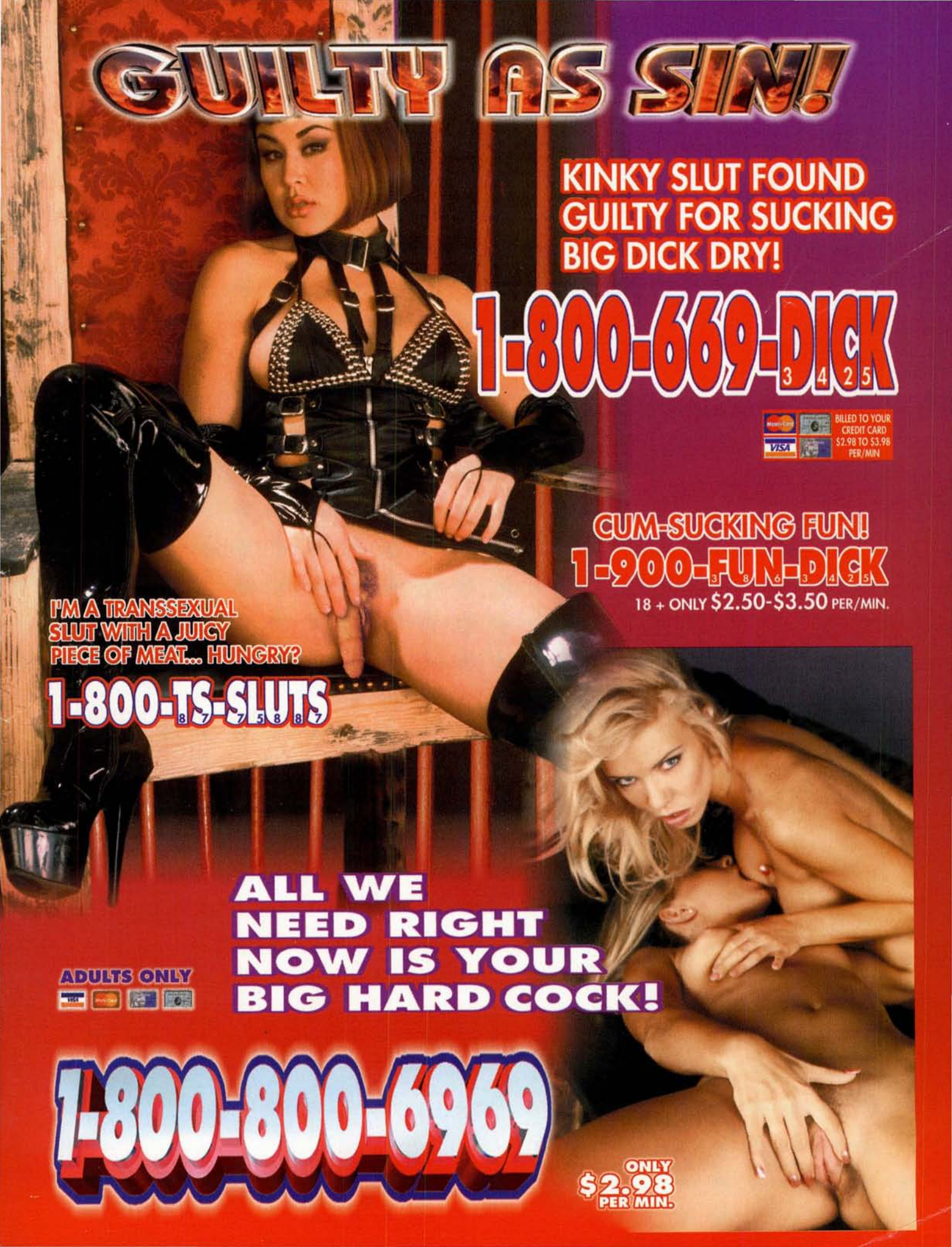
Former escort Dimitra Ekmektsis provides an uncensored view of her body and details steamy secrets of the trade in an excerpt from her upcoming book, *Confessions of a High-Priced Call Girl.*

CELEBRITY NIPPLE SLIPS

Superman Returns star Kate Bosworth gives us a glance at her breasts. One of the sexiest women on the planet—Swedish supermodel-cum-actress Victoria Silvstedt—gets something off her chest. Party girl and reality TV star Jodie Marsh lives up to her billing as "the British Paris Hilton." Plus, pop music's hottest MILF, Madonna, unveils her ta-tas.

HANNA HILTON

The January '07 HUSTLER goes on sale November 14, 2006. • Visit our Web site at HUSTLER.com.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